Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
OCTOBER 1987

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

EXCLUSIVE:
MADONNA
ALL-NEW NUDES

CORPORATE CRIME:
DON'T BE A VICTIM

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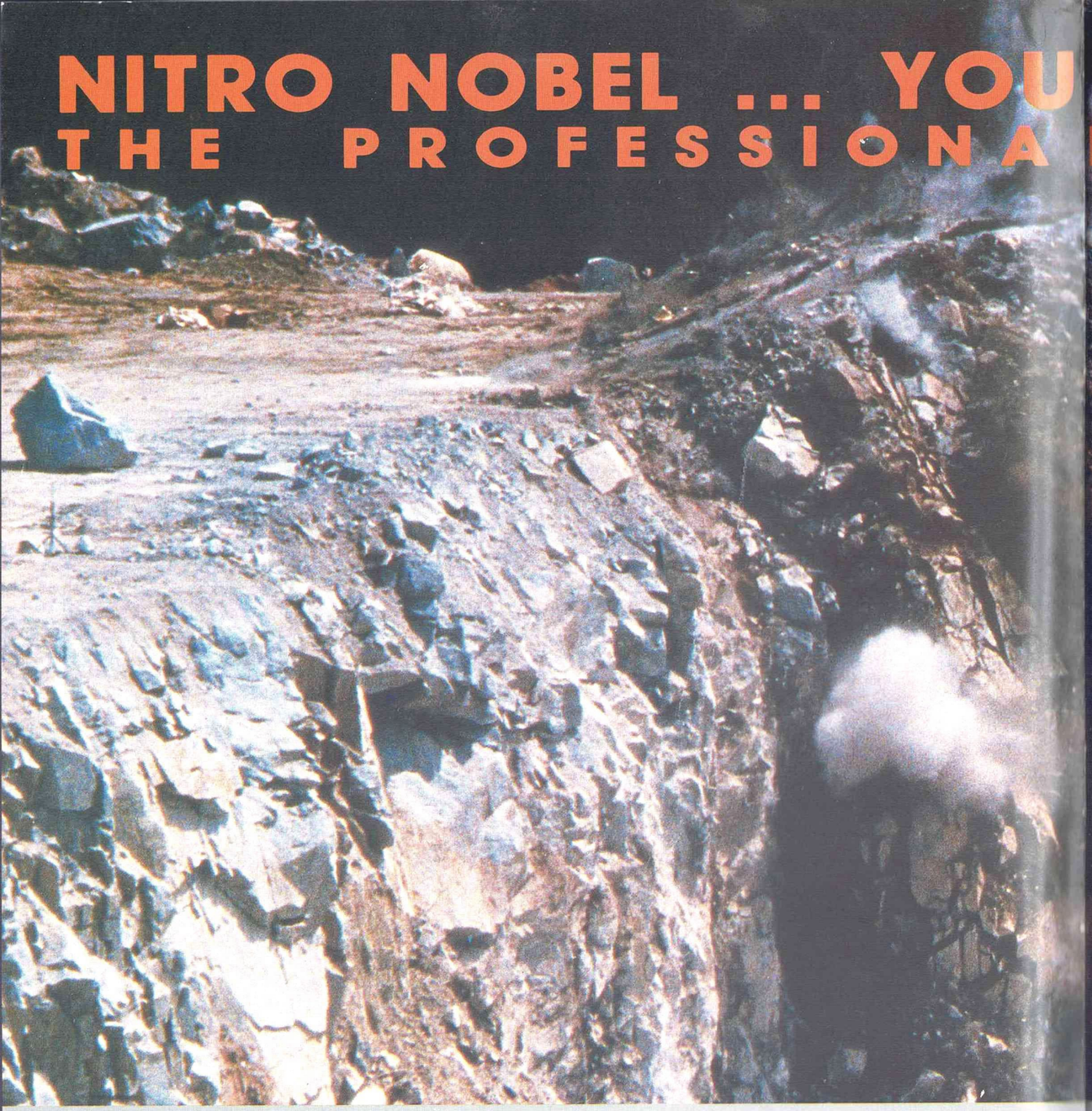
THE PROFESSIONALS IN EXPLOSIVES



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The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 8 No 10/October 1987

Into The Mystic

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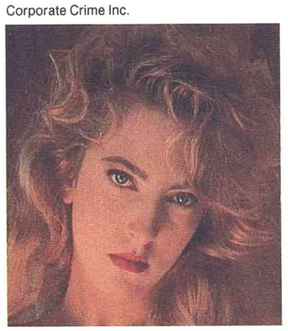

Bliss

The Deserter

REGULARS

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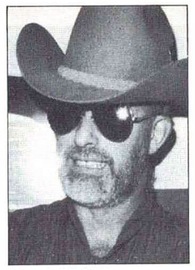
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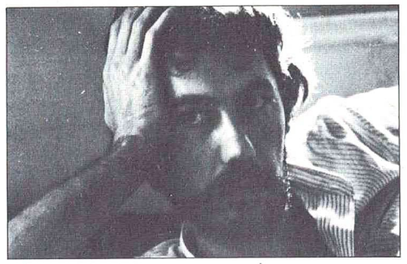
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CORPORATE CRIME INC.
Now is the time of opportunity for the fiscal psychopath — the white collar crim who can swindle a pensioner out of his life savings without a twinge of remorse. His chances of being busted and dragged before the courts are around 100 to one and fading, as the country's watchdogs stand practically helpless before a tidal wave of financial fraud. **David Halpin** tells how to avoid being mauled by the sharks of this billion-dollar industry in a sobering story beginning on page 32 with an illustration by **Mirella Bordignon.**

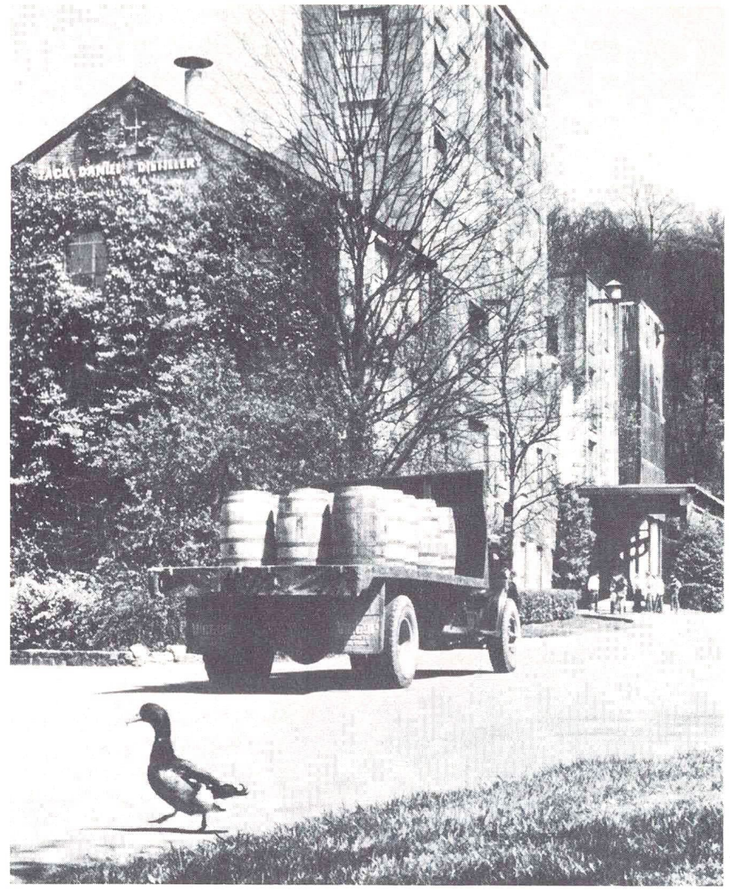
RETURN OF THE NATIVE
Papua New Guinea, Australia's little experiment in colonialism, has turned against its former masters. When **John Emery** returned there after many years' absence he inadvertently touched off a short fuse that almost led to lethal violence. Emery's lyrical evocation of the seething undercurrent of suspicion and hatred that has swept over PNG since Independence makes an absorbing read. Turn to **Chris Grosz's** illustration on page 50.

BOYS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN
If you haven't heard of the Beastie Boys yet, you will — and probably wish you hadn't. Already the fastest-moving rock "product" in the States, these three pimply juveniles are poised to kick down our doors and chunder on our carpets as their brash, mutinous and mindless following expands across the civilised world. Rather than ponder whether there is any revealing message in their cacophanous cant, check out **Timothy White's** analysis of the forces behind the Beasties' meteoric rise, starting on page 54 with a photograph by **Lynn Goldsmith.**

INTO THE MYSTIC
The Matses Indians of Peru rely on the magic of "vision drugs" to make contact with animals on levels that are difficult for us to comprehend. The drugs are an integral part of the Matses' hunting technique. **Peter Gorman's** sojourn with these primitive people provides an illuminating glimpse into the heart of darkness. The accompanying photographs where shot by **Jeffrey Rotman.** Turn to page 74.

THE DESERTER
Private dick Cliff Hardy gets the boot from his old military mates when his investigations jeopardise an intriguing top-secret army operation. Another fictional Cliff-hanger from the pen of **Peter Corris,** illustrated by **Michael Farrell.** It starts on page 82.

WENDY BACON INTERVIEW
During the heyday of the hard-hitting Fairfax publication the *National Times,* investigative journalist Wendy Bacon was responsible for a succession of disclosures which rocked the political Establishment. Bacon talks candidly with *Penthouse* Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** about the state of the criminal justice system and about the public and private pressures brought to bear on herself and her colleagues by some of the most powerful people in the land. This important and timely interview, accompanied by a photo from **Lorrie Graham,** begins on page 98.



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Don't panic

Thank you for your acutely interesting article in the June edition, AIDS: Don't Panic. It certainly exploded a few myths, clarified political motivations, and softened the prognosis. AIDS is not a "runaway, killer disease", but it's horrendously sad that 500 babies, to date, have been born in the US AIDS - positive. It is also disheartening that other sexually transmitted diseases, such as herpes, chlamydia, genital wart virus, trichomoniasis and NSU, are on the increase, some to epidemic levels. The hard truth is that the sex revolution is over! The Grim Reaper reached into the conscience of many: "Forty-four percent of surveyed Australians said they now acted or thought differently, while 22 percent of men and 14 percent of women said the campaign had changed their sexual behavior." (*Advertiser*, May 30th, 1987.)

However, there is a simple answer: the condom. In Japan, where for the last 30 years 80 percent of all contraception has been the humble condom, the statistics make it clear that the incidence of sexually transmitted disease is the lowest in the world. High-tech condoms are so thin that the wearer should not experience a lowering of sensitivity.

Chin up guys, it's not so bad. By the way, carry condoms — the girls will appreciate your new attitude! — *Mashado & Scholz, Adelaide, SA*

Correction

I would like to make a major correction to the reporting of the interview I granted Ric West for your June issue. I did indeed tell him that there would be no Second Coming. However, since my youngest son got hold of a copy of your magazine, He has been pestering the devil out of me to let Him have a stint on Earth, too. I suspect this has something to do with your pictorials. To be frank, I'd say there has already been a Third, Fourth, and Fifth Coming, but I can't catch the little blighter at it. If I do I'll give Him the old glove of thorns treatment.

Be kind to him when he arrives. He's illegitimate, poor little bastard, the result of a night of passion with a delicious little angel up here called Marilyn. (Well, why should those depraved slobs over on Olympus have all the fun?) His name is Paul and as he can't be bothered with all that

Alluring Sarah Lipton

birth and infancy business he will appear among you as a fully-fledged politician. I'll warn you, though, that he's impatient and touchy and inclined to spit the dummy if he thinks he's being crucified. Not like his half-brother at all.

Oh, and tell everyone not to worry about the seven seals, the seven trumpets, the seven plagues and all that shit. That crazy old loon on Patmos was off his face on bad retsina when he wrote that rubbish, and as Mr West implied, I'm not really a heartless old sadist anyway. I like a good time as much as the next man, and you lot seem to need a bit of cheering up, so I thought I'd send down seven times 7000 copies of Julia Sommers instead. I've still got the mould kicking around somewhere. That should be torment enough for any man — but what a way to go, if I do say so myself. Beats hell out of the locusts, anyway.

So, thanks for the publicity, be patient with Paul, and try to tidy things up a bit in the next couple of thousand years. — *God*

The interview with the man himself, in the June issue of *Penthouse*, ranks with many good ones of the past. I enjoyed it so much that I now believe there *is* a God and a heaven and all that crap. Who else but God would admit to terrible mistakes such as Malcolm Fraser and the Roman Catholic Church?

Anyway, if I were Ric West I'd keep an eye out for stray flashes of lightning. They could be meant for him. — *John Thornton, Mt Druitt, NSW*

From the top

Regarding your interview with Me in the June 1987 issue of *Australian Penthouse,* I have asked a servant of mine to write this reply:

> Before Me every knee shall bow; and every tongue shall acknowledge Me.
> They will say that only through Me are victory and strength;
> But all who hate Me will be put to shame.

As amanuensis for God, I was directed to the above words as found in "God's Word" — the Bible. On behalf of Jesus — who was God manifest in flesh in order to bear the penalty for our sins — I would express regret that you dared to denigrate His name and character in your publication. He created the beautiful female figures which you display, so he is worthy of higher regard than you have given Him. — *W.D., Kalgoorlie, WA*

Lost property

Thank you, *Penthouse*, for publishing the May edition which featured White Trash. We all enjoyed the photos, especially when one of our workmates remembered where he had seen the lounge used in the pictorial. We all went round to discover he was right. Not only was there a lounge there, but we also found a negative and the underwear she was wearing. As you can imagine, we would like to meet her so we can give them back. — *The Maritime Carpenters, Pyrmont, NSW*

My cup of tea

I must congratulate you on your stunning pictorial of Sarah Lipton in the July edition of *Australian Penthouse.* It pleased me to see this type of native return home. She has the most alluring figure to have graced the pages of your magazine. Sarah may not be everyone's cup of tea (no pun intended), and I don't care if she has had an appendix operation, she is in magnificent condition. More of her please! — *P.L., Pinnaroo, SA.*

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Turkish delight

Two days ago I returned from a business trip to the Middle East. My host attended to every whim and desire I expressed, noticing in particular my interest in the exotic and beautiful women around us. After one evening meal, I was informed that my "worldly needs" would be attended to by a young woman waiting for me at my hotel suite. Only a few of my past experiences in the Middle East prepared me for what ensued that evening.

I arrived shortly after six and was greeted at the door by Jamihl. She was perfectly groomed, stylish and stunning. I was instantly aroused by her perfumed and voluptuous body. She possessed a huge mane of black hair, thick, scented, and rich. Her face was a gentle oval, coffee-and-cream colored and flawless in its texture. This woman could start a war!

With a smile and a light bow she took my coat as I stepped inside. My favorite Scotch and water was immediately proffered. As we drank and talked, I learned that Jamihl had spent her undergraduate years in the United States studying to be an engineer. This was definitely going to be interesting.

When I finished my cocktail, Jamihl indicated that a bath had been drawn for me. She led me to the bathroom, where without batting an eye, she proceeded to undress me. Fighting for some self-control, I slipped into the tepid waters as she began to wash my back and neck. Her touch was gentle yet bold, unflinching and unbearably sensuous. As we finished one spot, she would rinse me down with fresh hot water from the tureen at hand.

Jamihl asked me to stand while she soaped my cock and balls. She finished the bath at my toes before drying me off with a large towel. Jamihl dropped to one knee as she towelled me dry, gently taking my testicles in her hand. My cock rose to a thick, hard stance. She looked up at me in quiet, mock seriousness, then ever so slowly eased her lips down my throbbing shaft. She took it all the way to the back of her throat and clamped her lips firmly around the base before jumping up, laughing, and flitting into the next room.

I slipped a robe around my shoulders and stopped halfway through the bathroom door. Jamihl was standing in the middle of the room, her eyes lowered. She began a slow and mesmerising striptease, watching my face intently, without saying a word. I turned off all the lights except for a sidelight in the kitchen. Jamihl continued her dance, her body literally taking my breath away. When she got down to a very Western-looking pair of black lace panties, she stopped.

Her firm, heavy breasts needed no support. Her limbs were slender, strong and tawny, without an ounce of fat. I strode quickly to her side, took her fingertips to my lips, and kissed them as our eyes locked. She held my gaze steadily as I released her hands and grasped her panties on either side. With a quick lateral rip I tore the panties apart, and let them drop to the floor.

The scent of her sex seemed to reach me for the first time, a rich, potent smell of womanhood. The hair of her cunt was the same black hue as the hair on her head, vigorous in growth, thick. I reached to kiss her for the first time, her heavy breasts in each hand. Her kiss exploded down my throat. With our mouths locked in probing kisses, I easily lifted her light body up to my waist and settled her cunt down over my rock-hard cock. I didn't move a muscle as her cunt reacted to my sudden penetration. She was tight and wet, and her snatch began to milk my dick with a powerful grip that started at the base and rose to the tip. She began to grind her pelvis down on my dick as I eased her feet back to the floor. When her feet hit the ground, she broke her lips away from my kiss and arched her back. She reached backwards with her hands until they were also on the floor. Our only contact was my cock buried in her cunt and my hands supporting the small of her back. Suddenly Jamihl spun round and crouched on her hands and knees, with a wild, animalistic look on her face. I stepped toward her, my inflamed cock sticky with her love juice. Again she clamped her lips around its head, cradling my balls in one hand. As her mouth eased slowly down my shaft, the base of my cock became engorged.

Jamihl backed away abruptly. She clapped her hands and, to my amazement, another girl emerged, naked, from the bedroom closet. She could possibly be the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Without a word she slipped between Jamihl and me, and I slipped a finger up her moist cunt. She planted her head directly between my balls, caressing her own breasts all the while, as she began to lick one, then the other. Jamihl was not to be left out. While the new girl licked my shaft and balls, Jamihl backed her twat on to my shaft. I developed a slow and steady rhythm in and out of her cunt.

As I slid my member inside her, the other girl, whose name I later learned was Fatima, worked her hand around me to grasp my cock and encircle its base with her forefinger and thumb. I withdrew my glistening rod from Jamihl's slit, ready to plunge again, when Fatima pulled it completely free. She lowered its pulsating tip into her mouth, and sucked it to the back of her throat. Then, easing me out from between her lips, she replanted my cock firmly in Jamihl's cunt. I slammed in deep and stayed there, unmoving. Before long I resumed my rhythm, and on every third or fourth stroke, Fatima would repeat the procedure.

FORUM

After a few minutes alternating between Jamihl's cunt and Fatima's mouth, I could feel myself getting close to the brink. Finally, I thrust fully into Jamihl's cunt and emptied shot after shot of hot jism into her beautiful love bush.

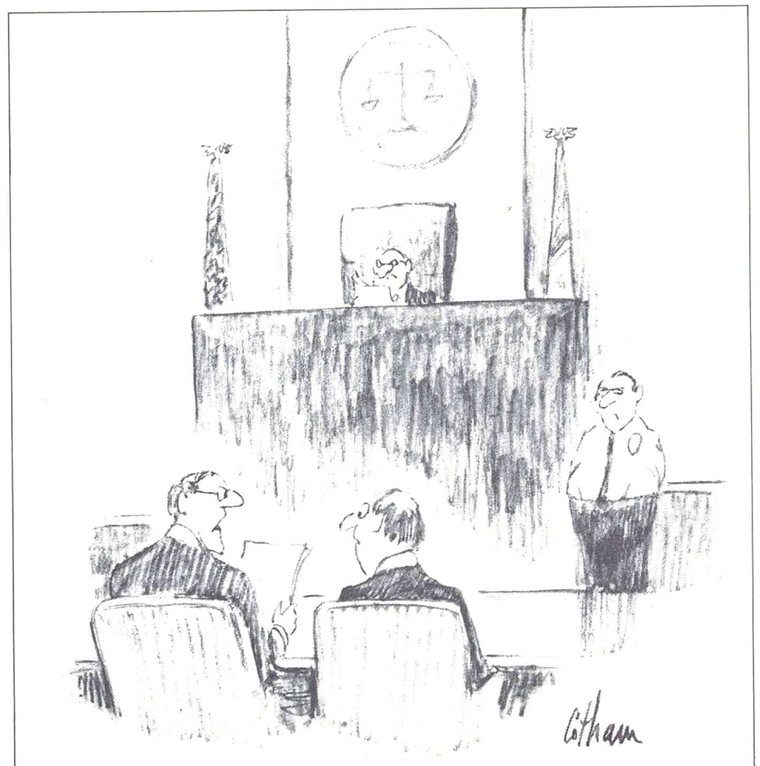
As my cock gradually subsided, Jamihl rolled over to one side and let me slip out of her snatch. Fatima's face was still in my crotch; she curled up around my legs and drew my limp member, wet and sticky with love juice and jism, into her mouth. As she began her slow bobbing motion, sliding her mouth up and down my shaft, I reached around behind her buttocks and buried two fingers inside her pussy. As I was still lying on my side, Jamihl slid her legs over my chest and pressed her cunt, filled with her own sex juice and my fresh semen, on to my face. She writhed with increasing tempo as I drove my tongue on to her clit. As she approached her orgasm, her legs clamped around my head. Fatima continued sucking my cock, which had by this time recovered its full hard length.

I reached for Jamihl, picked her up, and strode over to the couch. I lay her face down over the back of the sofa with her arse in the air. Immediately I plunged my dick into her hole. She was incredibly tight and completely wet. I forced my cock as deep into her pussy as it would go and stopped. Her cunt squeezed and squeezed on my hard shaft buried inside, but I didn't budge. As her love muscles gripped my imprisoned cock even more firmly, I could feel Fatima's hand return to my testicles. The combination was too much. Without ever moving my dick, I exploded another load of jism, pulling out just in time to squirt myself over the small of Jamihl's back.

I threw myself over the sofa to envelop her in my arms. But she jumped up like some sexual acrobat. She straddled my body and dangled her breasts over my mouth, swaying so that first one nipple, then the other, would play across it. As I occupied myself with these beautiful breasts, I again felt Fatima's lips enfold around my cock. She slid her mouth up and down my shaft slowly, never once stopping the seductive suction of her lips. Then, as my cock recovered its hardness, she positioned her inflamed cunt over its purple head and slowly impaled herself on me.

The contrast between Fatima and Jamihl drove me over the edge. I started thrusting hard and fast into Fatima's smooth young slit while she rocked her pelvis, drawing me in deeper with each thrust. At the same time I hauled Jamihl forward, placing her pungent cunt over my face. I nibbled, sucked, and teased her clit as her rocking quickened. Abandoning myself to the sensations, I lifted myself off the sofa, hammering away at Fatima's hot box. Through the noises our bodies made I could hear Jamihl cry out just as I was about to unload shot after shot of come into Fatima. I flopped back, exhausted, as Fatima finished her ride on my deflating dick. With one final thrust to my balls, she dropped forward across my chest, into Jamihl's arms.

Unfortunately, I had more than shot my load for that evening, and I had to leave the country the next day. I am definitely looking forward to my next trip to the Middle East, with all the exotic extras my hosts have to offer. — *Name and address withheld*



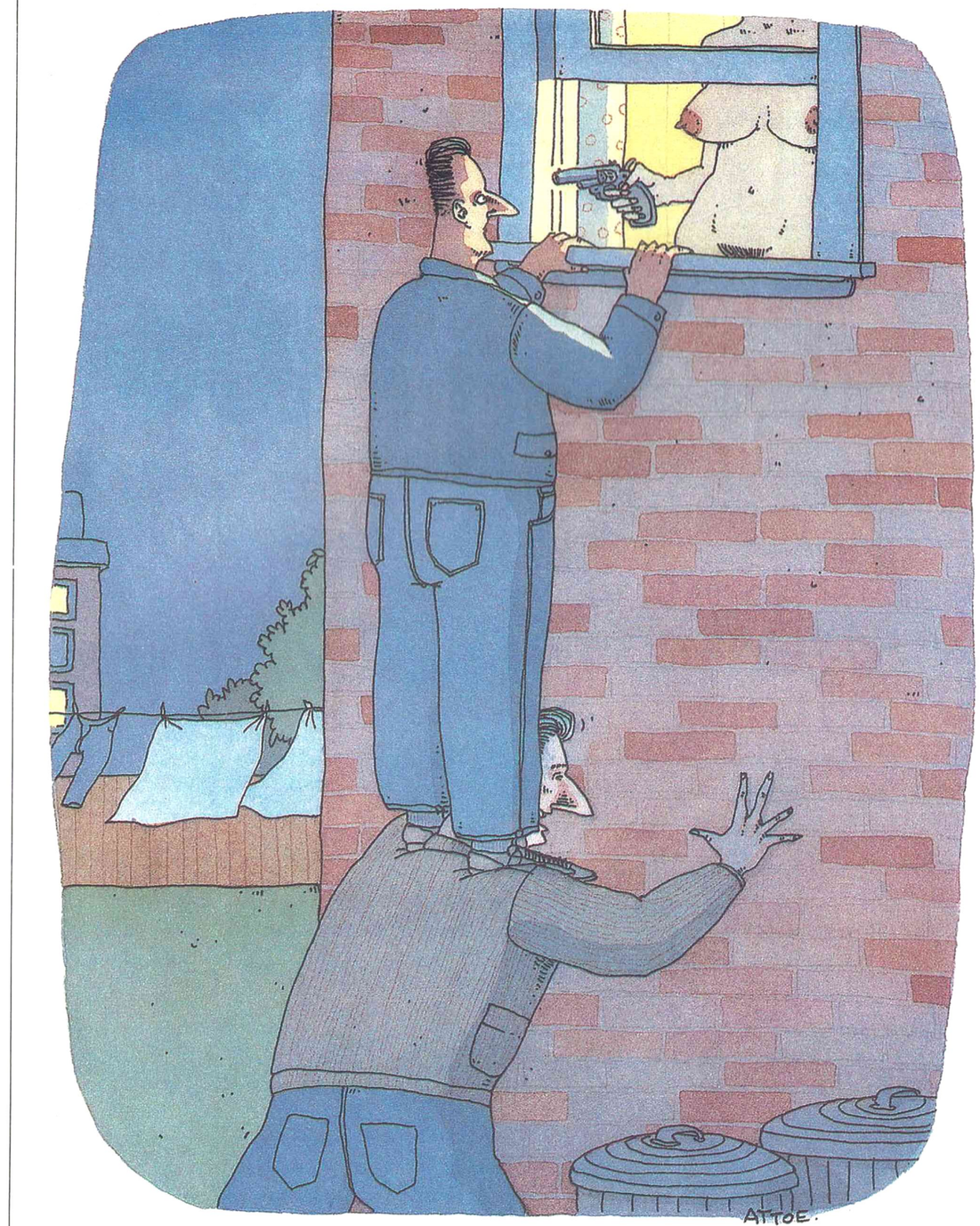
"Just relax! As your attorney, I'll do your lying for you."

Wet dream

After a hard day's work, I was tired and just wanted to relax with a beer in the jacuzzi. The night was clear, and I had only the moon and stars for company. The water was nice and hot as a cool breeze brushed through the trees. I lay my head back, stretching my arms on to the wet tiles as the hypnotic sound of bubbles in the water made me drift off. The creaking sound of the pool gate awakened me, and I saw two beautiful women walking toward the pool. The hot water and the beer made it difficult to think clearly, so I rested my head back again. One of the girls sat behind my head with her legs stretched out on either side of me and whispered in my ear, "My name is Fiona." Quickly, I raised my head in time to see the other woman disrobing in front of me. She said, "And my name is Maureen."

Fiona began massaging my neck and face, and I felt her breasts rubbing against my back. I ran my hands up her body and found that she was completely naked. Maureen entered the water and sat on my thighs. She began to lick my lips and throat, working her way down to my nipples as her hands rubbed either side of my penis. Meanwhile, Fiona lay my head back and filled my mouth with her breasts. My dick grew harder and harder from what I thought must surely be a dream.

As if it was too good to be true, both women climbed out of the jacuzzi and went over to the pool. Not wanting the experience to end, I followed and dived right in. When I surfaced, I began to float as a cool breeze blew across my body. Maureen swam up between my legs and massaged my balls as Fiona licked me up and down. I grew harder, my cock throbbing with delight. Maureen squeezed my buttocks and licked the bottom of my shaft while Fiona sucked on the top, licking every drop. By this time I was having trouble controlling myself, so I got up and laid Maureen on her back on the steps of the pool, exposing her hardened nipples, her pubic hair glistening just below the water. I stepped between her legs, pulling her toward me as I massaged her breasts. Running my hands up the inside of her thighs, I came to her soft hot spot. With aching fingers I carefully separated her cream and water-filled lips, and rubbed her as she squirmed, spread-



"What's she doing now?"

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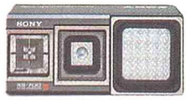

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ing her legs even wider to let me know she must have me. Slowly my wet fingers entered her burning flesh. The soft, hot skin surrounded my hand, sucking my fingers inside.

Fiona stood behind me, caressing my chest before lowering her head to my dick, rocking me closer to her, her hand holding tightly on to my penis as her other hand rubbed my balls. Maureen could stand no more and straddled me, pumping, and raised herself just enough to let in drops of water. As my body began to quiver, she pulled away and entered the water, trading places with Fiona. Maureen sucked on me as hard as she could, until I lost control and shot hot juices into her mouth, while Fiona swam between my legs and licked my balls. The girls then moved toward the deep end of the pool, swimming next to the underwater light. I tried to follow them, but the light was too bright, and when I surfaced, they were gone. — *Name and address withheld*

Show and tell

I still have to pinch myself to prove that I'm not dreaming. Two weeks ago, I went over to my friend Mark's house. I haven't seen him since he got married over a year ago. When he married Edie I was envious, not just because of her great looks, but because she always seems to know just how to handle herself. Mark had had a constant hard-on since the first day they met. She teased him unmercifully, and I often wondered if the only reason he married her was because it was the only way he could get inside her pants.

When I got there, I had expected to see a much more settled-down Edie. I thought that she might have even put on weight since their wedding. Mark let me in and we had a few beers and talked about old times. Then Edie walked in, home from her aerobics class. I am embarrassed to think of how I must have looked. My jaw dropped open and my eyes nearly popped out of my head. Edie's perfect figure was sheathed in a shiny white body stocking that hugged every curve of her body. She must have said hello, but I was too dazed to respond.

Edie began showing Mark some new exercises she had learned that day. I watched as she bent over and bounced. Her buttocks faced me as she spread her legs, touching the ground with her hands. Over and over I watched the material rubbing against the crack in her crotch and sliding over her tits. It must have been turning her on as much as it did me because her nipples were getting visibly hard through her suit.

She said she was going to take a shower and left the room. Mark seemed unstirred by Edie's show. I tried not to act nervous but my heart was beating a million miles per hour. Less than a minute after she left, Edie came back into the room. She was wearing a cut-off T-shirt and white panties! I could almost see through the material, and I began to tremble. I've had sex with many women in my life, but none had turned me on like Edie was turning me on now.

Edie went into the kitchen and got herself a beer. She calmly mentioned that I should come around more often. Of course, I assured her I would. I was obviously shaking when she left the room again. Then I realised that Mark was staring at me.

I looked at him. I was speechless. Mark winked and grinned, and patted the chair next to him, which I took as a signal to move over. From the chair I had a perfect full-length view into the slightly ajar bathroom door. A full-length mirror in the bathroom gave me a bird's-eye view of Edie undressing. I had a rear view of her sliding her panties down her legs and a side view of her pulling her top off. Even when she got into the shower, the curtain wasn't fully drawn and I could get a good glimpse of her soaping herself up. Shortly, the mirror steamed over and I could no longer see a thing.

I pretended that nothing had happened and attempted to talk about the football game that had been on television the day before. But Mark seemed just as distracted

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FORUM

as I was. His mind was obviously not on football, and neither was mine. He quietly crept into the bedroom, signalling for me to follow him. When he got there, he whispered that I should take off my clothes and get into the bed. I did so, but left my underpants on. Mark hid in the closet with the door left open. It seemed to take hours for Edie to towel off. She looked startled when she first saw me lying in her bed with the covers pulled up over me. Then she smiled and crawled in next to me, pulling the covers up over our heads. She giggled when she saw that I still had my underwear on, and pulled it off. After rubbing me for a couple of minutes, she pulled the covers off and tossed them to the floor. I felt uncomfortable knowing that Mark was watching all of this. I was excited, nervous, turned on, and a little frightened.

Edie put one knee on either side of me and squirmed up so that her crotch was in my face. She had the sweetest strawberry-flavored muff I could have imagined. I could have sucked her pussy for hours. I ran my fingers over her buttocks, along her spine, and around her body, and massaged her beautiful globes while I took in her sweetness. Then she broke the news.

Mark doesn't mind if Edie messes around. In fact, he enjoys watching. Edie, being the exhibitionist that she is, finds this marriage a perfect arrangement. However, the story doesn't end here. I have been participating in Edie and Mark's sex games whenever I can. I have even taken Edie out flashing when Mark has been unavailable. Edie likes to wear short skirts with no panties while shopping for shoes. The shoe salesmen put on quite a show attempting to stand up and walk after helping Edie! We also go into jeans stores where they don't have separate dressing rooms for men and women. I hold the stall door ajar, talking to Edie while she tries on different jeans and T-shirts. Often, she attracts quite an audience. And I'm happy to say I'm one of her biggest fans! — *Name and address withheld*

Joyride

I travel a great deal by car in my profession. I cover a huge territory and spend many hours driving. In order to stay awake while on the road, I have discovered that my drive time is the perfect time to fantasise about my sexual desires. I usually begin a long trip by choosing a very low-cut dress with a short hemline. (Of course, I change into a chic business suit when I reach my destination.)

When I stop at a service station to fill up with petrol, the attendant usually cleans my windshield about three times, hovering around to see if I need any "specialised service." Of course I don't, and I leave, but

Continued on page 120

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

THE NEW PROSTITUTION

Just when everybody said "The fun's over, we're going back to Fifties conservatism," up comes surrogate motherhood and over here in America we're into a new perversity that can only be described as space-age. Surrogate mothering gives new meaning to the phrase "women in the work force." Believe me, it's great to know that if I ever get short on funds, I can just have a baby for someone and make ten grand. If only there had been surrogate mothering when I began my career. With one pregnancy a year, I could have made a living off writing a lot earlier.

I know, I'm supposed to be really serious about it. It brings up a lot of women's issues. But who's kidding whom? We're talking about renting out your womb and selling your entire genetic code here. Some can call it a "gift" to infertile couples if they like. I call it technoprostitution.

I mean, I'm a woman. I've got all the equipment. And I do not see the difference between selling your body for sex and selling your body for reproduction. No, excuse me. I take that back. There are major differences: In one, the body is a seminal repository, in the other it's a foetal repository; one is illegal and the women doing it are spat upon, the other is legal and the women doing it are the latest feminist cause; one is a victimless crime, the other a lifetime of anguish for a totally innocent victim.

And there are big differences in the money too. The average mid-level prostitute makes, say, $100 a day — at five days a week, that's $2000 a month, times nine is $18,000 for nine months work. Surrogate mothers are getting $10,000. I'm sorry, in this economy, that's peanuts. Oliver North could have made a better deal. The lawyers handling the surrogate contracts, or pimps as I like to call them, are also getting $10,000 — for having gone to law school, I presume. Now some legislatures are talking about making payment for surrogate mothering illegal which, they claim, will take care of the morality problem. Noel Keane, surrogate yenta in the Baby M case, says money is not the object for surrogate mothers, it is the desire to help infertile couples. Yeah, well, we'll just see how many women come clamoring for stretch marks, depleted breasts, and episiotomies in the name of charity, Noel.

Don't get me wrong. I'm for the legalisation of prostitution. All I am saying is that if prostitution is illegal, then surrogate mothering should be, too, because technically the same crime is being committed: selling the body. For illicit sex, for illicit mothering, in both cases a mockery is being made of something the society holds sacred. That society is condoning one and not the other is pure hypocrisy.

And racism. There are, it seems, no white babies for adoption. Hence couples are driven to the surrogate-mother solution. There are, however, thousands of black babies who desperately need homes and care. But don't let me get logical. Racism has nothing to do with logic.

But look, if we legalise prostitution, then we can have surrogate mothering. It's okay with me. Sex with strange men for money, having a strange man's baby for money — whatever pays off MasterCard. But it saddens me to think of Baby M's baby book; baby's first kidnapping, baby's first custody battle, baby's first word: *sue!*

Illustration by Graham Rendoth

Every year I write a piece about how hypocritical it is that prostitution is illegal, about how psychically damaging it is that in our society there is this outcast population of women. Now, with surrogate mothering being condoned, there is no moral excuse for this continued misogynistic brutality. Bring a class-action suit, prostitutes. Now is the time.

I read recently that a woman was implanted with her daughter and son-in-law's fertilised ova. This woman is now carrying her own grandchildren. So I called my mother. I said, "Mum, how about it?" She said yes right away and didn't even ask about incest. Good old biological, genetic Mum. She's a dying breed. — *Emily Prager*

LUST

SAFE SEX WITHOUT CONDOMS

Someone blew in my ear the other day and I kind of liked it. Who am I kidding? I loved it. It made me weak at the knees (as they say in the classics.) It made me hotter than a napalmed nympho (as they don't.) We're talking female as fire hazard.

When I employ the phrase "blew in my ear", I refer not to the romantic huffings and puffings of sweet nothings in the lobal region. I mean "blew" as in "ejaculated." The proverbial shooting of the wad.

Between you, me and my shampoo bottle, it wasn't as disgusting as it may sound. *Almost* as disgusting, though. The ejaculator was 500 miles away from me at the time with his dick in one hand and another kind of handset in the other. He was doing his blowing on the blower, so to speak. I have been introduced to the joys of the dirty phonecall, and I'm only a little bit ashamed to admit it.

I'm only a little ashamed because I happen to know the fellow who made the call. This wasn't some perverted, raincoat-wearing, heavy-breathing stranger. If that was the case I would have shouted something rude and hung up immediately. No, I listened intently and with mounting libidinal excitement as my caller detailed for me what he was doing, slowly, teasingly, erotically . . . because this was a filthy, deviant, heavy-breathing *friend*.

Might I say at this juncture, Your Honor, that I was seduced. I'm not the kind of girl who's accustomed to getting her kinky kicks over the phone. Prosecution may well unearth certain unsavory aspects of my past sex life, but they'll be pushing it uphill to pin a phone sex rap on me. Prior to the incident before the court, my congress with plastic, hand-held devices was limited to those which happened to vibrate at three speeds.

It started out as a normal phonecall from Melbourne. That's not to say it was an everyday phonecall, considering the cost of interstate phone calls! Forget AIDS — Telecom is worse than the Grim Reaper. Okay, so you pay heavily for your STDs with both of them, but at least Mr Reaper doesn't stuff up the bills. But where was I? Oh yes, a normal enough phone call: "How are you?" "How's the weather?" "Oh, it's raining in Melbourne? Do tell," etc.

A couple of minutes in, things started hotting up. He told me how he was speaking to me from bed and he sort of wished I was there. Now, I've never porked this person and here he is getting fresh over the phone. The fact that I had *fancied* him made me blush and clam up in a most adolescent fashion. It also gave me quite a venial nibble. Then he started telling me that he was getting "aroused" and that he'd better hang up before he said something he'd regret. Did I want him to hang up? Spurred into decisiveness, I figured that here was an opportunity too interesting to pass up, so after a lot of umming and ahhing, I stammered out something like, "What would happen if I *was* there?" That would have been almost cool if I hadn't followed it up with an imbecilic giggle.

He didn't seem to mind. From there on it was on for young and old. I will spare the gruesome details, save for admitting that from a very shaky start (when I couldn't get the idea out of my head that the office switch girl was listening to everything I was saying), I went on to surprise myself by asking him to do things, tell me things, show me things. I was like some lash-wielding mistress of domination — and that's never been my scene. Perhaps that's why I found the whole ludicrous exercise to be one of the most erotic experiences I've had in ages. The way I look at it, if I have a couple more such calls to hone my style, I could well go on to talking dirty for Australia.

Such was the titillation value of my surprise venture into sexual role playing over the phone that I started recommending it to all my friends. This is safe sex without the condoms, I told them. Reach out and touch someone over the phone, give your wife or girlfriend a surprise today for a measly 30c a local! They've all looked at me funny. So I'll recommend it to you. I can't see you.

A word of warning, though, to male callers: Make sure you know the person to whom you intend to talk dirty. Phoning up a stranger and making lewd suggestions is, well, disgusting. I'd be the last person to recommend random rude calls; I've had a couple in my day and they did nothing for me. Anyway, it's against the law and they'll catch you. They'll round you up and take you to a room in the bowels of Telecom headquarters in your capital city. There they will tie you to a slab, place a large sheet of paper over you and come at you with pens. This is called tracing obscene phone callers.

A word of advice to female recipients of unwanted dirty calls: By all means report them to the authorities, but while you've actually got the dirty bastard there on the phone you may wish to try a little trick handed down to me by my mother, a woman whose years as a telephonist have brought her many interesting aural experiences. "Never try to be a social worker," she once told me in her best maternal tones after I'd complained of a rude call. "What you've got to realise is that the man is manipulating his penis and fantasising as he speaks, so you indulge in a bit of graphic imagery yourself and say: 'Why don't you shit in your fist and squeeze it?' Believe me, it works every time."

Sometimes the old ways are the best ways, don't you think? — *Anita Newman*

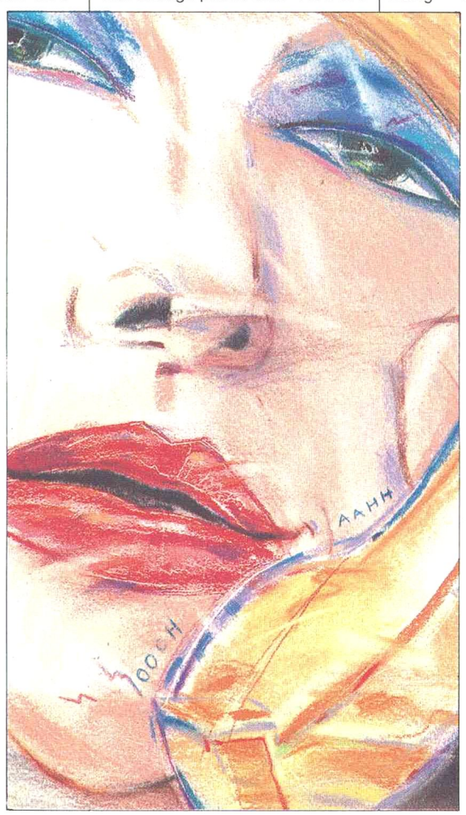

Illustration by Lorraine Banks

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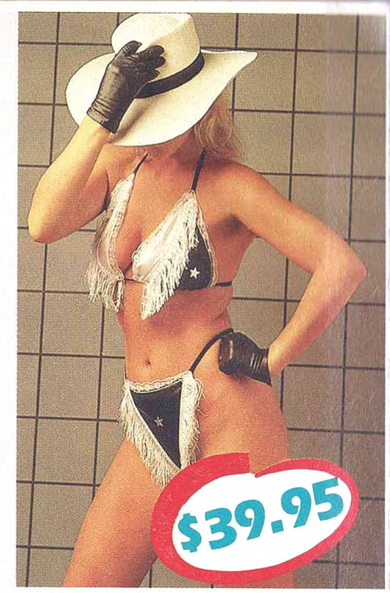

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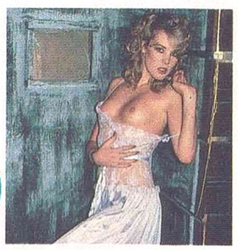

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AVARICE

CON FOUNDING

It's not true that you have to have been around a few years before you can pick a con the minute you first see it. Some people have been around for years and they're still getting stung. There are others who, from the first days they can read, can thumb through the *Financial Review* and pick the shonky dealers just from the advertisements.

Coupons are a good sign, especially if there is a phone number section. Like, if they're going to send you an obligation free brochure why do they need your home telephone number? To give you a call on your birthday?

There was a time a few years ago, when I had more free time, when I'd clip and fill every coupon I saw that included a provision for a telephone number. Sure enough, a week or two later I'd get a call from a salesman asking to drop round. And I'd say yes.

So there happened this procession of home shows; me sitting there acting dumb and these seedy salespersons running through their tested routines. There were language lessons, pine forests, aloe vera, property trusts, more pine forests, encyclopaedias, more pine forests etc. Mostly, you will notice, I went for schemes offering investment opportunities; this is the area of the true shonk.

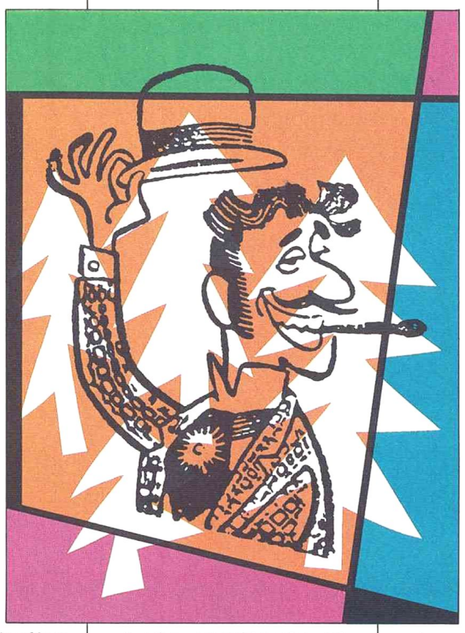
Selling an object is hard work: the item, be it an encyclopaedia or a vacuum cleaner, must work; you (usually) have to have some with you to sell; and in the end all you get is a couple of hundred dollars per sucker, I mean, customer.

Selling a get-rich-quick scheme is far easier.

For a start all you're selling is an idea, a bit of paper, a promise. To flog a book you have to work on the mark's educational inferiority complex, on their hopes for their kids. To sell money all you need is to find a person who is greedy — and that is virtually everybody.

Now the trick is to play down the greed part of it. No need at all to polish that vice — it's there, the salesman doesn't have to encourage it. No, rather, he is better letting the mark develop that side of the argument and concentrating on overcoming the objections.

For instance, property trusts. Some property trusts are good, others are lousy, a few even stink to high heaven. None are sold on the notion the investor will get rich — but they *are* sold on the notion the investor will get better than bank interest. That is, they don't sell wealth, they just sell comfort. That way it's easier to get the folks signed up. You go round offering them huge returns and they'll smell a rat. Offer them modest gains and they'll believe you.



Of course the recent depredations of "leveraged currency" traders make a joke of that argument. Here were clowns offering 2000 percent gains in a fortnight — and they took in millions.

It was, I'll have to admit, a brilliant scam. The punters were offered a chance to make lots of money playing off the volatility of the Australian dollar. There was a bit of mumbo-jumbo based on the leverage given by margin trading and a lot of bullshit about big profits.

The best thing about the scam is that the promoters didn't have to actually *have* anything. All they sold were "positions" — positions in the international currency market. You can't see these positions, you can't sit in them. All they are are paper transactions between different sets of players who take opposing views about the future direction of the dollar or yen or franc or what have you.

And, of course, just to sweeten the deal even further, no-one ever actually placed those bets. The positions were simply made up. They were bullshit through and through. The only position taken was the sucker against the house; and, because the house did all the paper work, the house always won. Even if the sucker backed a currency that went the right way, the house simply took the gains, and more, in "insurance" and commissions.

And people fell for it.

Another scam I like is pine forest investment.

Unlike leveraged currency dealing, pine forests appeal to the far-sighted widows and orphans. Sucked in aren't just overcashed-up doctors and dentists; little people with modest savings can invest in pine forests with the sure knowledge that they may lose their money just like the rich folks.

The other good thing is the promoter doesn't have to run off to South America straight away. He can hang round for years.

As you know, trees are not grown overnight. It takes 20 years to get a passable piece of timber out of a pine cone. Oh, there's a bit of thinning after seven or ten years or so but that just goes to pay the . . . ah, goes to pay the costs of . . . ah . . . trimming, recombustion, fertiliser, mumbo jumbo, whojar whatsit and so on.

So, the sucker puts up the money and waits for 20 years. You take the money and have 20 years to spend it how you will.

To my knowledge this scam has been operating since the Fifties and is still going strong today. One reason could be the old Peter and Paul principle, or Ponzi principle, after the great New York financier who practised it with great success last century.

This calls for an ever-increasing number of investors; the money of the new people is used to pay out the old people, and so on. Because the original people are getting a return — it need only be a percentage of their initial investment — they become living proof of the worth of your scheme. All the time there is no pine forest, no prawn farm, no property trust, no nothing.

Of course, there are laws against such scams. The only trouble is there is no law against being stupid. And if you can't smell a rat even when there's one standing in your own living room or talking to you down your telephone, you have only yourself to blame. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Ray Condon

ENVY

RED HERRING SYNDROME

How many times, lately, have you seen a perfectly reasonable discussion shot to pieces by the introduction of some idiotic, groundless assertion arising from some obscure New Age philosophy whose adherents are firmly convinced that they and only they have the Answer?

Let me give you one example. The other day I'm over at a mate's house and we're into a rave about how our parents treated us when we were juniors — did they spank us for hiding in our big sister's bedroom so we could perve on her getting undressed for a bath, that sort of thing — and we're speculating on how we'd treat our own kids in the same situation. Fair enough? But in butts this woman who's just completed six weeks of Past Lives Therapy: "You're both on the wrong track. We all choose our own parents, you know."

That really pisses me off. Not only is it illogical, it's completely irrelevant. What can you say to that? "Thank you for your insight. I have taken it on board. Now, where were we?"

I call this the red herring syndrome. A red herring is defined as "*an irrational diversion* — derived from the practice of using red herrings to train hounds." Well, I don't know what kind of potent allure the red herring holds for the sensitive nose of the hound, but I do know that it's nothing compared with the red herring's attraction to the human mind in these neurotic times. Give us a mere whiff of a totally irrational, irrelevant but comforting explanation of why things are the way they are, and we'll get down on all fours, howl at the moon, and pursue the little bugger up hill and down dale until we're up to our ears in bracken and hound droppings, staring at another overgrown dead end and none the wiser for it either.

How many red herrings can you think of? Let me chuck a few at you: "When you're CLEAR you won't think that way any more" (Church of Scientology); "Are you an Aries? You'd have to be to have such a cynical view" (Astrology); "You're only seeing one level of reality. Have you ever had an Out Of Body Experience?" (Astral Travel); "That way of speaking doesn't work for me" (est); "That's a typical conditioned male response. If you were a woman you'd see it differently" (self-explanatory); "I think it's to do with the way your mother treated you in the first year of your life" (psychotherapy); and even "The Lord moves in mysterious ways" (a perennial favorite now making a great comeback).

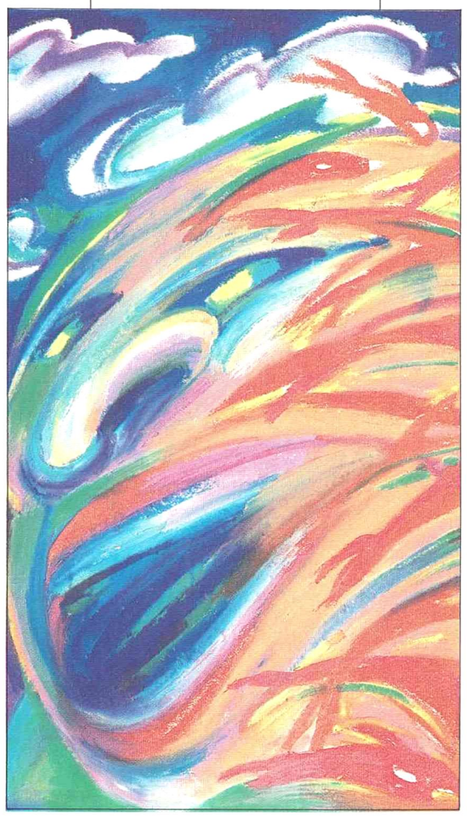


Illustration by Julia Edworthy

And I'm only talking about *logical* red herrings. If you wanted to throw in medical red herrings, ranging from "Maybe you need a hair analysis" right through to "Are you sure you're not allergic to the 20th Century?" we could be here for days and still not cover it.

The worst thing about it is that I've allowed myself to be sucked into this idiotic routine. In the circles I move in, it's unavoidable. So here I am, nose down and arse up, sniffing along a trail that I already know leads nowhere. Maybe if I hadn't been Attila The Hun in a past life I wouldn't be so pissed off about it. Maybe if I just crawled back into the womb for a spot of Wet Rebirthing I could reemerge with a whole new attitude. Maybe if I did a course in est or Self-Transformation or Assertiveness Training I could just tell all these lunatics to go and get stuffed and I'd feel really, really good about it.

I blame drugs myself. "Blasphemy," I hear you cry. But hang on a minute. My old man is a confirmed atheist, has never heard of yin or yang or the Third Eye, wouldn't recognise the special healing powers of quartz crystal if it was rammed up him sideways, and has never communed with any form of cosmic energy nor stepped out of his own body for a single minute of his life. Does he look worried about it? No way. As far as he's concerned, east is east and est is est and they can both go to buggery. The point is, he never smoked dope or took acid or in any other way experienced that tantalising glimpse of the *possibilities* that could exist in the best of all possible worlds. To him the best of all possible worlds is a fine wine, a fillet steak medium rare, and a rational discussion. He might have had a bummer of a birth experience but he put all that behind him 55 years ago.

I used to think, with the arrogance of youth, that he was "limited." Now I envy him. I envy his peace of mind, his certainty. He has his place in the sun.

I, on the other hand, attract red herrings like an electromagnet. For example, I am holding in my hand a pamphlet which I obtained the other day while I was shopping for sausages. It was given to me (why me?) by a woman who bore a close resemblance to Corporal Klinger in drag. It is headed "The Moldavite" and it says: "Channelling is opening yourself up to specific information from the universe and intelligent spiritual entities. Moldavite is a high vibrational gem-quality meteorite (sent to us from outer space) that stimulates channelling and heightened psychic-spiritual receptivity. In this unique One Day Intensive, Kahla and Shimon will guide you in opening up and allowing this information and/or entities to communicate through you."

Well then, how can we ever make sense out of the world if our thought processes aren't properly *channelled by Moldavite?* Think of the possibilities . . . You've read about Yuri Geller communicating psychically with Gorbachev to prevent a nuclear war? Well, now we can get the magic rock to talk to him direct! What are we waiting for? — *Greet Hunter*

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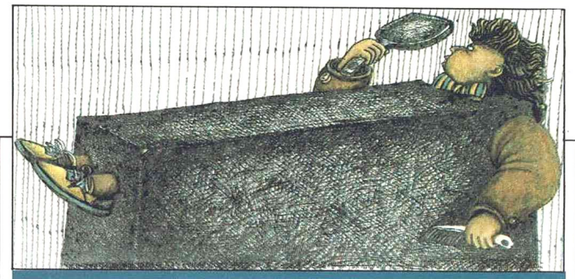


PORE RELATIONS

What's the male equivalent of a snow bunny? Whatever it is, now that you've all come down from the mountain for the season, it's probably time you had a good look at your skin and assessed the damage. Because you can be sure damage has been done by all that sun, freezing air and exposure to the elements.

The time is long gone when men could call their wrinkles, crow's feet and worry lines "character signs." These days men are expected to look younger longer — just like the ladies. Physical fitness is only part of that look. Sure, you can tone up those pecs and lats all you want, but if you've got bags under your eyes big enough to put your gym equipment in, nobody's fooled for long.

So in the hiatus between cooking your epidermis on the ski slopes and baking away on the beach, the time is ripe for "pore relations." There aren't a lot of beauty salons in this country that specialise in caring for men's skins — unlike the US and Europe where blokes have seen the light for decades. Pampurrs in Neutral Bay is one that does. It actually started out as a woman's salon, began having men's days, and then developed a whole separate facility for treating men to facials, waxing, manicures and pedicures.

Managing director Graham Irons has seen a growth in the number of men who make use of the Pampurrs facility.

"We see a lot of men from the highly competitive business world. Their appearance is important to them — it's not enough to wear an expensive business suit; they find that more people are looking at their face and hands than at their clothing.

"There's a lot of emphasis on youth today. Men competing for contracts, executives who are keen to fight off competition from rivals — they're all looking for ways to stave off the ravages of time."

Facial masks, toners, cleansing creams — they all have a new place in the sun on men's skin.

"We find we're doing regenerative facials for the middle-aged and older executive, while the younger man likes a broadly based skin care treatment. Some men with problem skins — enlarged pores, for example — come in for one of our skin corrective treatments. All the products we use in the salon can be bought here or in a good department store for continued use at home," says Irons.

"We use the Swiss products La Prairie in our regenerative treatments and Ella Bache for problem skins. Clarins also make good broadly based products for repairing weather damaged skins. Any man interested in his appearance should certainly have a professional facial every time the season changes — whether or not he skis."

Skin changes depending on weather conditions. The dry conditions of late winter take a toll on even housebound skins. Facial masks slough off the dead cells, leaving softer skin. But besides weather, the other biggest cause of dry, prematurely aged skin in men is shaving.

"It's surprising the number of men who use soap to shave with even these days. Any woman knows that most soaps are far too alkaline, interfering with the natural pH level of normal skin. In addition to drying it out, men further irritate their facial skin by shaving improperly," saying Irons.

The proper way to shave, whether using razor blades, straight razor or electric, is with the growth of the hair first and then against the growth. Shaving against the direction of hair growth pulls the hair unduly, irritating the skin.

Since every man differs in the direction in which his hair grows, he must determine the most suitable direction for himself. Hair growth can even differ in patches on the same face.

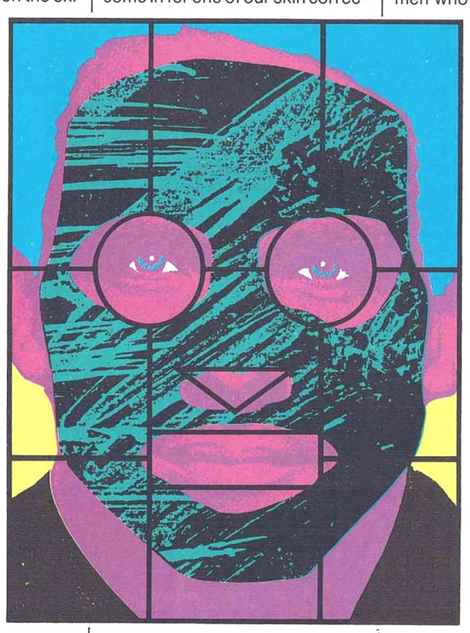
Always use a good quality shaving cream or foam. Graham Irons believes price is as good an indication as any in determining this. Follow with a moisturiser. Most lines include both shaving cream and moisturiser. This keeps the skin from losing an undue amount of natural moisture. There should be no shine on the skin when you have applied the moisturiser — if there is, you've simply used too much. Make sure to pay attention to the area around the eyes; even men with oily skin will find that the eye area, which has few oil glands, tends to dryness and wrinkles.

The time to begin a good skincare program is as soon as possible. Irons believes that, like women, if a man is serious about cheating the clock he should begin at puberty to look after his skin, using the proper face washes, shaving creams and moisturisers for his skin type.

Another face saver is relaxation. Tension, worry and fatigue add innumerable lines to the face — but what's a poor mogul to do? One method of combatting tension is massage (no, *really*). It's unfortunate that the word has become a euphemism for a totally unrelated activity, because massage, especially of the back and neck, does alleviate the problem of knotted muscles due to everyday mental strain. Pampurrs have qualified masseuses who can, along with a revitalising facial, remove at least one pain in the neck from your life.

Now that you're all youthful and fresh-faced again, why not try an eyebrow, or even an eyelash, tint? It's yet another way the older executive has found to trick the eye. What's the point, after all, of carefully coloring those greying locks or fluffing up the old toupee if you'll only be given away with every raised eyebrow? Lash and eyebrow coloring is semi-permanent since the hair is much slower to grow than other body hair.

Seriously, whether or not you give a fig about your age, skin care just makes good sense. We all care about our appearances, young or not so young. In a way, caring for your skin is just another aspect of good hygiene — or even good health. — *Mary Ellen Dyster*



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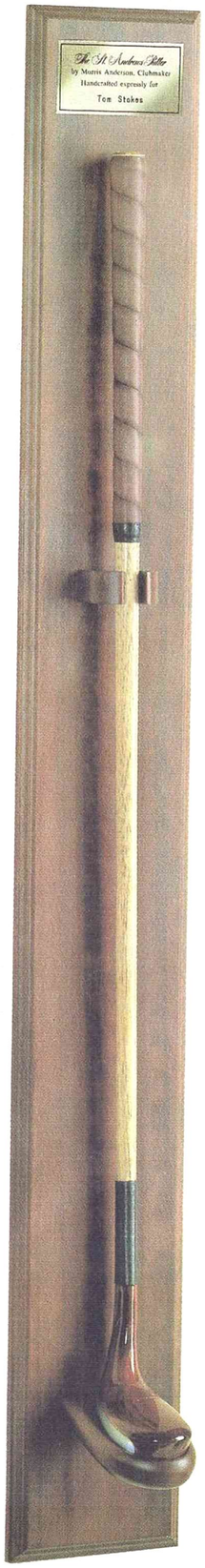


Created by Morris Anderson, Scotland's premier clubmaker at the world-famous Old Course of St. Andrews.

The St. Andrews Putter

Crafted of solid hickory, fine maple, brass and leather... made individually to order and personalised with a shaft cap bearing your initials.

ST. ANDREWS. Down through the years, site of the prestigious British Open. Home of the venerable Royal and Ancient Golf club. And storied setting for the rolling linksland that every golfer who ever teed up a ball dreams of playing.

For here, at the curve of a bay in Scotland's County Fife, is the very heart of golf. Where the game, as we now know it, began. And where the demanding craft of fine clubmaking was raised to an art, earning the reputation of being the best in the world.

That art lives today in the skillful hands of Morris Anderson — Scotland's foremost clubmaker and last in a line of golfer-craftsmen who apprenticed at the legendary "Old Tom" Morris Shop, still standing by the 18th green at St. Andrews.

Now, faithful to the distinguished tradition he has inherited, Morris Anderson has created "The St. Andrews Putter" — a magnificent wooden club to be custom-crafted expressly to individual commission.

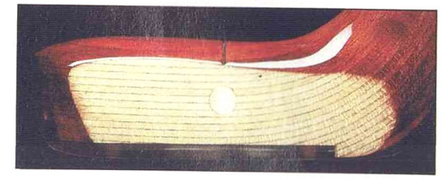
The head of this unique club follows a traditional pattern not to be found anywhere outside of St. Andrews — narrow and with a well-rounded back. It is structured of thin sheets of maple laminate to ensure durability. The head is individually milled, smoothed by hand and then weighted with lead. A brass "sweet spot" is inlaid on the face, and an aim line is inscribed half-way across the top. For protection, a sheepshorn plate is fitted to the sole with hickory dowels, and the completed head is rubbed with a rich mahogany finish.

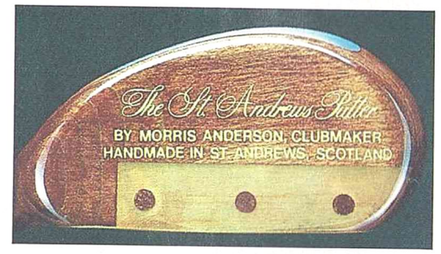
For the shaft, fine-grained hickory was chosen. Hickory of the same quality that gave the old-time putters their unusual sensitivity and resiliency. The wood is seasoned and then hand-lathed to a slim taper. Its final diameter is a critical factor in bringing the shaft into proper balance with the head — thus providing the player with the uncanny feel for the ball for which hand-made clubs of this quality are renowned.

The head and shaft are united in a traditional scare joint — a painstaking procedure taught by master to apprentice at St. Andrews for over 250 years. The splice is accomplished by hand-cutting both shaft and head to form two perfectly matched v-shaped tongues of wood. These are joined with weather-proofed glue and bound firmly together with a whipping of dundee cotton, dipped in pitch.

As a final step in the crafting process, a grip of softest Scottish sheepskin is carefully stretched and hand-wound around the shaft of the putter. This pliant grip provides the final link for transmitting the golfer's sense of touch from the fingers to the ball.

When completed, a solid brass cap will be fitted to the top of the shaft and personalised with your initials. The attractive rack that accompanies the putter will also bear a brass nameplate identifying the club as an original work by Morris Anderson hand crafted expressly for you.





This handsome wood rack will enable you to exhibit your club — the moment it arrives — in your home or office.

Furthermore, for those special occasions when you may wish to take "The St. Andrews Putter" out onto the links, a head cover of genuine leather is provided. Finally you will also receive a specially prepared reference booklet describing the famous Old Course at St. Andrews and containing fascinating lore about the game of golf.

"The St. Andrews Putter" will be imported from Scotland and made available only through Franklin Mint. It may be acquired solely by direct commission at the original issue price of $595 payable in convenient instalments.

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It is therefore suggested that you sign and mail the Commission Authorisation as soon as possible. And, in any case, no later than 31st October, 1987.

Order by telephone —
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Actual length of The St. Andrews Putter is 89.5cm (35¼"), from sole to cap.
The wood display rack of 110cm (39¾") in length will be provided at no additional cost.
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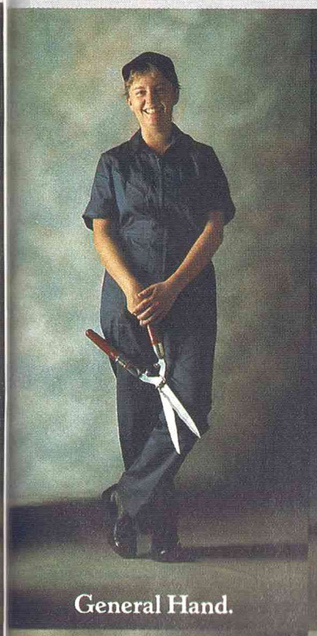
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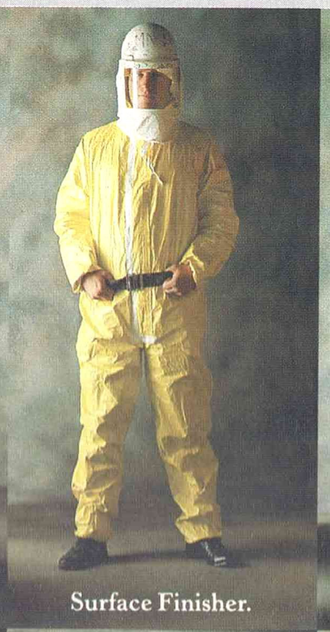
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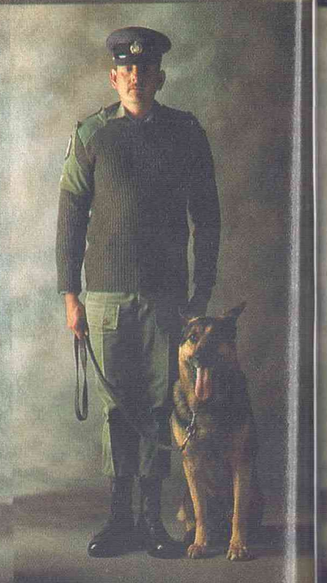
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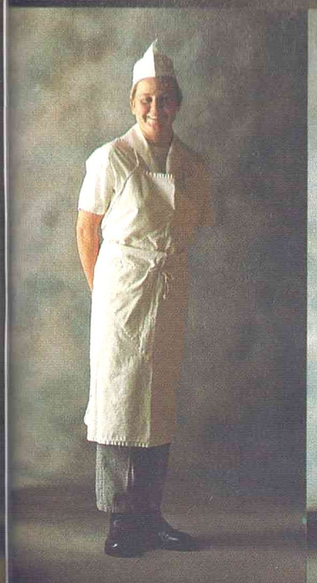
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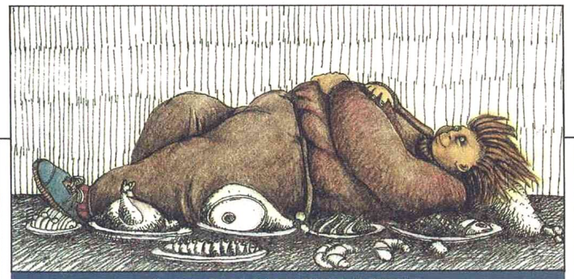


A DROP OF THE IRISH

Ever heard of The Irish Guide To Leading Intellectuals? Yes, of course it's a joke. But the sad thing is that your knowledge of Irish whiskey is probably as non-existent as the book. Shame, Seamus, shame.

Irish whiskey actually boasts one of the longest pedigrees in the spirit world and was the first distilled spirit in the British Isles. Like all Irish miracles, credit for its discovery is often attributed to St Patrick but the more likely truth is that the art of distillation was brought to Ireland by missionary monks from continental Europe.

Although the Scots are loath to accept Irish supremacy, many historians and whiskey authorities believe that the Irish were, in fact, the real inventors of the major prop of the Scottish economy. During his invasion of Ireland in the 12th Century, Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, is said to have noticed that, as well as being cut down by his troops, the Irish were also drinking whiskey. The fabled first mention of Scotch in written records did not appear until 1494.

The original Gaelic name for Irish whiskey was *usgebaugh* (water of life). When such notables as Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth I developed a fondness for Irish spirits, the word was anglicised to whiskey. For reasons nobody has ever found out, the Irish and the Americans drink whiskey with an "e", while the Scots and Canadians throw back whisky.

The real birth of the modern Irish whiskey industry occurred in the late 18th Century with the establishment of several large commercial distilleries. Respected brands such as John Jameson and John Power, which are still in existence, can trace their beginnings back to this dawning of the new whiskey age.

There are several important manufacturing differences that make Irish whiskey a very different breed to Scotch. Pot stills are used in both industries, but the Irish use bigger ones. The Irish distill the spirit three times, while the Scots restrict the number of distillations to two. As a result of the triple distillation, Irish whiskey is a lot purer and headier running off the still.

Another variation, which greatly affects the final flavor of both products, is the way in which the grain malt base of each whiskey is dried. In the Scottish method the germinated malt is dried in kilns over an open peat fire, which resulted in Scotch whisky's distinctive smokiness. The Irish toast the malt over peat in closed kilns, hence the peat does not influence the taste of the whiskey. The malt base for Scotch is pure malted and unmalted barley, rye and oats. Following distillation, Irish whiskey is aged for at least seven years in oak casks which once contained either bourbon or sherry.

Depending on your palate, Irish whiskey can be gentle and nutlike with a wondrous array of nuances, or hearty, hardy and bracing. My sentiments conform with the latter opinion and a drink possessed of such rugged individuality should only be drunk neat. Some experts, however, feel it is perfectly all right to substitute Irish whiskey for Scotch in drinks such as Manhattans (whiskey, rye, sweet vermouth and Angostura bitters chilled with ice and then strained) and Sours (a sharp blend of whiskey and lemon juice, lightly sweetened with sugar).

If you do decide to vary the recipe of these drinks, remember that they will not have the same bite, as Irish whiskey is mellower than Scotch and the other ingredients may overpower it.

Then, of course, there's Irish Coffee. It seems made for blustery March evenings in County Kerry when the only sensible thing to do is shutter the windows, throw another chunk of peat on the fire and down a rich blend of coffee, cream and Irish whiskey. However, you don't have to aspire to the grand final of Mastermind to work out that coffee is not a centuries-old Irish beverage and the Irish do not possess a long history as makers of cocktails.

The truth is far less romantic than any imagined yarn, but nonetheless worth knowing. Irish Coffee, or Gaelic Coffee as it was originally known, was invented in the late 1940s by Joe Sheridan, the chef at Shannon Airport, back in the days when the first trans-Atlantic flying boats splashed down in a nearby estuary.

The mostly American military passengers arrived almost frozen to the bone after the 14 hour journey and Joe concocted the drink as a means of warming them up. In the beginning, Joe preheated a heat-proof stemmed glass with boiling water and tossed in three sugar cubes. He then filled the glass three-quarters full with hot black coffee, poured in a generous kick of Irish whiskey and topped the whole thing off with a 1cm layer of cream poured slowly over the back of a spoon to ensure it floated. According to the keepers of the sacred claim, this is the only way to make the heavenly blend.

There are dissidents, of course, and many have adapted their own versions. The Australian Bartenders Guild has very strong views on the matter. They advocate the use of a glass (never a mug) and use 150ml of strong black coffee and a spoonful of brown sugar stirred together until completely dissolved. Then pour in 30ml Irish whiskey followed by approximately two tablespoons of fresh cream (make it King Island, if you're flush) dripped from the spoon into the coffee mixture. That final step ensures that the cream is aerated.

In summer, you don't have to give up the addictive taste. When the barometer hits swelter, shake up an Icy Irish. Whip one scoop of vanilla ice-cream in a blender with a small cup of cold black coffee. Once it is well mixed, add a jigger of Irish whiskey and blend again for a few seconds. Pour into a frosted highball glass, top with fresh whipped cream and dust with cinnamon. A friend used to say that if a guy would serve such an honor to her in bed, she would be his slave. — *Elisabeth King*

Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman

SLOTH

PACKAGE BUYER BEWARE

Who said it's better to travel hopefully than to arrive? It's a theme which has been battered for decades by travel writers, but Robert Louis Stevenson is officially credited with thinking it up last century in *El Dorado*.

His early recognition that anticipation is often better than realisation has since been found to be only too true by travellers who enjoy the champagne and caviar in first class, only to tumble out on arrival into a Siberian blizzard, with all the hotel hot water pipes frozen and the kitchen out of commission for the winter.

Since the advent of sardine-class flying in jumbo jets, the rosy anticipation period now begins well before take-off, when our dollar-conscious Aussie tourist delivers himself into the clutches of the ever-friendly travel agent.

He spots the big advertisement spelling out the huge savings to be made by choosing a package tour — you know, something like 60 days in New York for only $A500 — and advances towards the counter. Now, the average Aussie traveller shopping for a package trip usually views himself as a skeptical, alert, financially astute fellow with a mind like a computer. He usually forgets that all the travel sharpies selling the package probably learned their trade selling used cars and hold degrees in simple larceny.

In the package game, travellers should ascribe to *caveat emptor*, which means buyer beware. Once you've paid your bickies, it's your hard luck if the package is crumby.

One of the lucrative drawcards for the tour operator is the package offering seven days in Manila for something like $A580, inclusive of accommodation, return airfare, and transfers from the airport to the promised four-star hotel.

These are not the tours handed out *gratis* by airline PR men to travel writers — they're the bottom of the bucket El-Cheapo specials for the proles who want An Exotic Overseas Holiday for a little more than the average weekly wage. They're good value for the airfare alone, but the big problem is that the so-called four-star hotel in Manila is often a sloppily run low grade hostelry little better than a Bondi boarding house.

Take, as I did, the Mirador in Manila, regularly boasted as a four-star hotel. I knew from inquiries that I wasn't to expect the world-famous Hotel Manila on the bayside, or the Sihalis, the Hilton, the Mandarin, Holiday Inn or the Philippine Plaza along Roxas Boulevarde. These are all true five-star luxury hotels, and, with the sometimes available 40 percent discount, excellent value at around $A80 per night a single.

These major hotels are all near the famous red light district of Ermita, and so is the Mirador, and no red-blooded Aussie would complain about the location. But the Mirador is a concrete pile in the sleazy back alleys three blocks away from the bright lights of Roxas Boulevarde. Last year it reportedly suffered serious labor troubles, followed by a fire which destroyed sections of the building. The swimming pool looks as though it hasn't been cleaned for months, the advertised "glittering" disco was at time of writing closed down; the "luxury" restaurant was not open and the only bar was in the main lobby near the breakfast-lunch-dining room. The light globes in the wide corridors were dim, there were no bar fridges in the rooms, and the views offered a glimpse of Filipino back-street life in an old marketplace where ragged urchins exploded fireworks all night, providing an unnerving revolutionary soundtrack. It's about two-star, except that the willing staff try their best, and there is a massage parlor open for business on the second floor.

In many ways, the surroundings would be barely acceptable if the hotel were honestly advertised as a bed and breakfast joint for Aussie men who fly to Manila to spend 18 hours a day in the girlie bars of Ermita.

The Mirador management operates under the common hoteliers' belief that once travellers are booked in, they're prey to 101 hidden charges. I made several overseas telephone calls until I woke up to the fact that the house was adding 30 percent to the bills — which in Manila are already steep. Travel-wise fellows go to friends' offices or to public phones to call out of the Philippines. Maybe the package price is cheap — at the Mirador it worked out at about $A40 a day — but the extras are loaded on. A bus trip to the mountain resort of Bagiuo offered in the lobby was 500 pesos, not a lot in Aussie dollars, but way out of proportion to other Manila prices. The breakfasts too were extra: only about 90 pesos, but it adds up.

To make matters worse, the cheap package tour purchaser usually isn't flush enough to move out into a more expensive hotel when he discovers what a fleahole his special deal has landed him in for a so-called "luxury holiday."

After a few days at the Mirador, I fled to the Hilton with a sigh of relief — relief at no longer having to get a taxi a few hundred metres late at night back to the Mirador because I was warned it was dangerous to walk.

The cheap package deal constitutes a goodly part of the market, and surely the Australian operators have a responsibility to know the genuine status of the hotels they're using in the package. How many dissatisfied travellers return home and complain? Not too many, it seems. They just write it off — and often get caught again next time.

Maybe it's time for the tourist-conscious Philippines Government to make some effort to stop these misleading package promotions.

One recommendation for Philippines-bound Aussies: fly cheap, but spend a bit more for the genuine luxury of the *real* four-star hotels — they're the best bargain in Asia, as are many things in the Philippines. — *David Halpin*

Illustration by Rosanne Hyndman

UNMISTAKABLY GORDON'S.

UDG225APB 2491-A

BY DAVID HALPIN

CORPORATE CRIME INC.

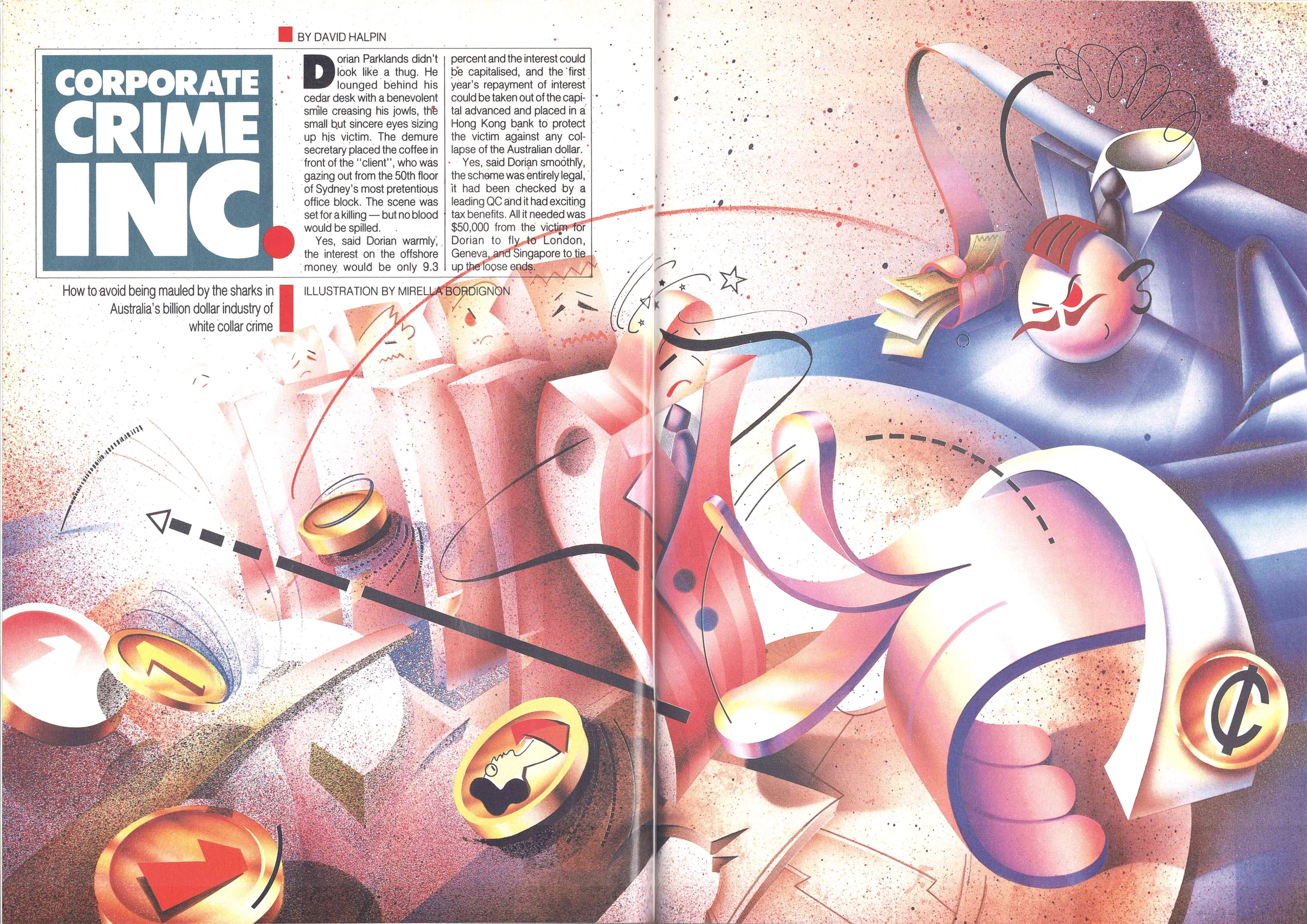
How to avoid being mauled by the sharks in Australia's billion dollar industry of white collar crime

Dorian Parklands didn't look like a thug. He lounged behind his cedar desk with a benevolent smile creasing his jowls, the small but sincere eyes sizing up his victim. The demure secretary placed the coffee in front of the "client", who was gazing out from the 50th floor of Sydney's most pretentious office block. The scene was set for a killing — but no blood would be spilled.

Yes, said Dorian warmly, the interest on the offshore money would be only 9.3 percent and the interest could be capitalised, and the first year's repayment of interest could be taken out of the capital advanced and placed in a Hong Kong bank to protect the victim against any collapse of the Australian dollar.

Yes, said Dorian smoothly, the scheme was entirely legal, it had been checked by a leading QC and it had exciting tax benefits. All it needed was $50,000 from the victim for Dorian to fly to London, Geneva, and Singapore to tie up the loose ends.

ILLUSTRATION BY MIRELLA BORDIGNON



CRIME INC.

Then the $68 million loan would be provided in a series of tranches, and a drawdown schedule would be approved by a major Australian Bank.

The victim didn't understand much of this bankers' jargon, but he found it immensely reassuring. Before he knew better or his solicitor or any wise adviser could stop him, the $50,000 cheque was signed and sitting handsomely in Dorian's thick white fingers.

The next six months were anxious ones, but the victim took comfort from the fact that many other experienced businessmen had also paid over their fees for a share of the big overseas dollars. After nine months, when the scheme's gestation period should have been giving birth to large bank drafts, the victim began to seek professional advice. Dorian had regaled him with details of the complex negotiations between Swiss, Belgian, Dutch, American and Singapore banks and superannuation funds — it all seemed to make sense — but the delay was worrying him and he wanted to know just what might be happening.

Before long, however, he knew all too well what was happening. He was another victim of the notorious Advance Fee Racket, and he was $50,000 poorer as surely as if he'd been mugged in a Kings Cross backstreet and the notes stripped from his wallet. The whole scheme was an elaborate fraud.

He thus joined the ranks of many thousands of Australians who have lost billions of dollars to our nation's corporate thugs — the white collar, dark suited, yacht racing new breed who are now reaping huge rewards as they resurrect Australia's notorious reputation as home to some of the smartest confidence tricksters who ever sold a sucker phony gold bullion bars or shares in a non-existent diamond mine.

This new respectable gangster rarely sees the inside of Long Bay, Pentridge, or Boggo Road. He never feels the fist or boot of the CIB detective. He is advised by some of the country's highest paid professionals in the law, accountancy, finance and public relations.

He (or she, increasingly) has his own political lobbyists and politicians in his pocket, his own tame bureaucrats eager to offer advice in return for an insider tip on the stock market, and his journalist friends ready to suppress stories to boost his bodgie share floats or crooked schemes. His police mates are quick to phone if they get wind of an investigation, as are his contacts inside Corporate Affairs Commissions and Fraud Squads, bent judges, magistrates and crown prosecutors.

In short he is part of the capitalist establishment, an unwanted lubricant for society's wheels as a growing slice of the Australian community rises to the bait of the Easy Dollar. Meanwhile, the Lords of Gold become the new heroes of the tail end of the 20th Century, contemptuously displaying their easy wealth before the Ordinary Man — whose only remote chance to get on to even the bottom rung of the quick-money ladder is to win a giant Lotto.

In today's climate, where puzzled taxpayers read of economic gloom on the front pages of the newspapers, yet turn to headlines of amazing wealth on the inside financial pages; where a Lab-Lib Federal Government bares its arse to the pricks of the money market; where all the traditional attitudes towards saving, credit wariness or financial responsibility have flown out of middle-class windows; where the small man loses his job while the knights of the Right flaunt their conspicuous consumption — this is the time of opportunity for the fiscal psychopath, the type who can swindle a pensioner of his life's savings without a twinge of shame.

> "The Bench looks upon them as being on the respectable side of crime."

His crimes are not planned in a back room at Balmain or Carlton, but in a boardroom or plush executive office at one of the best addresses in any of Australia's capitals. He or she is more likely to drink at the Regent or the Southern Cross than a squalid pub at Kings Cross, the Valley or St Kilda, and dine at Double Bay or Toorak.

While the average Australian probably holds a clear mental image of the usual hardened criminal, very few could readily describe their perception of the white collar crook. Despite all the conditioning of American TV and movies, with their stereotyped portraits of heroes and villains, today's professional white collar criminal is more likely to resemble a well-groomed hero of *Dallas* than Arthur in TV's *Minder*.

These misconceptions about white-collar crime carry right through to the courtroom, too. One of the commonest complaints of Fraud Squad detectives or Corporate Affairs investigators is that somehow magistrates and judges don't look as harshly upon white collar crooks.

"I'm still angry when I think of the bloke I had up before the courts recently who'd swindled a couple of million from mug investors," recalls one investigator.

"The bloody judge invited him to sit at the bar table so he could discuss the proceedings with his lawyers. You don't see ordinary crooks treated like that.

"It happens all the time, with the Bench looking upon them as being on the respectable side of crime, even though the results of their schemes have probably been worse than if they'd worked someone over in an alley."

In this vein, others recalled the infamous Gale case, where a big-time embezzler was let out of Maitland Jail in the early Eighties to go to Newcastle University, where he not only had a friendly lady to accommodate him but also the freedom to dine at one of the Hunter Valley's best restaurants on the way back to prison.

The press also revealed that he'd been let out to advise senior public servants at a semi-governmental authority. When Gale was released, he became an adviser to the Western Australian Premier, Brian Burke, until another controversy broke in the Perth papers about the WA Superannuation Board. Your average armed robber would not have received this sort of treatment.

In New York, during the recent insider trading scandals which saw the city's top stockbrokers charged with huge frauds, the police led them from their offices and along Wall St in handcuffs, just like any common bank robber.

In Australia, if the white collar crim is not tipped off by a crooked cop or politician and flees to Argentina, you don't see him on the TV news shackled to arresting police.

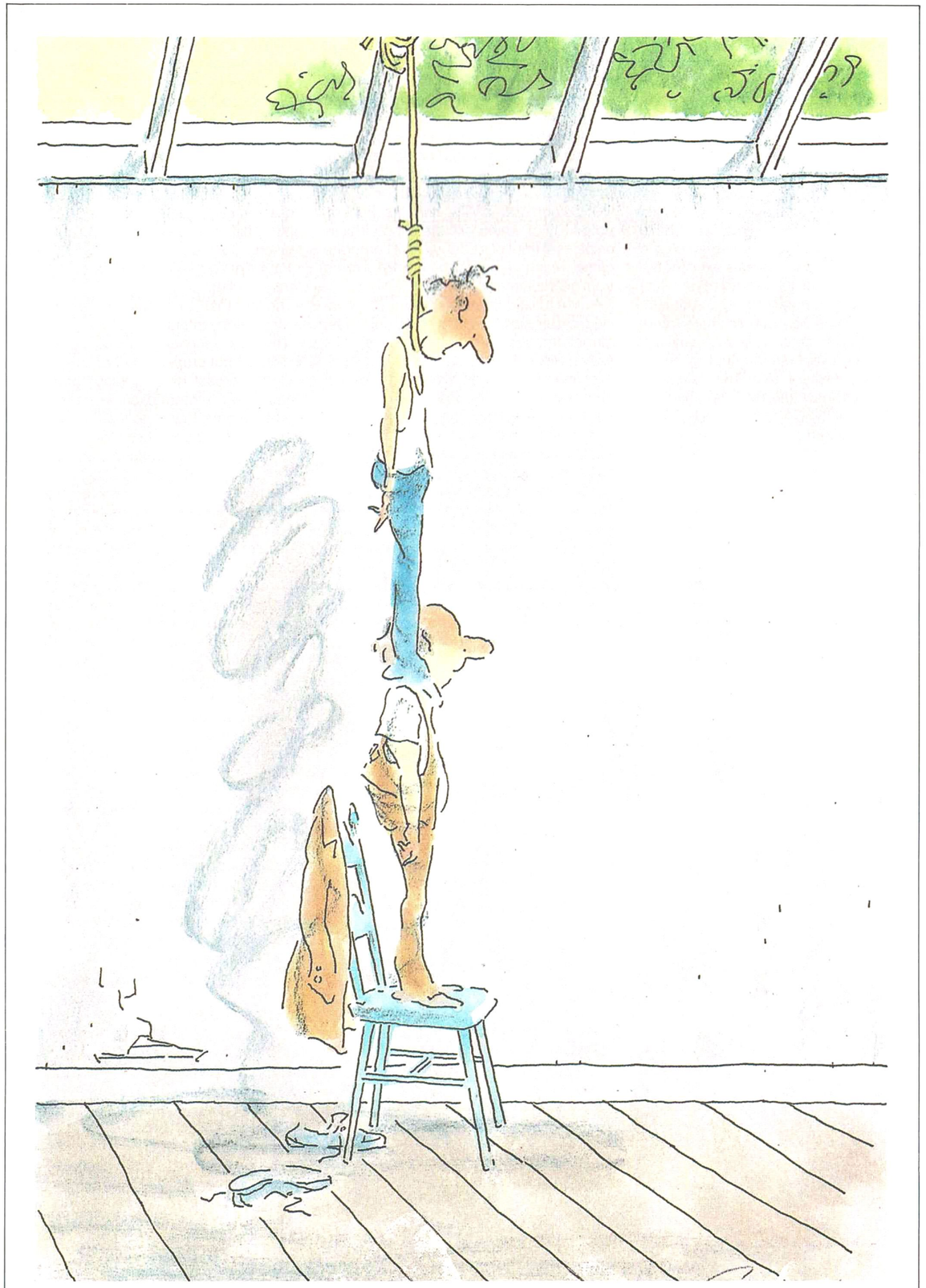
Mostly, the expensive QCs are into the investigators' offices like a shot, and within hours the person charged is out on bail, often with his passport still ready for a sudden "business trip" overseas.

Experts in white collar crime say that the present wave of multi-million dollar frauds is remniscent of the stockmarket rorts in 1969-70, where insider trading and stockmarket frauds netted promoters of bodgie mining shares millions; and also of 1980, when organised crime in the form of the Nugan Hand scandal moved into public view, along with the mammoth bottom-of-the-harbor schemes.

These revelations focussed public interest on the potential for crooked profits in the stockmarkets, and in evading corporate taxes with clever, complex schemes penetrating the loopholes in the tax laws.

They also showed that you can't have such successful white collar frauds without politicians being involved, with the NSW Labor boys in Nugan Hand, and the Liberals in the Perth and Sydney ends of bottom-of-the-harbor schemes.

Even back in 1969-70, when the then Labor leader in the Senate, Senator Lionel Murphy, performed a great public service by exposing the stockmarket rip-offs, and gave birth to the present National Com-



"You're the only real friend I've ever had."

CRIME INC.

panies and Securities Commission — which is the Federal arm of the State Corporate Affairs Commissions — Canberra politicians, to this writer's certain knowledge, were up to their ears in insider trading on the booming sharemarkets. These were the days when Tasminex, Poseidon and similar mining shares rocketed to prices as ludicrous as $270, leading the whole country into an orgy of mad gambling on the various exchanges.

The atmosphere in those days, which Murphy in the Senate compared to the infamous South Sea Bubble share frauds of the previous century, is very similar to the present over-heated situation on the exchanges, except that the stakes are much higher now and there is a bit more regulation by the CACs and the NCSC.

Just to illustrate how the madness gripped Parliament House, some Parliamentary staff were being given shares in a patch of worthless sand in the Northern Territory while the good Senator himself was in the Senate chamber verbally lambasting share promoters for using misleading statements to boost share prices. The consoling feature was that Murphy's speech helped to prick the share hot-air balloon and the bodgie shares plummeted to 80 cents from a high of $13.80.

This same greed today by people in all walks of life creates a sucker's paradise for the corporate crim, the Aussie with a bent but silver tongue whose predecessors have been famous since the early 1900s around the world for their talent in selling harbor bridges or goldbricks.

This persuasive hyped-up atmosphere, combined with the speed of the new computer technology, has created a nightmare for the various State Fraud Squads, the NCSC, and the CACs, and the Federal police, all of whom are standing virtually helpless in front of a tidal wave of corporate crime which removes billions of dollars from our nation's economy.

White collar criminal activity now includes currency frauds, with lightning fast global transactions netting the crooks easy millions; insider trading on the stock exchange and foreign exchange markets; property trust frauds; the aforementioned advance fee frauds; the two-dollar company fraud, where crooks use the limited liability laws which protect directors of companies from private prosecution after company collapses; leveraged currency frauds; general banking fraud; software piracy; corporate bribery; kickbacks and payoffs for commercial or government information; and the everyday smaller contricks such as Dwarf Yabbie Farming for Quick Profits, pyramid style chain-letter ripoffs, real estate make-a-quick-million schemes, and clever work-at-home frauds. The list of petty rorts is virtually endless, with there seeming to be no end to the gullibility of small people who are seduced by the opportunity to make a quick and easy dollar for little effort or risk.

To the police, investigators, corporate affairs accountants, and government lawyers policing the respectable crime score, it pays handsomely to belong to Corporate Crime Incorporated. They say the reasons for such enormous growth in the white collar crime industry are complex, with many political and social factors, but some reasons stand out:

- Paul Keating's deregulation of the currency markets.
- The fact that unit trusts are very popular with small investors.
- The new technology using computers which are not properly secure.
- Over the past two decades, the record shows that corporate crime pays much better returns than "normal" crime, and the risks of going to prison (or being killed or injured in confrontations with police or other criminals) are minimal.
- There is a known network of crooked politicians, lawyers, police, accountants and government officials who can be bribed or suborned to make life easy for the corporate criminal.
- Those the governments pay to fight corporate crime are simply overwhelmed by the scale of it, with many NCSC and CAC staff saying it's now become virtually "an open slather" because regulatory authorities are hopelessly understaffed to cope with the flood of new corporate crooks into such an obviously lucrative field.

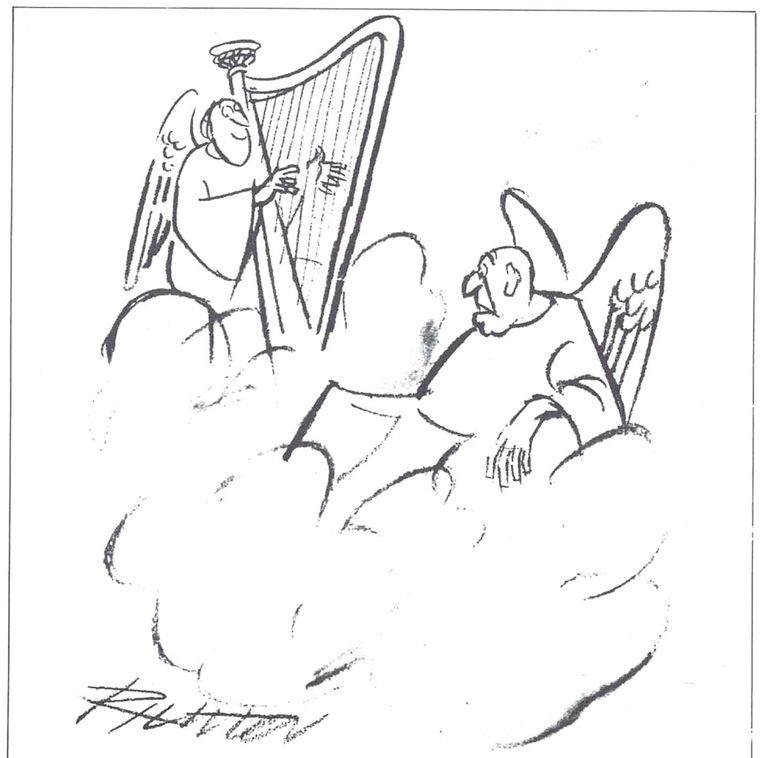
Discussing the problem with these crime fighters, it becomes clear you are talking to men who are becoming increasingly desperate in their fight to hold back the flood. Their morale is very low, and many are leaving the job for easier work with private enterprise. Some, of course, will be lured into using their special skills to join the crooks.

Nearly all of them, but especially those from the NSW CAC, cite interference from the politicians as one of the most frustrating problems.

The NSW CAC is now undergoing a major overhaul by a reluctant NSW Labor Government after the massive Balanced Property fraud showed how closely Labor Party figures were involved not only in detaching pensioners from their life savings, but also in influencing the senior echelons of the CAC.

Opposition Liberal speakers in NSW Parliament made grave allegations that the top of the CAC had been "stacked" with Labor Party cronies, and that many serious investigations into corporate crime were "stockpiled", with investigations repeatedly delayed.

Recent cases involving two of the most controverisal cases in NSW — the Cambridge Credit collapse and the Negri River affair — have been thrown out of court because the trial judge attacked the CAC



"I miss the ol' profit motive."

HOW TO SPOT
A MAN WITH SPIRIT.

1. His most attractive feature is definitely –

a) His eyes.
b) His face.
c) His smile.
d) His investments.

2. If he knew a rival had started a terrible rumour about him he would –

a) Ignore it, knowing it will pass.
b) Tell him he'd better stop.
c) Get him to publicly admit it's not true.
d) Start an even worse one about him.

3. He believes his ideal woman should be –

a) Attractive.
b) Intelligent.
c) Career minded.
d) At his place around 7.00.

4. He always keeps his top right hand desk drawer locked, because it contains –

a) A mess.
b) A photo of another woman.
c) His list of personal goals.
d) The key to the bottom drawer.

5. If he had some spare cash, the first thing he'd buy is –

a) A new suit.
b) A new car.
c) Something for you.
d) 25% of BHP.

6. He believes women get better with –

a) Time.
b) Education.
c) Experience.
d) Champagne.

7. He believes men who make the best husbands are –

a) Labourers.
b) Office workers.
c) Professionals.
d) Married.

8. If he saw a man rush out of a bank, dragging a woman hostage with a gun to her head and backing down the street toward him, he would –

a) Run for his life.
b) Pop into a shop to avoid danger.
c) Stand perfectly still and do nothing.
d) Wait until the robber was one foot in front of him, poke his umbrella in his back and say "Drop the gun or I'll fill you full of lead."

9. He always wears Matchabelli on –

a) Special nights only.
b) Weekdays.
c) Weekends.
d) His face.

Matchabelli.
For men with spirit.
Available in new Musk and original fragrance.

Ogilvy CMM0008

CRIME INC.

for taking so many years to bring charges against the alleged offenders.

An inquiry into the Balanced Property Trust and the role of the CAC in its delaying of the investigation has revealed that a former CAC Commissioner, Mr John Cooke, once worked as campaign manager for NSW Housing Minister and former Attorney General Frank Walker.

Another CAC senior officer was also a close colleague of Walker's.

The investigators are alarmed by what they perceive as political interference on behalf of corporate crooks. "Money buys power and politicians wield power, and the amounts of money about today in the corporate arena are staggering," says one CAC senior officer.

"In fact, the figures are so enormous that they are in some ways transcending the political scene — it's too big for the local pollies with all the Asian big money racketeers getting into the action.

"The fringe Asian money operators are sitting back in Tokyo, Singapore, Hong Kong and Taiwan and using all the old tricks out here to rip off huge amounts from gullible investors.

"The frightening thing is that there's very little to stop them with, the way money can fly around the world in seconds using new technology and the open money markets. I know we can't stop them; we don't have the staff, the expertise, or sometimes, it seems, the political will.

"We are way behind, and the stockpile of cases in the 'too hard' file just gets bigger and bigger — we're years behind, to be frank. The governments, state and federal, know how bad things are, but they don't seem to be as worried as they should be. I just get outraged by the things that are happening, which we are powerless to halt.

"Keating calls himself a Labor man, but we think that's a sick joke because his decisions as Treasurer have opened the floodgates to these big scams and the international operators. The way things are today, the rich, especially the crooked rich, are getting enormously wealthier and the poor are getting down well below the poverty line.

"I've been around for the '69-'70 stockmarket boom and the bottom of the harbor rackets in the early Eighties, but what's happening today is much bigger.

"I can feel and see the swell of it all over again, in the same way I could start to smell something was wrong just before the bottom-off-the-harbor rorts became public.

"I'm sure there are some very big operations going on, but we can't do much about them.

"In fact, to be very frank again, if you want to become a corporate crim, just go ahead and start something up — the odds are 100 to one about being caught. It's just on for young and old."

This investigator also believes that today's white collar crims are far more sophisticated at using loopholes in the law to protect and promote their operations.

"They don't use prospectuses to raise funds anymore; they're using all sorts of dodges to beat the CAC control of their operations by our vetting a prospectus. They use telephone blowers, newspaper ads and all sorts of things to attract mug investors.

"Australia's always been a notorious place for its number of conmen, but today there are far more of them. They seem to exist everywhere, as though today's easy money atmosphere has caused many normally cautious people to believe anything they're told.

"I'm constantly amazed at what people will fall for. One bloke came in to see us because he'd bought a futures contract in Greek Drachmae — he just handed over $10,000 like that to a so-called futures broker. He'd used financial jargon to con the bloke out of his money.

> Little wonder the average crim realises he's far better off wearing a suit during regular business hours.

"Then there are the $2 companies that run up big accounts in goods and services, then just go into liquidation when the heat's on. Then they just start up again. The system of limited liability for companies seems designed to help the corporate crook.

"It's amazing how many manufacturers will deliver thousands of dollars worth of goods to crooked companies just because they've seen a letter head or a business card.

"They don't make even a cursory check of the company's background before they hand over huge amounts of goods — it's just extraordinary how easy it is for the $2 company conman."

The investigator believes the proposed Australia Card would help substantially in controlling the ease with which conmen can operate.

"This would be a small start to getting a bit of law and order back into the corporate field," he says.

"Another racket which doesn't get the publicity it deserves is local government graft and corruption, especially in the country areas. It's becoming really big business getting Council approvals for building projects and holiday homes and paying bribes and getting crooks on to local government bodies. I believe the Government should look very hard at this area, but, as usual, there is politics involved and we haven't got the staff."

With Australia's poorly-performing economy paradoxically awash with easy credit, with banks and finance companies begging people to borrow, with only lax credit-checking procedures, it's little wonder that the average crim of any intelligence at all realises he's far better off wearing a suit during regular business hours than breaking into banks, warehouses or homes in his search for the illegal dollar.

Another major factor in the corporate crime explosion is high technology via computer wizardry. A recent conference in Sydney brought electronic crime investigators and fraud authorities together for the first time.

Key speakers warned that Australia lags years behind in the fight against commercial crime, especially in what they called "techno-crimes" — fraud, corruption and insider trading assisted by computers.

One US expert said Australian agencies fighting computer crime were now only at the stage their US counterparts had reached in the early Seventies. He said Australia's leaders had not yet acknowledged that they would have to commit large resources to fighting commercial crime.

"I find it amazing that cities like Kuala Lumpur, Bangkok, Hong Kong and Singapore are starting to do something, while Australia, which is supposed to be a civilised, educated and sophisticated continent, seems to put blinders on the whole thing," commented Washington computer crime expert August Bequai.

He said one estimate in the US put the cost of commercial crime there at an annual $100 billion, with computer-assisted offences costing $1 billion of that.

"The real threat is when you combine commercial crime with automation in the form of computers — those sorts of offences really dwarf 'normal' commercial crime," Bequai added. He warned that Australia needed to fund training centres for commercial crime investigators and for proper research into the extent of commercial crime in Australia.

Other speakers said new legislation was needed to make it a crime to "hack" into a computer data bank.

Doubtless Westpac Bank would agree with that following the free-money disaster for them last June, when their computer network went into a state of nervous collapse and lucky customers were extracting large lumps of free money from their auto-banks.

As there is a new suggestion that it all went haywire because a home-computer expert "hacked" into the banking system, institutions with similar auto networks should realise how large their losses could be when home banking through personal computers becomes an everyday opportunity for a "hacker" to figuratively crack the bank's vaults.

Another speaker at the Techno-Crime conference claimed about 4500 illegal intrusions into computers by professionals were reported last year throughout Australia to a trouble-shooter company called "Hackwatch."

He didn't explain the implications arising from this, but it suggests either that many computer professionals are behaving like criminals or criminals are learning to expertly use computers.

Another misconception many Australians hold about white collar criminals is that their schemes are masterpieces of complexity with tortuous paper trails leading from accountants' offices through a maze of international banks to secret Swiss "moneyboxes."

In reality, some of the schemes are astoundingly simple. Take the latest fashionable rip-off in currency trading, where at least some of the more overt operators are now facing the courts.

A former NSW CAC investigator explains that most currency frauds are what is known in the trade as "bucketing." The crooks simply set up a plush office and insert numerous advertisements telling the suckers how they can get an abnormally high return by leveraged currency trading.

The suckers send in their cheques, often after some further urging from high-flyer salesmen.

In one recent Sydney court case, a former salesman revealed how at one stage he was making $48,000 *per week* on commissions as the money poured in.

"Very often the operators don't even put the money on to the futures market here or overseas," says the former investigator. "They just put the money in their 'bucket', and if a client starts to complain they either dribble a bit back and say he's made a small profit, or they show him a statement saying he's well into the black and persuade him to put the profits into the market.

When things get too hot, the principals just scamper overseas and leave the remnants of the staff to face the music. Of course, most of the money in the bucket has gone overseas before they leave and the investors are left with nothing.

"It has always amazed me how gullible people can be. We've had cases you wouldn't believe, such as crooks putting ads in the paper saying: 'Please send money to post office box so and so', and a bit of guff about a chain letter — and the money floods in."

This man is highly concerned with the growth of political interference with all investigating agencies, from the CAC to the Federal Police and the State Fraud Squads.

"There are too many cases, in NSW particularly, where there are political connections involved, such as the Alexander Barton case, which is still in limbo, legally, with no date set for the District Court trial of Barton Senior, with his son Thomas still in hiding overseas. Why can't the NSW Government set a date for this?

"And the NSW Fraud Squad hasn't got the staff to look at cases below $100,000, which is a scandal, giving hundreds of smaller crooks a free go at the public.

"Now the Police Department is to be re-organised into four regional departments, and the present Fraud Squad will be busted up into those regions. What chance will they have then of trying to hold down the terrific increase in white collar crime? It's a huge, sick joke with the public being conned that there's a police war after white collar crims.

"Imagine John Citizen going along to the police and complaining he's been conned. They'll just send him back to the civil courts where, of course, it's near impossible for a small person to get justice against an experienced conman who uses the $2 company to operate his schemes.

"The cold fact today is that the system is so bad the corporate criminal is having a picnic at the public expense and nothing is been done to seriously hamper his activities.

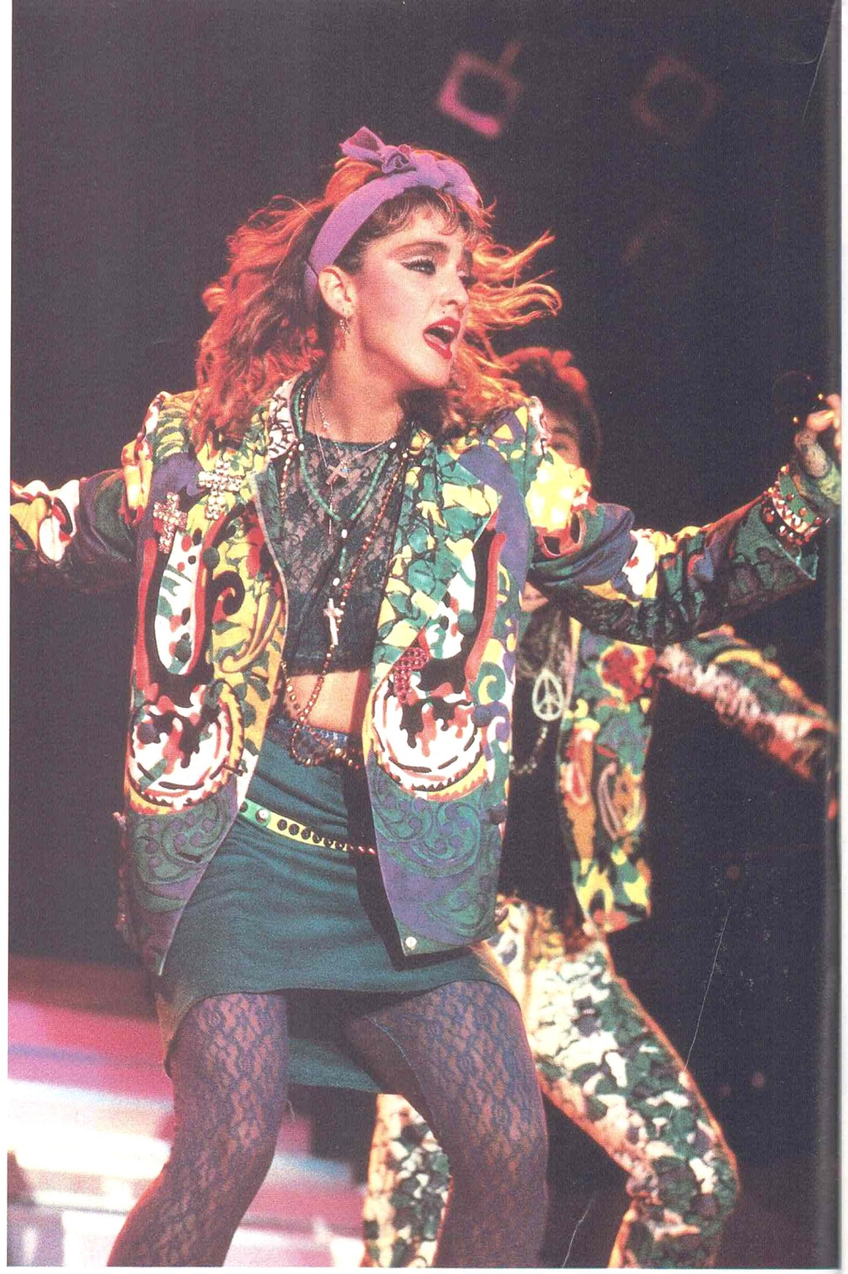
"Just look at the current Private Blood Bank investigation. The NSW CAC have ten people on that while other smaller cases — but just as important to the citizen who's been conned — are dumped on to the stockpile.

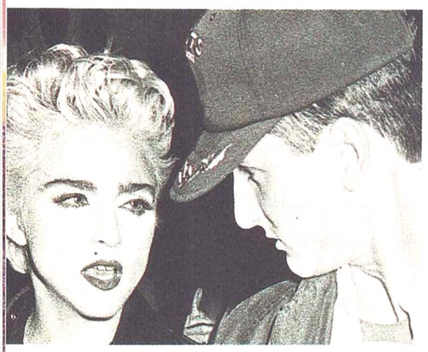
"It was 500 cases high in 1986, and things are worse now, so it's obviously getting higher. Each of those cases represents someone who's lost lots of money to these 'respectable' crims, but it appears the authorities just don't care."

This very experienced, cynical investigator believes that only by a drastic change in our attitudes to corporate criminals can we have any real chance of stemming the advance of this social plague, which is white-anting our national economy and making the ordinary worker just so much more cynical about our institutions and political leaders.

Yet it's obvious the authorities can't take seriously their own public pledges to fight organised crime when a senior Federal Police sergeant can give this sort of advice to a young constable just transferred to a section dealing with corporate crime: "Just don't stir the pot, mate — the politicians don't want any fair dinkum police work against the big-time crims. Just go through the motions and pick up your paypacket."

Below: Madonna and her husband, Sean Penn, last year in New York City, where Madonna was performing in the play Goose and Tomtom. *Right: Madonna in concert the summer before, when she was still single and asking the world to marry her. The world said yes, but the sheets stayed unmussed.*





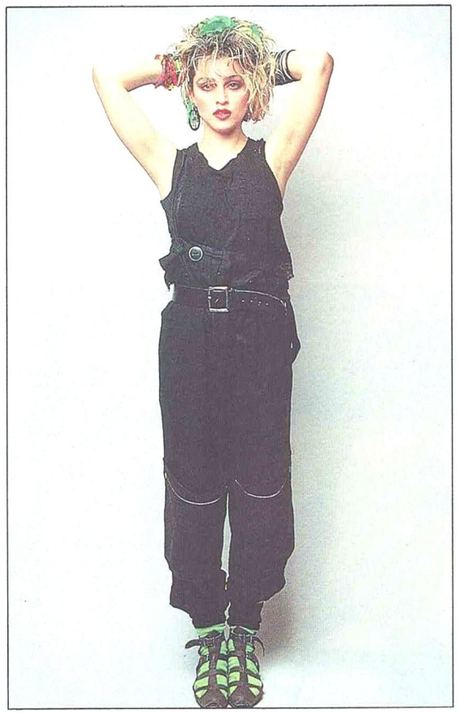
MADONNA

Fame and fortune, she said, are all she wanted from the world. She got what she wanted, and the world, too.

It was two years ago that *Penthouse* published its first sensational portfolio of Madonna photographs. At the time, her fame, immense as it was, still bore the blush of its bloom. In little more than a year, she had gone from being Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone, formerly of Michigan — cute, unknown, scuffling — to being simply and sublimely Madonna, the sweetheart and sex goddess of the Western, and the Eastern, worlds.

The world was ready for it, the appetite was there; and she was there to give it what it wanted. But she proved herself to be much more than just a phosphorescent flash of platinum-blonde body heat. It was a ring through the nose and a blown kiss, the beginnings of a liaison that has gotten hotter and hotter.

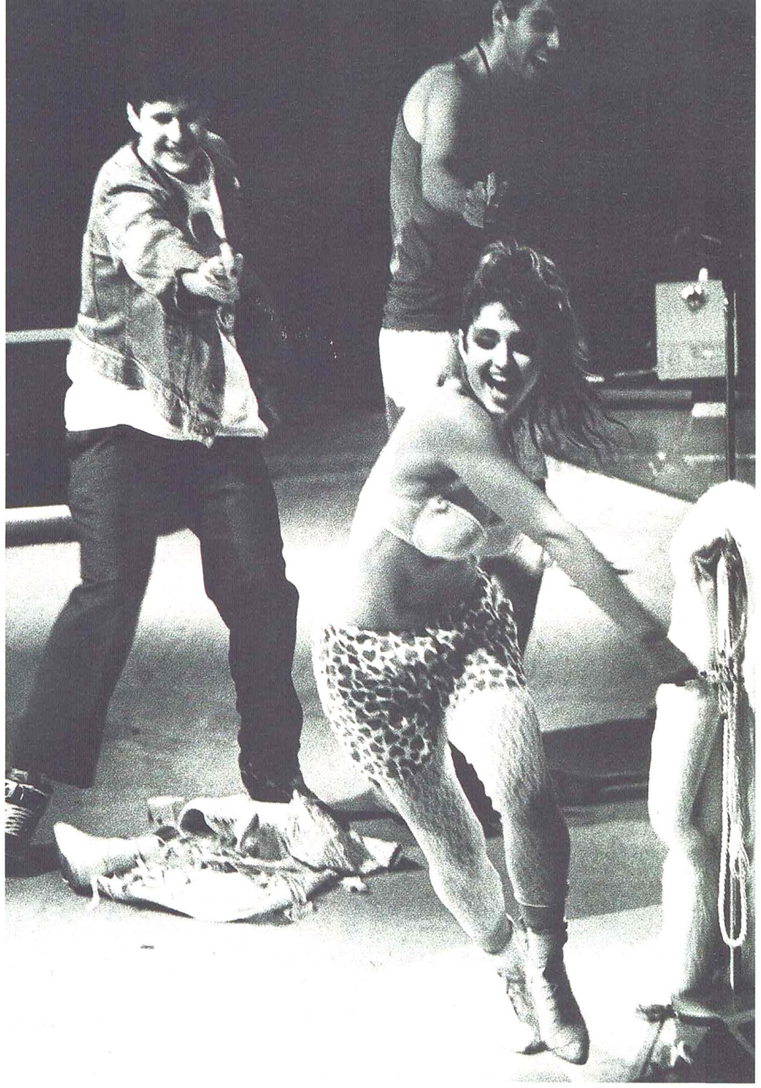
WORDS BY NICK TOSCHES

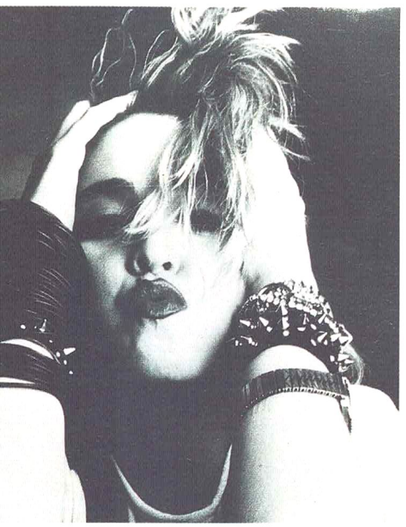


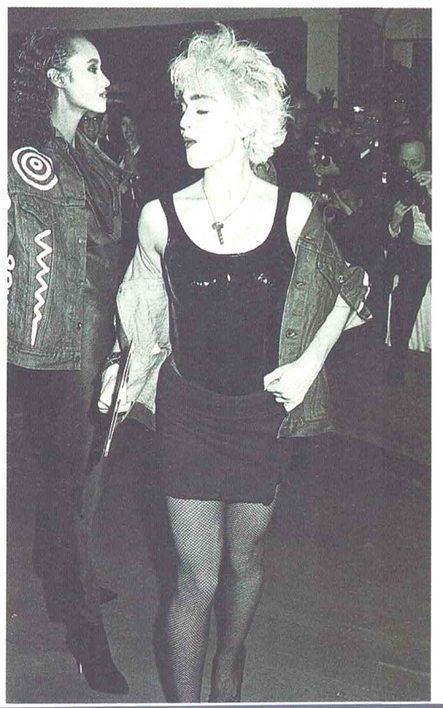
"There are about a million opposites living inside of me," Madonna once said. In the two years since *Penthouse* showed her as never before, more than a few of those opposites have come to light. Divine Monroe reborn, peep-show floozy, virgin and whore, little girl and bride, saint and man-eater, angel and sinner — she has swept through all these guises and more. Unknowable — if, indeed, there is anything to know — she enthralls in a way that flesh in the hand never could. She gives good light.

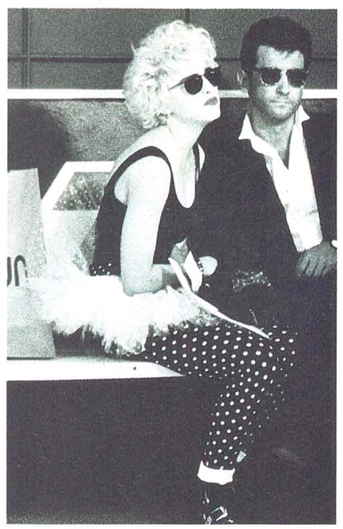
Her last album, *True Blue*, released in July 1986, surpassed its predecessor, *Like A Virgin,* in international sales. This was no meagre feat, as *Like A Virgin* had yielded three immense single hits ("Material Girl," "Into The Groove," and the title cut) and risen to No 1 in nine countries, earning Madonna more than $8 million in royalties. *True Blue* was dedicated "to my husband, the coolest guy in the universe."

That husband, of course, is Sean Penn, whom she had married on August 16, 1985, her 26th birthday. This petulant and pugnacious young method actor, two years her junior and a minor player in the bread-winning scenario, distinguished himself by consummately playing an arsehole onscreen, and even more consummately offscreen. Perhaps as disliked by the lowly public as Madonna has been adored, her marriage to him tested that adoration. Marriage, it appears, tends to deflate the stock of a sex symbol. It is an adultery to the males, an abandonment to the females.









Of coursé, if an icon must marry, it is better, imagewise, that it marry another icon — a Joltin' Joe for Marilyn, or, in the bargain basement, a Brigitte Nielsen for Sylvester Stallone. Madonna's choice was thus not only baffling, it was dangerous. That she survived this test, stock unhurt and adoration unflagged, is a tribute to her. That she remained unscathed after calling him "the coolest guy in the universe" was more than a tribute; it was testimony to the fact that, as far as sex symbols are concerned, a little stupidity worn on the sleeve can be just as attractive as a little beauty spot worn on the face.

In any event, the public drew the line at the cinematic pairing of the two. With *The Falcon And The Snowman* to his credit, Penn is perhaps the most famous graduate of that group of youthful emoters called the Brat Pack. Madonna had been in a few pictures herself. In 1980, while still unknown, she had been in an hour-long skin drama by Stephen Lewicki. Called *A Certain Sacrifice*, it has been distributed only in secrecy. There was a small role in *Vision Quest* a few years later; then, in 1985, her big part in Susan Seidelman's *Desperately Seeking Susan*. (Co-producer Sarah Pillsbury — right on the money — said she saw in Madonna a "punk Mae West" who was a "total fantasy for both men and women.") Though she won wide praise for her work in *Desperately Seeking Susan*, praise was a credential Madonna no longer needed. By now, she was a goddess. Publicists, envisioning the possibilities of her and Penn together on-screen, gushingly invoked Lombard and Montgomery, Bacall and Bogart. In fact, "This film doesn't need publicity," Penn himself said upon firing unit-publicist Chris Nixon during production. "The people will go to see it because we're in it."

The film was *Shanghai Surprise*, produced by ex-Beatle George Harrison and directed by Jim Goddard, best known for his British television series *Reilly: Ace Of Spies*. In *Shanghai Surprise*, Madonna played a prim missionary named Miss Tatlock, who spreads her legs for Penn and the cause of righteousness in pre-World War II China. Penn was right. The picture did not need publicity. It needed an act of God. And he was wrong, too. The people did not go to see it. The publicists' dreams of Lombard and Montgomery, Bacall and Bogart, gave way to the realities of Tedium and Blunder. United Press International described *Shanghai Surprise* most succinctly — a "complete critical and commercial failure."

A little stupidity worn on the sleeve can be just as attractive as a little beauty spot worn on the face

Left: Baring her bra at Madison Square Garden in celebration of her triumphant return to New York on her US tour of 1985; and, a month later, performing at the Live Aid show in Philadelphia. Below left: Modelling a black-leather mini and jacket last November; and, a few weeks later, on the set of Who's That Girl *with co-star Griffin Dunne, in California. Above: Now and then. Only her hairdresser, and several million others, know for sure.*

These pictures are from a time before having a last name was unimportant

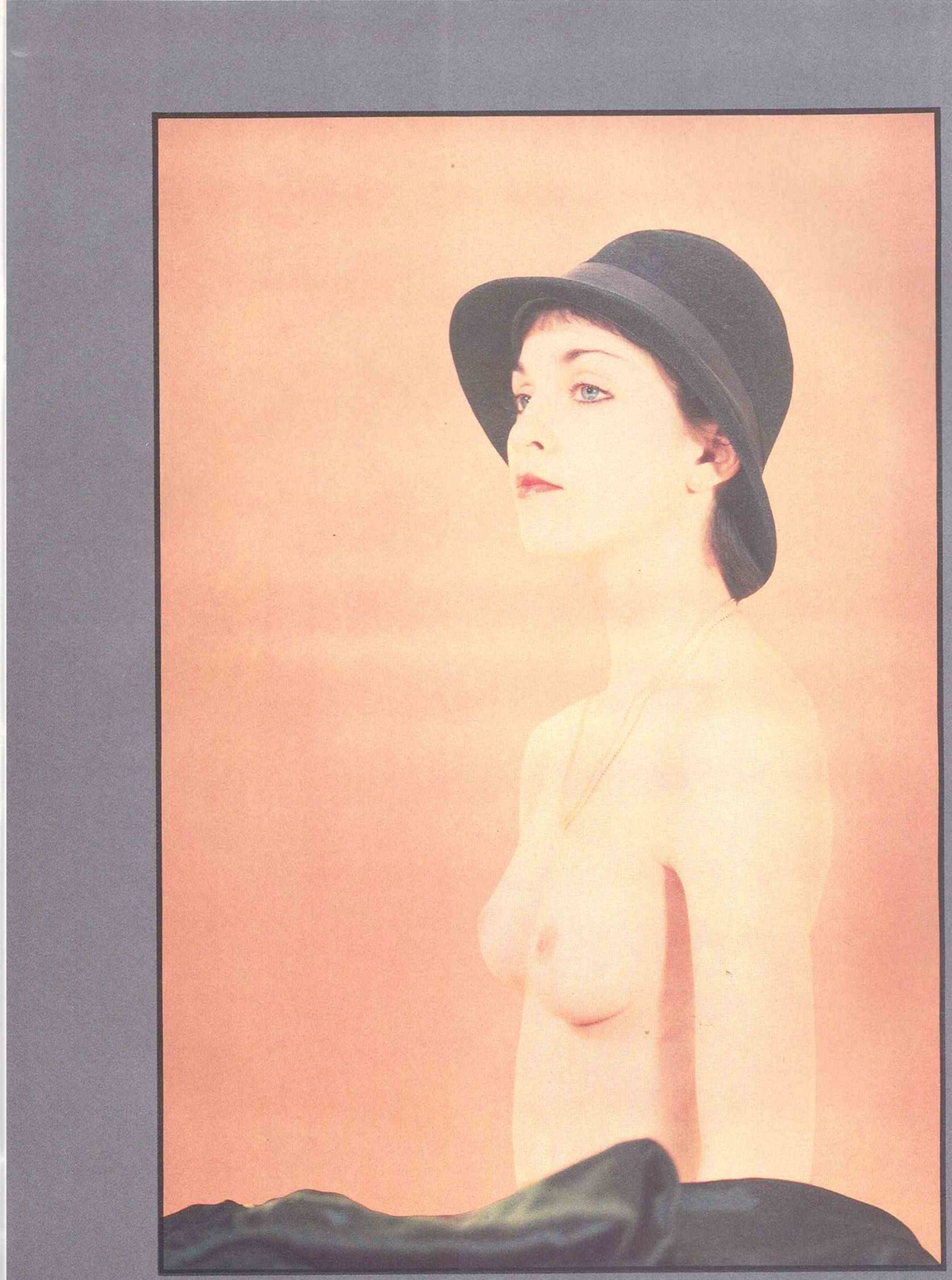
Madonna emerged from the fiasco unruffled, proving yet again that she was beyond destruction. "The director," she said, "just had no idea of what he was doing." The memory of the fiasco was washed away by the waves of her next hit, "Papa Don't Preach."

Her next movie role was to have been in the Tri-Star production of *Blind Date*. She withdrew from that deal in the summer of 1986, when she found that the studio had hired Bruce Willis to play opposite her despite the fact that she had been promised approval of the male lead and director. The role went to Kim Basinger. Similarly, a talked-about production of *Evita* was abandoned. Instead, Madonna took a part that summer in the limited-run production of David Rabe's play *Goose And Tomtom*. Meanwhile, her new album, *True Blue*, blossomed predictably.

She accepted the role of Nikki Finn, a darling parolee searching to discover who framed her for murder, in the Warner production of James Foley's *Who's That Girl* (called *Slammer* originally). Foley, who directed two of her videos — "Papa Don't Preach" and the European version of "True Blue" — as well as *At Close Range*, in which her husband starred, is described by her as "a genius."

Now, once again, the day is hers. Her sold-out world tour, begun this past June in Japan, *Who's That Girl*, and her fourth album have claimed it for her. Fame and fortune, she has said, are what she wanted from life. If there was ever any doubt in the last few years, there is none today. Madonna, 28 this August and at her zenith, has exactly what she wanted.

The pictures these words accompany — the last of the Madonna nudes, pictures the world has never seen before — are from a time before having a last name was unimportant.

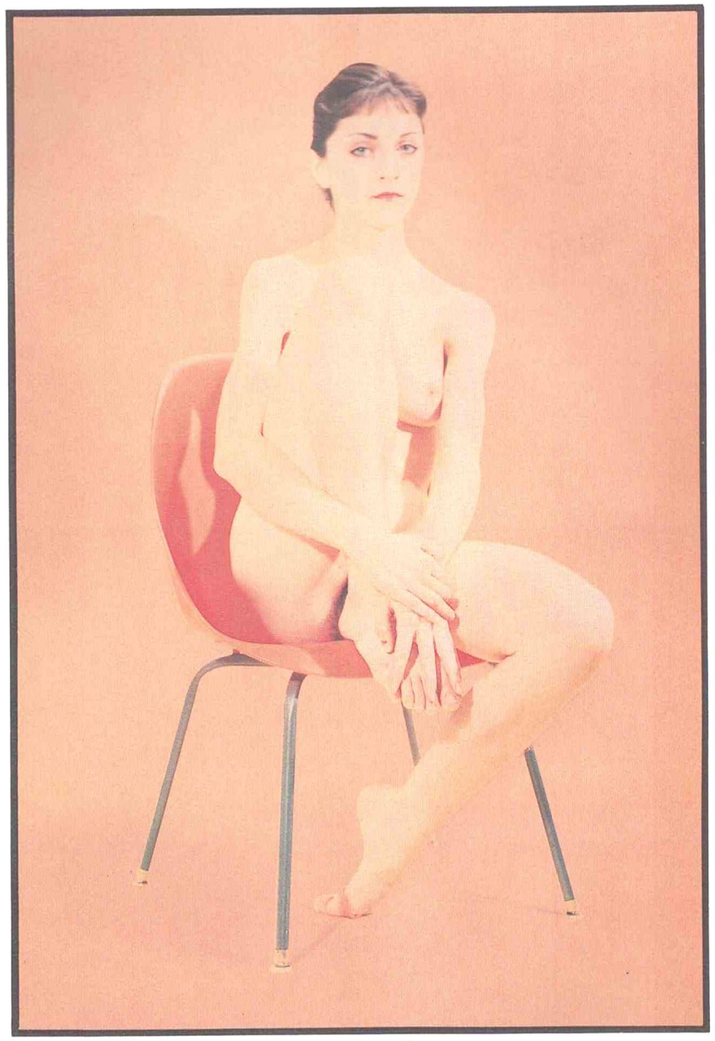


There seem to be no masks in these pictures. That is their simple charm. They seem to capture the look, young and hungry and enamored and almost guileless, that served as the mould for the mask of charm, one of many, that the world would come to know. But, of course, these are more than just portraits of a girl on the verge of something big. They show that their subject's credentials as a budding sex goddess consisted of much more than a well-placed beauty mark and a well-practised lowering of the eye-lids.

In these amateur photos, she was something that she could never be again. Seeing her posed in oversized cowboy boots, Lash LaRue neckerchief and hat is like glimpsing the awkward little girl inside the bigger-than-life star who became the world's virgin whore.

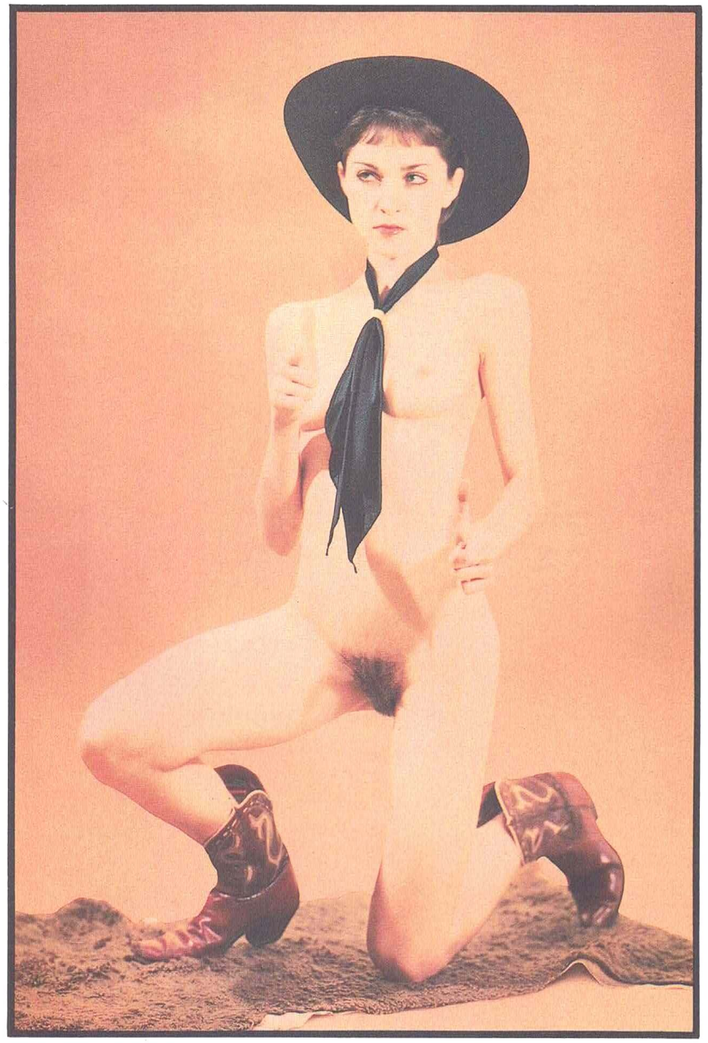
It is unlikely that the world will ever see Madonna like this again. "I'm at a stage in my career where any kind of nudity would be an incredible distraction within a given movie," she recently explained to *American Film* magazine, adding, "I was disturbed by the nudity in *Blue Velvet*." Furthermore, "I had a traditional Catholic upbringing."

At this point in time, Madonna has become a vast multimillion dollar industry unto herself. She has her own development company, Siren Films, which, among other projects, is presently involved in an adaptation for her of the French writer-director Agnes Varda's 1962 melodrama, *Cleo de 5 a 7*. At the same time, Diane Keaton and producer Joe Kelly at Fox are revamping the 1930 Josef von Sternberg-Marlene Dietrich classic, *The Blue Angel*, for her. In Great Britain, Feldon Productions has built an entire publishing business around her with incredible success, churning out not only books and magazines with titles such as *101 Things You Never Knew About Madonna*, *Madonna — Style And Fashion*, and *Madonna In Quotes*, but also the Official Madonna Jigsaw Puzzle and the Fantastic Madonna Treasure Kit.



"I'm at the stage in my career where any kind of nudity would be an incredible distraction within a given movie"

Madonna has enough money to buy all the happiness and all the little-boy actors her heart could ever desire



Madonna is comfortable with her own stardom and, more significantly, with all of the attendant mythology that goes with it. She even has her favorite stories: "That I have a shrine to Marilyn in my bedroom, that I believe the spirit of Elvis is inside my soul, and that I lost 14 pounds on a popcorn diet."

Has her ever-increasing success changed her? No, her nine brothers and sisters say; for, as Madonna herself explains, "I always thought that I should be treated like a star." Has it affected her family? Sort of. "They ask to borrow more money," she says.

There is no telling, of course, what the next few years will bring. Twelve months from now, she will be entering her 30th year. That is a dangerous time for sex goddesses. Already, there are rumors — started, it seems, by her hairstylist in Manhattan — that her hair has begun to fall out alarmingly, due to the heavy bleachings of recent years. Others speak of the ugly sagging holes, three in each earlobe, that have started to gape from the weight of too much gaudy jewellery worn for too long; and they speak, too, of little wrinkles at the corners of the eyes and the lips. And it is no big secret that her two-year-old marriage-made-in-heaven has withered back to Earth.

But those who contemplate such matters would be far better off counting the hair clumps in their own combs. By now, Madonna has enough money to buy all the happiness and all the little-boy actors her heart could ever desire. No material girl could ask for more.

In any event, the Eighties, it will be said, belonged in part to her, and she wore them well. She gave a whole generation the world over something they really wanted. She offered her flesh to them in a dream and promised them, every TV-suckled one of them, the earthly blessing, the holy, rosary-rattling deliverance from youth they sought. "Will you marry me?" she asked, sucking her finger and proffering her tits and arse to the camera. "Will you marry me?"

"Heart and soul," she said, describing her essence not long ago. And then she laughed. "With a little dick thrown in every once in a while." Madonna will be around for some time yet . . .

It is a world of tension and menace that greets an Australian returning to his New Guinea birthplace

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

BY JOHN EMERY

I got off the plane in Lae, the largest city in the New Guinea part of PNG. I started walking slowly.

The locals watched me. The young, behind their sunglasses, with hostility. The old, with their wrinkled eyes, with nostalgia. An old man approached me.

"Masta," he said, almost fondly. "Masta. You must let me carry that pack."

His eyes were full of longing for some distant time. Some distant Masta who would load him with 50 pounds of rice, slap him on the bum, and set him walking. All the way from right here by the Lae strip, up the side of the mountains, into the Bulolo valley. The most beautiful valley on Earth.

A Fokker F-27 took off with a roar and a clatter. The old man stopped soliciting me and looked at it. I was going to say, "with wonder." But it wasn't. He just stared at it. A car pulled up beside me.

There was a hoarse, female shout. The old man turned and blinked. He underwent a metamorphosis. Before, he had been a retired tradesman inquiring after a job. A man who knew something about a certain area of activity: the carrying of heavy loads up mountains. That knowledge gave him armor against the world. It defined him.

Now he almost cowered. He gave a quick glance sideways. A flick of the eyes. A small circle of sunglasses had come up on us. Black wrap-around sunglasses on black, wrap-around faces have a certain, studied effect. Black sunglasses. Gold wristwatches. T-shirts advertising the presence of The Phantom. Ghost Who Walks. SP Lager. And, of course, Toyota.

The sunglasses watched the old man cowering before the woman in the blue car. She was a very large woman, with a lot of hair. She looked like Colleen McCullough, I thought — but without the respectability that success gave Colleen.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS GROSZ

NATIVE

As I watched, the woman spoke at the man, and as she spoke she seemed to grow larger, and he to grow smaller. I couldn't understand what she said, except that she said it in Pidgin. But the old man had spoken to me in careful, correct English.

The boot of the blue car opened, of its own accord, like a crocodile's mouth. One of the boys behind the sunglasses flinched, and instantly sneered to cover the flinch. The old man could shrink no further. He would not turn to the boys. He would not call on them for assistance against the Missus. But he could not face the Missus. And he could no longer face me.

I was staring at the woman in blue. As I stared, she shrank back to her normal size. About 15 stone. Her hands, still on the wheel, were puffy and white. The rings cut deep into the flesh. I concentrated on the blue fire of her sapphires. The white fire of diamond.

"That old bugger was trying to shake you down," she said to me. She smiled. Coquettishly. "Put your pack in the boot and hop in."

I glanced at the old man, but he would not help me. He would not meet my eyes again. The circle of sunglasses was closer. Lips red with betel-nut.

I dropped my pack in the boot and closed it gently. I got in.

The car was chilly with air-conditioning. ABBA were singing in the back seat. Her window sighed itself shut, sealing us from the sunglasses and the old man. There were tears in his eyes. She put her foot down and the car surged forward. The boys with the sunglasses jumped sideways. Even through the glass, through the hammering of ABBA's major chords, I heard them shout. Something hit our boot. But she kept going.

"Little bastards," she said. "What did the old man want?"

"He wanted to carry my pack."

"Take a piece of advice," she said. "If you don't mind me giving it to you so baldly. Never walk on the roads. And never carry your own luggage."

She drove as if the road was deserted, when in reality it was thronged with pedestrians, all walking purposefully, yet with no apparent direction.

"And what's a boy like you doing here?" she asked.

Boy?

"I'm just passing through."

I could see a ramshackle dock. That must be VoCo Point, I thought. Named after the Vacuum Oil Company depot in the 1920s. I twisted in the leatherette seat. She glanced at me.

"Just trying to orientate myself," I said.

"That's Nob Hill, up there," she said. She said it flatly, to mask her emotion.

"That's where all the old racist bastards live. You know. The 'Befores.' Do you know what 'Befores' are?"

"Before-the-war," I said.

She blinked.

I didn't add that after-the-war settlers were called "Behinds." She was obviously a Behind.

"Have you been here before?" she asked me.

"It's my home town."

"What's your name?"

I told her. She nodded. It registered. She looked a bit uncomfortable. And so she should. The name was very much "Before."

"You look like an Australian," she said, by way of accusation.

"It's a long time since I've been back."

"We've been here 20 years," she said. "There've been a lot of changes. Particularly since Independence."

She didn't care for Independence.

> She called to the silent, slicing man and he turned. The machete blade could have killed us both.

"Where are you staying?" she asked.

"I've got some cousins to look up."

"You must stay with us tonight."

"No. Really. Just let me off in town." She smiled.

She stopped beside a cement-block store. A lot of people sat outside the store, drinking beer. They stared at us as we pulled up. She got out of the car quickly and began yelling at them, waving her arms. I didn't know what to do. I got out and waited beside the car.

The people turned away from her, but she kept haranguing them. She advanced on a man. A middle-aged man in a white shirt and shorts. No shoes. I didn't have a clue what she was saying, but it was obvious from his face that she was shaming him. Eventually he got up and mumbled something to the people around him. A couple of them got up. Then a couple more. They began to drift away.

She turned and smiled at me.

"Sorry about that," she said. "I'm not having them drink around the store like that. It leads to trouble."

"This is your place?"

She nodded and led the way past the store. She unlocked a cyclone gate and we stepped into the garden. Two German Shepherd dogs bounded forward.

She went down on her knees and fondled the dogs.

The lawn was being kept short by a silent man, wearing only a wrap-around loincloth. He sliced at the grass with a long steel blade, a long blade with no handle except a piece of cloth he had wrapped around it. Beyond the lawn was the screened-in side of the house. Standing in the doorway was a young woman. Quite black. She wore a sack-like dress. I smiled at her, but she did not respond.

My hostess pushed herself off the grass. She called to the silent, slicing man and he turned. The machete blade could have killed us both. She bawled something at him in Pidgin. The inclination of her head showed she was referring to me. He dropped the blade and went to the gate. She tossed him the keys.

"He'll bring your pack," she said. "Would you like a coffee?"

I nodded. My pleasant smile was still intact.

The floor was polished teak. There were long, low bookcases, filled with hardback novels, a set of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. A hi-fi with big speakers. Rugs on the floor. Batik on the walls. In between the batik were strange, surrealist paintings.

Not being slick, the oils were full of something. A tension. A conflict. Something personal that a professional would have edited out.

She had put some more ABBA on the tape-deck. The black girl made the coffee and brought it to me on a tray. She kept her eyes lowered. The air-conditioning was more bearable in the house. When my hostess returned she had changed. She had put on more make-up. Combs in her long brown hair. Changed her blue shift for a print mini-dress that revealed her large dimpled knees and her massive thighs.

"What do you think of the paintings?" she demanded.

I considered. Were they hers?

"They're not mine," she said, laughing. "So don't worry."

"They're amateur," I said. "But they're full of a lot of tension."

I compared them with the batik. The batik, too, was full of tension, but it was from a culture I didn't know. It had the easy unease of the unknown. I didn't have to worry about it.

But the paintings, full of references to shattered buildings, jungle vines growing out of bomb-holes, huge insect-like creatures looming, running figures; they were straight out of my infancy in the bombed-out remains of this town. The Japanese took it in 1942, and the Americans retook it in 1944, and when I arrived, in 1947, the pythons in the tunnels were still sleek and fat, but had run out of good things to eat and came sliding across the roof of our house on the edge of the jungle, in search of chickens or dogs, or perhaps a baby boy.

And, all the time, in the background, the chanting syrup of ABBA.

"They're very powerful," I said.

"What would you say about the person who painted them?"

"I'd say they didn't sleep well."

I tried a laugh to ease whatever was building up between us.

She didn't smile.

"You'd be right," she said. "They're my husband's."

He was very big. Taller than her by a good 12 inches. Taller than me by six. He stood in the doorway, an eager, carnal look on his face. Then he saw me and the look drained away.

He was about 65, which made him 20 years older than her. I could see his belly poking out of his shirt. A belt encircled it. A sheath-knife was thrust in the belt.

"Good-day?" he asked, cautiously.

"Jack!" she said, quickly. "We've got a visitor." She gave him my name. She told him I was a writer.

He didn't look at her. He watched me. After a while he sniffed.

"What are you cooking?"

"Nasi Goreng," she said, uncertainly, girlishly.

He looked at her. At her hair, the makeup, the dimpled knees. Then he looked back at me.

"God," he said. "I can't stand that muck."

"I'll cook you steak and eggs, Jack."

He grunted and went to the refrigerator.

"Beer?" he called out.

After a while he stuck his head around the refrigerator door and stared at me.

"Beer?"

"Oh," I said. "Sorry. Yes, thanks."

He grunted.

"Our visitor used to live here, a long time ago."

He put a can of beer in my hand.

"Heard of your old man, of course," he said. "From all accounts he was very tough."

I nodded.

"Up on Nob Hill all the old Befores still talk about his old man," he told his wife. "He was one of the first to take up land after they kicked the Germans out. Sold out in the Fifties, though. Wise man."

But he stressed the "sold out."

"They're selling out in droves now," he said.

He laughed and sat in a chair. He became aware of ABBA and frowned. He got up and plunged us into merciful silence.

He opened a cabinet and searched his records. I waited for the worst. Massed Pipe Bands? Old Time Dance-Hall Favorites in Stereo?

But it was the tentative melody of the Moonlight Sonata. He smiled and sat back, watching me as the music played, waiting for a reaction.

He didn't get one. He jumped up and switched it off.

She looked up quickly, scenting danger.

"Come out with me," he said.

"Jack," she said, warningly.

"Just want to show him the boat."

We crossed the lawn.

"I was just a kid when the Japs took Singapore," he said, "but I was a sergeant. I made myself remember every note of the Moonlight Sonata when I was in Changi. A lot of men died there, but I didn't. I read *War And Peace* and *Crime And Punishment* six times each. That's what I call writing."

We came to a corrugated-iron shed and he switched on a large, weather-proofed switch. A floodlight lit the interior of the building. He unlocked the padlocked chain on the door.

"The boat's for when the Indonesians come," he said. "I'm not getting caught a second time."

I stepped into the shed. It had been built across the oily, black water of the creek.

"I'll get another beer," he said.

Most of the shed was taken up by a large, powerful cabin-cruiser. The engine hatch was open. I could read Detroit Diesel on the manifold. I stood there a while, taking note of the searchlights, the gunracks, the radar scanner.

I went back outside. After the glare of the spotlight the lawn seemed black. But the windows of the house were illuminated and I could see them, through the screens, framed in the loungeroom, beneath his surrealist paintings. My pack was propped beside them.

They had been arguing, but he had his arms around her. They were grotesque together, larger than life, but not in the Hollywood sense. In a nightmare sense. Like I was a child spying on his parents. He kissed her passionately. I went back into the shed.

When he returned, he carried my pack. I looked at it, then at him.

"Okay?" he asked me, tentatively.

"Why?"

"Your old man was pretty tough. Are you tough enough?"

I could have said, "Try me." But he was 65 years old and crazy.

Instead, I said, "Take it easy. I didn't invite myself here."

"I know that. I know how you were invited."

"I'm happy to leave. Just point me in the right direction."

"She's mine," he said. "Do you understand that? Mine!"

I nodded. I heard her voice. Raised. She was abusing the housemaid. I heard the sound of a slap. I shrugged my rucksack on. She stopped shouting.

Continued on page 118

The Beastie Boys, middle class raprock wonder chunderboys, take the taste out of the flavor of the month

BOYS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

The suspicion nags: there is a latent message in the Beastie Boys' dense rap-rock. But how to discover it?

Well, hold the front of the Beastie Boys' *Licenced To Ill* album jacket up to a mirror and the refracted image reveals a hidden affront — the tail-section serial number of the crashed plane on the cover reads: EAT ME.

Is this the covert communication in question? Nah, just a smidgen of undergraduate smut.

To get to the bottom of this lingering minor mystery, one must plumb the psychic, acoustic, and personal bramble of the Beastie Boys' roots, the thicket of ambition that lifted this white, solidly middle class burlesque of the ghetto's pariah rap and hip-hop culture to the top of the nation's record charts.

But first a word to the blissfully uninitiated. Late in 1986, the brattish nicknamed trio known as the Beastie Boys (Adam "MCA" Yauch, Michael "Mike D" Diamond, Adam "King Ad-Rock" Horovitz) issued *Licenced To Ill*, an unprecedented album-length amalgam of hardrock tilt, tree-house poetry, and the appropriated defiances of underclass street rappers. It appeared on Def Jam, the aggressively peculiar new rap-speed metal-soul-and-vinegar subsidiary of Columbia Records, fabled stable of Bruce Springsteen, Billy Joel, and Barbra Streisand. Reactions ranged widely and wildly. For some, *Licenced To Ill* greeted the oracles like the braying din of indefatigably lousy neighbors. But a solid three million purchasers were impressed with what they heard as an inspired mixing-board bouillabaisse of hip-hop's torrid beatbox ticktock and the tumultous adrenalisations of early heavy metal. The whole shrill lockstep is paced by back talk from baby-faced suburban nihilists weaned on *Star Wars*, the Iran-Contra scam, and Gary Hart's stained underwear.

In the US, *Licenced To Ill's* first single, "(You've Gotta) Fight For Your Right (To Party)," went Top 10 in a big

PHOTO BY LYNN GOLDSMITH

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hurry, and the LP itself not only swiftly notched No 1 slot in the USA's sales surveys, but became the fastest-moving product in its record label's illustrious history. Two more hits, "Brass Monkey" and "No Sleep Till Brooklyn," ensued. Now the growing fear among detractors is that the Beasties' expanding following is as puerile, brash, and mutinous as its heroes' music.

A new generation of rock and funk fans, faced with parents who often buy the same Prince albums they do, may well have rushed to embrace the Beastie Boys as something only *they* can love. The Beasties' comically cacophonous cant is a splenetic homage to beer shooters, suckerpunching, all-night fornication, angel-dust hors d'oeuvres, and horse-play with firearms. Interspersed with all the obnoxious raillery are lifted snippets of vintage Led Zeppelin, Steve Miller, and Aerosmith guitar riffs; muddy excerpts from the theme of the bygone *Mr Ed* television sitcom; guttural antigay rhetoric — plus other sonic snapshots of the scrap heap of civilisation. Depending on the attitude of its devotees, *Licenced To Ill* is either a turntable parody of Eighties teen rebellion, or a tape-deck checklist for a roadside Gomorrah.

In the larger world, the less hip homemakers and town fathers of America shrug heavily and turn a deaf, ie disinterested, ear to the clamor — until they catch their kids repeating snatches of the doggerel soliloquies (of, in this case, "The New Style") that pass for lyrics: "Father to the many/Married to a nun/And in case you're unaware, I carry a gun! . . . I got money in the bank/I can still get high/That's why your girlfriend thinks that I'm so fly! . . . I got money and juice/Twin sisters in my bed/Their father had AIDS so I shot him in the head!"

Dismay has escalated as the Terrible Trio has begun to make stage appearances across the heartland, spraying Budweiser on spectators, scratching their crotches distractedly as a dumpy go-go dancer wriggles in an elevated cage beside them, and mumbling between-numbers repartee: "How many songs have we done? . . . Only two? . . . Sorry, I smoked all this opium before . . . If anybody wants to buy some, talk to the girl up there behind bars."

Every generation has its varieties of junk rock, purple pop, and raunch roll. The thing is, all of these past seminal influences were in it for the real deal, their brazen lives inseparable from the aberrant art. There wasn't a poseur, dilettante, or slumming moonlighter in the bunch.

The present mission, then, is to discover if the Beastie Boys are strictly legit or simply an increasingly *Blade-Runner*-styled society's answer to the Banana Splits (stars of a surreal-cute rock 'n' roll band staple on Saturday evening TV from 1968 to 1970, peopled by four live-action animal characters named Snorky, Bingo, Fleegle and Drooper — and they made albums, too).

This summer, the Beastie Boys barnstormed the US in two flamboyant phases (before dropping from sight to produce their film debut, tentatively titled *Scared Stupid*). Catching up with the Beasties cavalcade at its halfway mark, the Boys themselves appeared to be distinctly isolated from the mechanisms that ballyhooed their remarkable commercial beachhead. As such, the meeting proved an ideal opportunity to scrutinise the three supposed malcontents at close range, in order to determine precisely what they had to offer by way of content, offense, and pretense.

It's perfect weather for a hanging, or a hip-hop siege. The Beasties troupe rolls into the Worcester, Massachusetts, Marriott at three in the afternoon for a 9pm stand at the local arena. The three young stars, looking peaked from knit-together nights of postconcert partying, are roaming around the corridors of the bland motor hotel, desperate to elude a German rock writer, his wife and the CBS International press agent who is squiring them around.

> The Beasties embody and parade fresh stereotypes of black-ghetto culture, while flooding the country with a hip lexicon that whites can exploit

"She's such a bitch!" yowls MCA, 22, an unshaven pug with broad shoulders and a hard stare, as he ducks into his room, slamming the door in the faces of the CBS flack and her party. A booming, female "Fuck you!" is heard to resonate in the hallway. MCA collapses on his half-dismantled bed in laughter, as cohorts Mike D and King Ad-Rock take seats at either end of the suite, which looks like it was redecorated with a hand grenade.

"Fuck *her*," says Mike D, the lanky 20-year-old who is best known for the sizable Volkswagen-bus ornament suspended on a gold chain around his bumpy neck. "We should get the keys to her room later and bust in."

"Yeah, it's room 504, isn't it?" rejoins MCA, who is clearly the ringleader and de facto theorist of the group.

"That room might be the German guy's and his wife's," warns 19-year-old King Ad-Rock, baby-faced wiseacre and ritual dissenter. "We'll kick the door down, and she'll have him tied up inside!"

The three grouse a bit more about what a "fucking snot" the CBS lady is, dish on various interviewers they've reduced to frustrated sobs, and then ruminate on luminaries they've encountered since their rise to notoriety.

"We get along all right with Johnny 'Rotten' Lydon," MCA offers. "He's a nut job. We played on a bill with him once in Washington DC. Johnny is not like anybody you can actually carry on a conversation with. He just yells and screams and dances in the hallway . . ."

MCA's attention is suddenly drawn to the room's flickering TV, which displays a Nike running-shoe ad utilising the Beatles' "Revolution." Has anybody approached the Beasties about product endorsements?

"All the time," MCA assures, nipping a mangy melon rind and then putting it under his pillow. "We tell them to piss off. A clothing company offered us a half-million dollars to stand there in their clothes for one minute."

"It seems," says Mike D, musing reflectively, "that every car commercial is just stealing a Motown song." And it also seems that every Mike D fan is stealing a VW hood ornament, or other brand, to wear, a national Mercedes-Benz spokesman reporting that dealers ordered 12,600 replacement ornaments this spring, nearly triple the amount sold last year.

"Yo! We recorded 'Cookie Puss' at a studio that was a jingle house," MCA recalls. "A place called Celebration. Nobody in the music industry knows about the place because it's such a tight-ass, bullshit studio full of losers."

MCA's referring to the creation of the Beasties' most renowned underground effort, a 12-inch independent single released in 1983. The A-side of the record documented an actual taped phone call to an unaware counter girl at a Manhattan Carvel outlet, the caller inquiring about the ice-cream company's nationally advertised children's "Cookie Puss" cake novelty. The B-side was "Beastie Revolution", a snide send-up of Rasta reggae and Jamaican deejay toasts, complete with jaundiced patois mimicry. *Creem* magazine recently described the single, with curious understatement, as "seemingly sexist and racist."

It's a toss-up which track is more contemptuous in tone, but the "Cookie Puss" *tete-a-tete*, a gleefully offensive aping of an insolent black youth, probably wins out: "These pussy crumbs make me itch. Maybe I.should scratch . . . [Sound of an outdoor pay phone being entered and used, the dialled number ringing.]

Hello, Carvel.

Yo, man! Is Cookie Puss dere?

Who?

Cookie puss! I want to speak ta Cookie Puss, man!

No. Nobody here by that name.

Cookie O. Puss, den! Cookie Chick! Anybody, man. I want ta speak ta dem!

They're not here.

I say, yo! I asked ya where's Cookie Puss at? I'm serious. I wanna talk — you, man — Cookie Puss! Awright, lemme order one, den. Lemme get one.

When do you want it for?

Anytime, man! Jus' like, now, an' shit! The shit — now! I'm talking now, mate! [There is a sharp *click*, then a dial tone]. Damn bitch hang up! I'll kick yo' ass, bitch!"

"Tom Carvel was gonna sue us," says MCA, "until his nephew Kevin talked him out of it. We're friends now with Tom Carvel's nephew."

"He put in a good word for us with his uncle," says Mike D. "'Cookie Puss' is a big collector's item. I heard it now sells for between $75 and $100 in stores, but it never really sold all that much when we first put it out."

"I got like eight copies of that shit!" King Ad-Rock exclaims. "I could make a fortune!"

That's what obscure rocker Rick Rubin may have assumed when he first listened to "Cookie Puss." Regardless, he saw a perverse promise in the platter. Rubin shrewdly sensed the winds of rap were shifting — in the direction of commerciality. When "Cookie Puss", a hip-hop salvo from a white outfit, permeated the downtown scene, Rubin sprang into action. He started the Def Jam label in Autumn 1984, headquartering it in his NYU dorm room. When Rick Rubin appreciated "Cookie Puss", the sole track salvaged from an abortive studio session, the Beasties discarded their instruments in October 1983 and became rappers with Rubin (alias DJ Double R) as their stage deejay and studio Svengali.

Def Jam Records' inaugural release was LL Cool J's "I Need A Beat." The Beasties' "Rock Hard" came next. Rubin took a tape of "Rock Hard" to another collegiate New York entrepreneur, Russell Simmons. Rubin worked out a distribution deal with Simmons' Rush Productions, and the Beasties' 1985 "Rock Hard"/"Party's Gettin' Rough"/"Beastie Groove" EP became a sensation among the club cognoscenti, its innovation of "I'm a man who needs no introduction/Got a big tool of reproduction" a standard dance-floor chant.

When their single, "She's On It," was included in a shoddy Def Jam rap movie *Krush Groove*, the Beasties landed a six-week slot as the opening act on Madonna's Virgin Tour — during which they were continually booed. They fared better on Run-DMC's *Raising Hell* concert sweep, but that hitch was denounced nationally for the violence that plagued its venues. The excursion to promote *Licenced To Ill* is therefore a crucial test of the Beastie Boys' viability as a draw.

Curiously enough, the ticket-buyers seem to be predominantly white middle-class kids, with a healthy black representation on the fringes of the halls. However, judging from the New England dates, the black faces virtually vanish after the supporting Public Enemy's sets.

Canvassing the blacks as they leave, comments offered to me dismiss the Beasties as "soft shit," "white clowns," or "corny." Which is why the Beastie Boys' performances are steeped in unnerving, wholly unintended ironies. As they bound before the footlights to deliver their raucous takeoffs and cartoon recastings of authentic inner-city rappers, the audience is dealt a plethora of current catchphrases, crime colloquialisms, and drug nicknames — but no inkling of the painful realities they describe. The Beasties embody and parade fresh stereotypes of black-ghetto culture, while flooding the country with a hip lexicon that whites can exploit to mocking or bigoted effect.

The Beasties themselves, although enmeshed in the colorful, bohemian side of Eighties urban culture, are not exactly products of its mean streets. The Boys' credentials are those of parental headaches from privileged households, and their decision to embrace rap was as casual and fitting as it was fashionable.

"I'd just like to say," Mike D continues, "that when we first met Adam Horovitz, hippy Adam was like, 'Look guys, there's nothing gay about talking to plants . . .' "

"Look, I had gerbils as pets," says King Ad-Rock, flushed. "That doesn't mean I walked around looking for butt hugs. I used to go to the same places, the same clubs, as these two guys, but I hung out with people who were a lot cooler and more intelligent than these guys. I went to better schools and had more advantages than these two. The friends I had back then, we're *all* friends with now. The friends *they* had back then, we don't even talk to."

"I stay in touch with *nobody*," MCA retorts, King Ad-Rock's jibe having found its mark, "cause I don't need any of them. I knew they were bastards from the beginning.

"Anyhow," MCA continues, changing the subject, "we were getting good as a band around the time we played a show in Boston at the Rat."

"We sucked," says King Ad-Rock, testy. "We always sucked."

"We played a good show!" MCA insists, pressing the point, his dark eyes aflame. "There were times when I walked out feeling happy with the show we'd played. We never sounded like fucking Aerosmith, but we were fucking good. This was in 1984."

"It was in the summer of '62," Mike D

"This is the best speed I ever had."

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quips, "with the Strawberry Alarm Clock! You know — 'Incense And Peppermints.'"

It's pointed out to Mike D that the Strawberry Alarm scored that hit in the psychedelic heydaze of 1967, not the Shirelles-Four Seasons pop equinox of 1962.

"I guess," Mike apologises softly, "we don't know our rock history. It's true. We don't."

Such bantam bursts of vulnerability and vague embarrassment are in simmering conflict with the Beasties' impudent public pose, an image they lack the experience and stamina to sustain. Collected within the blank walls of this shoebox-sized room, they are tangibly lonesome in each other's presence, starved for individual attention. Thanks to their fragile fury and its occupational focus, for perhaps the first time in their separate lives, they are not being ignored. It excites like restitution, and tastes like revenge.

"What's the plot of your movie *Scared Stupid*?"

"The plot," says King Ad-Rock, "is Yauch gets laid, loses his virginity."

"Yeah," MCA deadpans. "I get a hundred blowjobs a day, but I haven't gotten any girl to give up the pussy yet."

There is an oddly pregnant pause, and then MCA offers a personal vignette.

"I lost my virginity in a tent in Holland, and that's true. I was on the first day of a bike trip. It was one of those American youth-hostels trips where you're not allowed to have sex or do drugs. I was a little dude and she was 19, big, and real def. The leader of the trip found out that we were fucking after a while, and threw her off the trip because she was older and was supposed to know better than to fuck."

"I lost my virginity," King Ad-Rock volunteers, "when I was at camp."

"I lost mine," Mike D chimes in, "in my friend's basement. It was just one more thing I was trying to fit in."

His cohorts groan at the gag and then they excuse themselves to prepare for the evening gig.

The assembled mob, nearly a sellout, are rowdier than previous recent houses, perhaps because it's a school night out. Public Enemy and Murphy's Law make no impression on the three-quarters Caucasian sea of restive adolescents, but when the lights go down for the main attraction, a forbidding spark is struck.

Actually, it's a can of hair spray, which a girl in the upper balcony has turned into a torch with her cigarette lighter. She hurtles the can toward the deejay's booth. Still, the effort had enough spontaneous verve to almost eclipse the onrush of the Beasties, who launch into a burping recitation of "Time To Get Ill."

The Boys are greeted with a mighty whoop, a sizable number of onlookers brandishing their heretofore hidden Budweiser in solidarity. The Beasties respond with shaken and sprayed suds of their own, their hand-held mikes becoming secondary props in the sodden melee. Deejay Hurricane moves from one music track of *Licenced To Ill* to the next, jumping his turntable needle and supplying scratchin' counter-rhythms with a tad too much haste.

Thirty minutes into the contrived bacchanal, the crowd roar grows dull, the collective alcohol and sugar rush spent. Their jaws slack, their eyes glazed, they appear to be reeling with the last feeling they had anticipated — boredom.

The aisles suddenly clog with kids, but the traffic is flowing in the wrong direction — towards the exits. Ten minutes more, and the subtle trickle has turned into a torrent, spectators departing in packs of ten and 20. Long before the obligatory encore, the hall is half-emptied.

> Thanks to their fragile fury, for perhaps the first time in their separate lives, they are not being ignored

Outside, the surprisingly subdued throng ambles or stumbles off into the darkness, some retrieving stashes of beer, others pointed in the direction of neighboring gin mills. Many are cold sober but clearly bemused. What's the problem?

"Aw, we saw enough," says one husky teenager, speaking for his huddled friends. "They weren't really playing the songs."

"There was no band," bitches another, his arm around his disappointed date. "We expected live rock 'n' roll, not some recorded stuff."

"Right. Check it out," says a skinny young man who's leading three blonde ladies in leather and spandex. "We were up for some serious guitar and drums. Some good jamming on the raps. We couldn't believe it was just them and the damned sound system."

Didn't they realise that most rap music is merely syncopated monologues over prerecorded tracks?

"They had *one* real band there," the slim young man challenges, his narrow face stiffening with annoyance. "The Beastie Boys could've had their own musicians, too."

"Yeah," seconds one of the blondes, "we wanted to hear the music they played on the record. Not just some cheap tape recording of it."

Despite their miscomprehension, the disgruntled patrons have a point. Straight rap performances lack the musical dynamics to fully gratify an arena's worth of people, and there's certainly little in the essential, rote presentation to scrutinise, admire, or celebrate. Especially on this scale, the notion of live instrumental backing for hip-hop — the players primed to parry and thrust against the raps, building them into ballsy new configurations — is infinitely superior to what actually takes place. Besides, the Beasties were only going through the motions tonight, forgetting or disregarding the words to much of their material.

When confronted about the lack of genuine musical interest in their shows, the boys get skittish in the extreme.

"Well, we play instruments in the studio," says Mike D apologetically. "We really do. We're not the Phony Boys."

But there are no such musical credits to be found on the album sleeve.

"Listen," says MCA coolly, "most people don't know it, but we co-produce and write the songs for the records."

"We thought this whole Beastie thing up for ourselves about eight years ago," says King Ad-Rock, "and if we make albums that everybody *hates*, we'll still be happy."

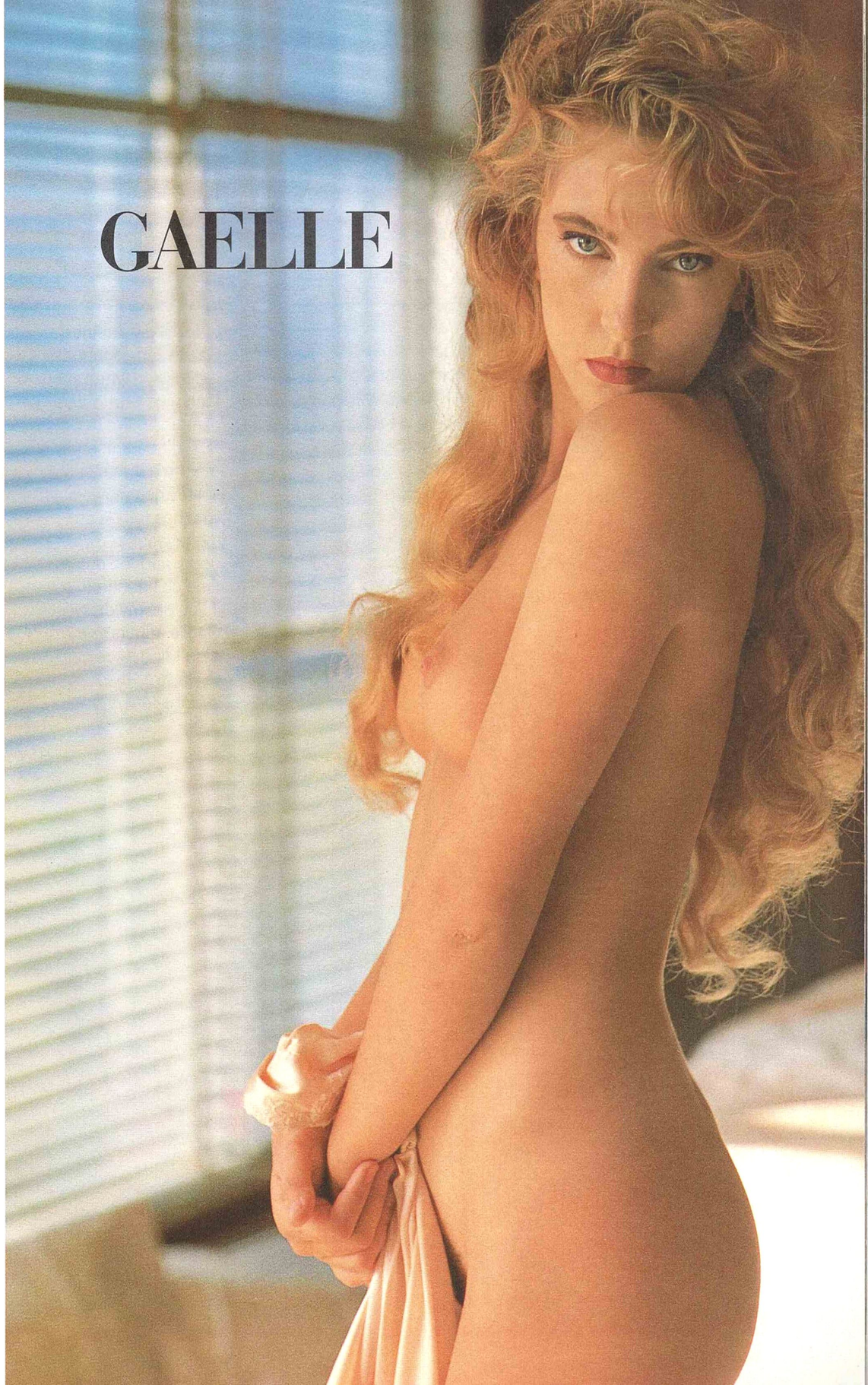
Which raises a final question. Youth culture has been bluffed and gulled before by comfortable middle-class kids who were indulging a self-important passion or a convenient nihilism. Looking back on the Sixties, the bulk of a privileged generation's political zealots disappeared into Wall Street boardrooms and "country chic" lifestyles.

Are the Beastie Boys indeed in rock 'n' roll for the long haul, or will they wind up as fat corporate executives or real estate magnates, their musical career a dimly recalled dalliance?

"As far as I'm concerned," says MCA, his voice exploding into a rattled bellow, "I'm just gonna fuck everybody! I wanna be an executive and a lawyer *and* a real estate magnate. Whattaya think, I'm naive and stupid!"

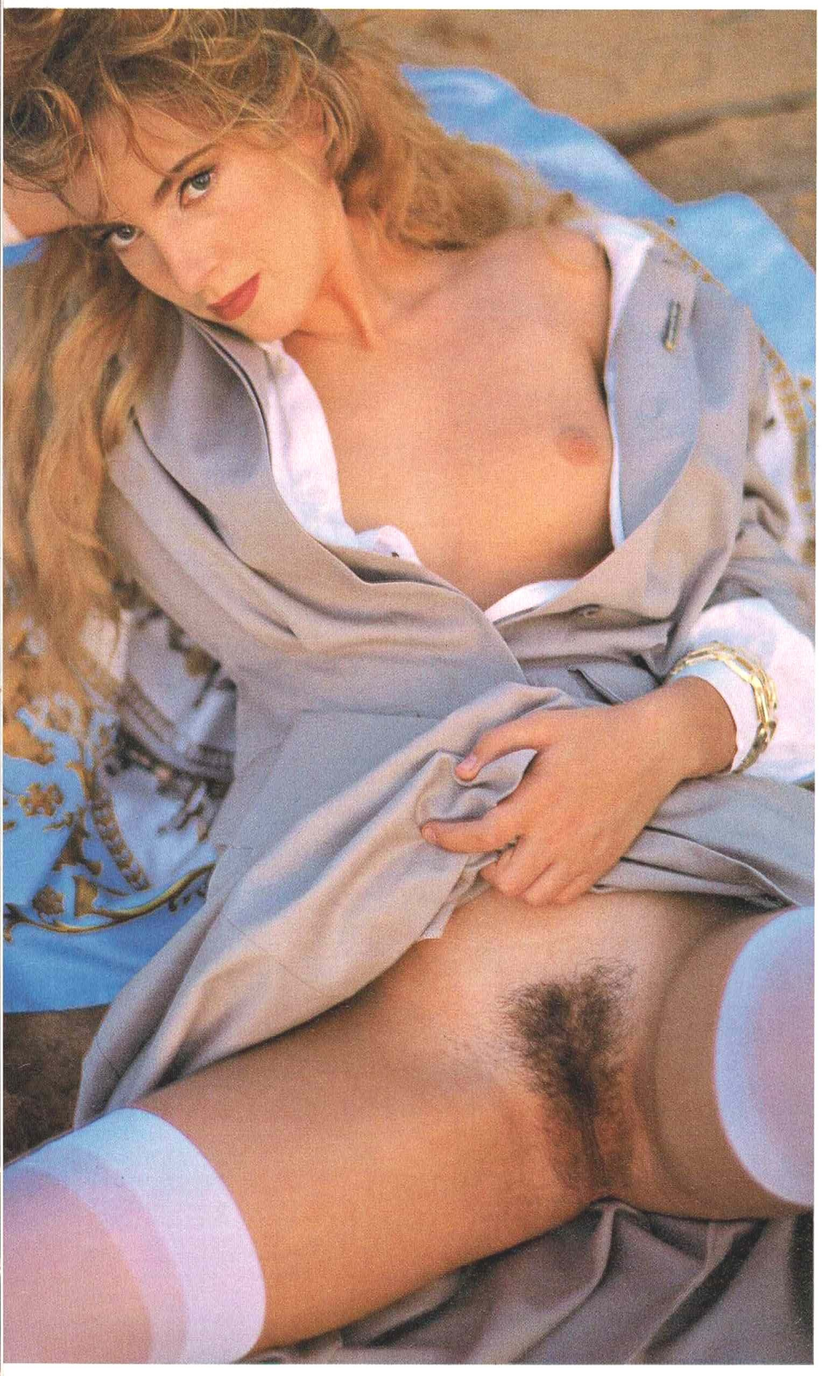
"Hey! Hey! Don't say that!" shouts Mike D as he shoots King Ad-Rock a cautioning glance. "Be cool, man. Are you crazy or something? Don't tell 'em that!"

"Why the fuck not!" says MCA, on his feet, indignant. "Because it is . . . " He instantly reads the genuine alarm on his companions' faces, but his pompous ire has its own momentum. And though his voice drops to a skidding whisper, it's simply too late to stop those awful words: ". . . the truth."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

BLISS



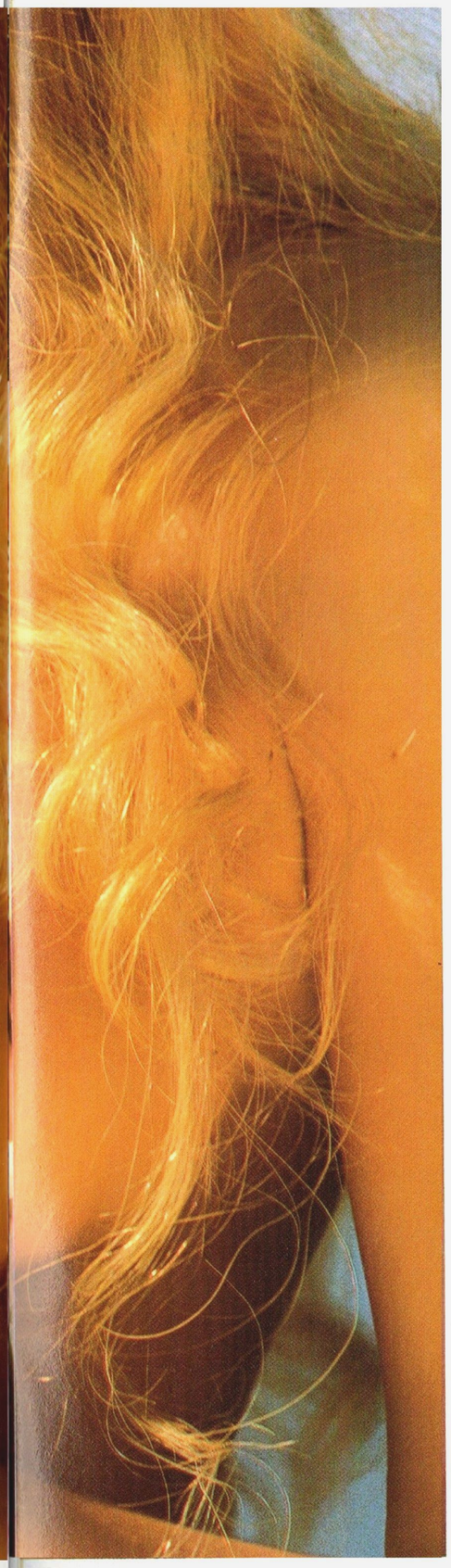
The actress in 19-year-old Sydney stunner Gaelle James found expression when she faced the *Penthouse* cameras. "We had talked about it, and tried to get the feel of a filthy rich movie star who has too much money for her own good, and too much time on her hands . . . if you get my drift." Gaelle admits she didn't find it too hard to warm to the suggestions *at all*.

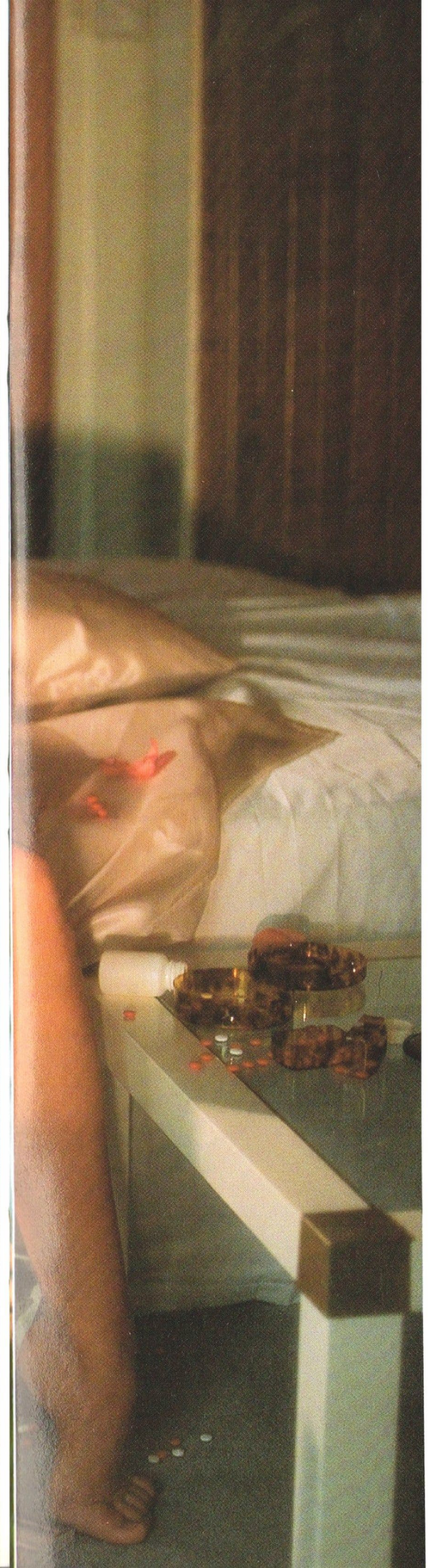
Styling, Hair and Make-up by Susan Daub; Lingerie by Loo Taylor, from Fine Lines

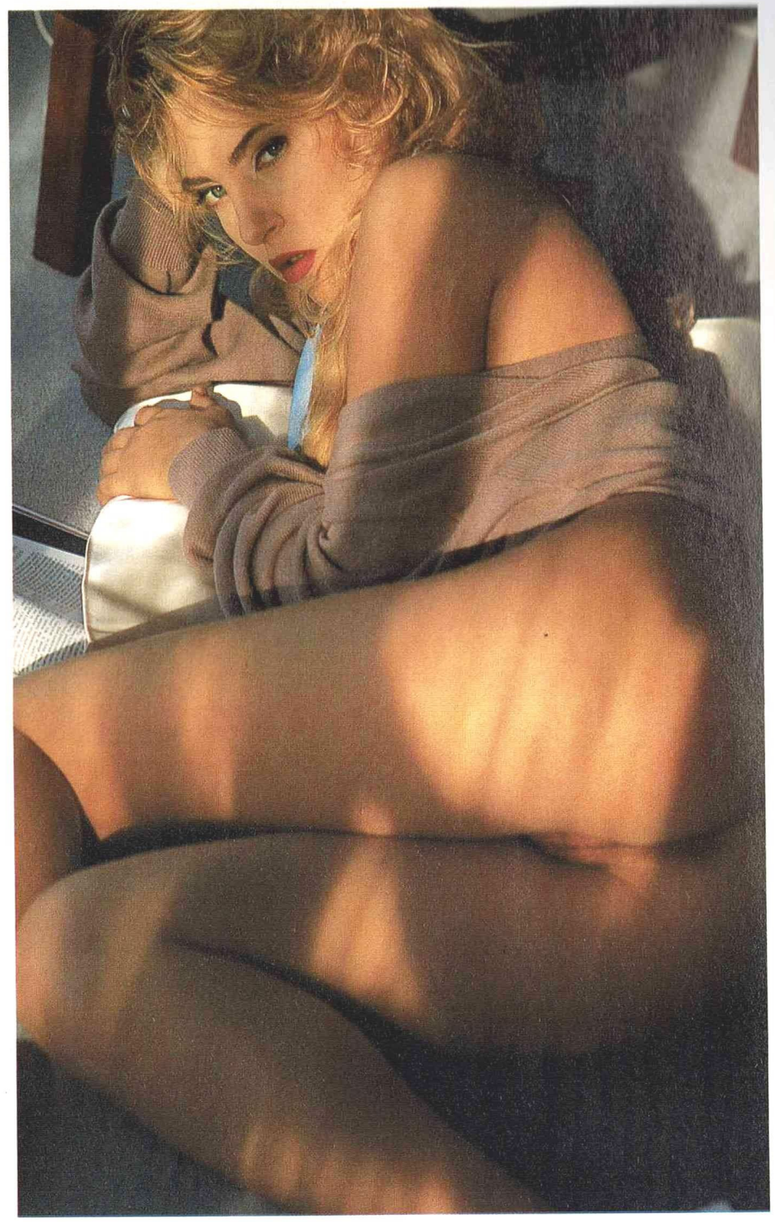
"I'd love to start a film career," she says, "and I really think I got a feel for acting when I was posing up there at Palm Beach. Lots of Sydney's film people live there, and I really felt the part. I've always been fascinated by the way a camera makes me feel so special."

Like the character in her scenario, Gaelle sleeps all day — but for slightly different reasons . . . She's a dancer, strutting the boards nightly and touring the country. "A filmmaker could certainly have fun recording the goings-on of this life," Gaelle hints.

Time off, and she's haunting Sydney's cinema houses. She charges her aspirations with any of the performances of Kathleen Turner or Kim Basinger — if not for their talents, then for the notion of getting on screen with some of the Mickey Rourkes of the world.







"I'd love to see a producer take on the idea of Australianising a film like *9½ Weeks*," says Gaelle. "I just hope that if anyone steals my idea, they'll remember where they heard it first — and offer me the lead."

"I think sensuality is the key to a film's success. That can mean romance, of course, but I think we can do a little better than Mr Dundee. If they want a sequel, I'd suggest something along the lines of *9½ Weeks In Kakadu* . . ."

Magic is a code of survival for Peru's Matse Indians

INTO THE MYSTIC

BY PETER GORMAN

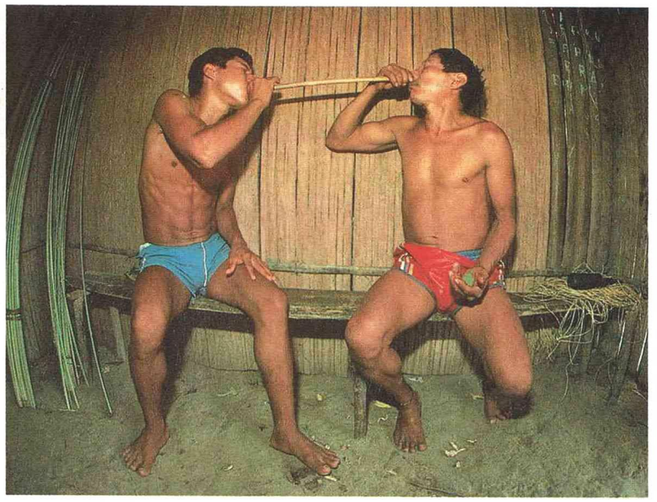
Tumi's puebla is set on a high bank of the Lubo river: nine houses set around a common ground. Four of the houses are Tumi's, one each for his wives and one for his older children; the others belong to his brothers and their wives. Behind the puebla are small *chacras*, fields, where yucca plantains and fruit are grown; around those is deep jungle rainforest.

Dawn comes an hour after first light at the puebla. Mist rises from the ground, the huts, the river, from everything. The women, led by Ma Shu, Tumi's main wife, rise early and gather firewood; each makes a fire in her own house from the coals of yesterday's blaze. Once the fires are lit the women take the children to the river to bathe, carrying the morning water back with them in earthen pots. If there is meat or yucca they will boil it; bananas or corn they throw on to the ashes to roast.

The parrots and macaws the Matses keep at the puebla sing their morning songs as the sun rises. Tumi and the other men each take one wife and their arrows into the jungle to hunt for breakfast: a bird, an armadillo, a monkey. She will carry his weapons and, if the hunt is successful, will carry the game back to camp. We try to hunt with them but it is impossible; even the dogs cannot keep pace. Nothing moves through the dense green like the Indians.

For two days no-one had returned with meat and the morning meal of boiled yucca and *I-san*, a small palm nut, is eaten quietly. It is only after it that talking begins. The Matses' language is minimal and guttural; single sounds convey entire ideas. Everyone comes together at Ma Shu's house after the early meal and it takes only moments to decide who is going to get new thatch for a hut, who will search for fruit, the meaning of vision dreams and whether the visitors are still welcome. Soon everyone leaves the puebla and will not return until they have what they have gone into the jungle for.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFFREY ROTMAN



From left to right: De Ton returns from hunting with a *pawfih*; Tumi is administered *nu-nu*, air forcing the vision drug up his nose from a bamboo tube; The Matses will follow the *nu-nu* visions to locate game in the jungle.

Except for the few things they grow, occasional missionary clothing and the things we bring — matches, a machete, a pot — all of their needs are provided for by gathering or hunting. For them the jungle is a benevolent *ti ta*, mother. There is *I-san* and *aguahe* to eat; worms and grubs and wild berries if hunting and fishing are bad. Ma Shu and the other women are master gatherers. The men prefer to gather non-food staples: building materials, medicines and copal, a tree sap they use for fire starting and torch making, though their primary task is providing meat for their family.

For hunting they rely on impeccable instincts and the use of special medicines to make contact with the animals on levels difficult for those of us who are not part of their world to comprehend. But even with their skills the Matses are not always successful hunters. The unusually high river had flooded much of the lowlands, driving the game deep into the jungle to drink and feed at seasonal lagoons and small streams swelled by the summer rains.

We had walked with Tumi and his brothers De Ton and Coi Ya for hours through the muggy brush and seen signs of game — but nothing newer than several days old. We stopped at a stream when Tumi suddenly made an announcement.

He had decided that since there was no game nearby he would begin "trapping time", a season reserved for the power of his spirit, his animus.

For trapping Tumi would work alone; this is one of the few things the Matses do not share. It is a precarious time; for the month of trapping Tumi will have no sex, afraid that the smell of his wives would linger near his traps and keep the huge bovine-like tapir away. He will take massive doses of *sappo*, one of his hunting drugs, to provide his spirit with the strength it will need to lure the tapir to his traps, and all other hunting at the puebla will cease. The Matses know that animals talk to one another and that killing them would provoke their spirits to revenge. They would see his animus at night, it would be masquerading as a tapir, and they would tell the tapirs that they are being misled and not to trip the vine and snap the string trap he has set for them. Even if animals walk into his puebla he will not harm them once he begins trap-setting; he needs good will from everything to ensure that trapping time is successful.

He explained the exceptions to the rule as we started back to his camp to tell his wives of his decision. Turtles and sloths could be eaten now; turtles because they didn't talk to the other animals, and sloths because they speak so slowly that by the time the other animals understood what they were saying the river will have fallen, the seasonal lagoons dried up and trapping time would be over.

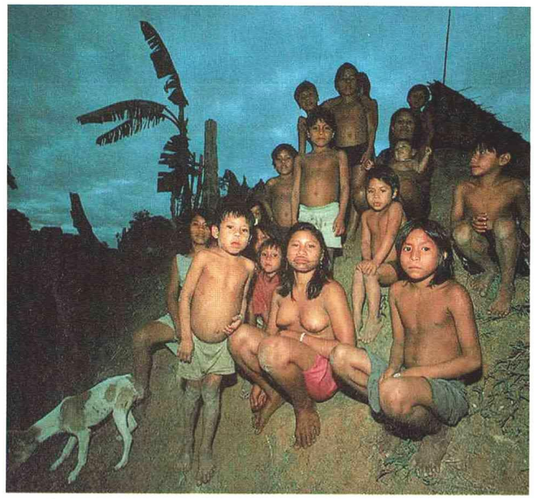
We reached the puebla and found Ma Shu and some of the other women back from their chores. Tumi announced his decision; the women nodded. Ma Shu stepped into her house and brought out an old brown bottle and a hollow bamboo tube. In the bottle was a bright green powder called *nu-nu*, one of the Matses' vision drugs. She gave the bottle to Chipiuch; he poured some of the *nu-nu* into his hands, scooped it up into one end of the tube and put the tube to his lips. The other end he put against Tumi's nose. He blew: a puff of green powder exploded against Tumi's face and he began coughing and spitting green phlegm. Over and over he repeated the process until Tumi could no longer stand and his eyes were glazed. Then he gave the tube to me; among the Matses you'll be considered a bad spirit if you refuse their hospitality and you'll have to leave them immediately. I took the tube; Chipiuch blew. The powder burned wildly when it hit me! My nose and eyes were on fire! I choked and spat and felt as though my body were short-circuiting. The pain of the first blow was immense, but in a moment the pain subsided. I fell to the ground and closed my eyes. My visions began. Animals appeared: tapir and peccary, monkeys and jaguar. I was walking in a forest and the animals there came to me. I talked with them; there were no words but a sort of communication. I asked them to come to the puebla; Tumi's family was hungry. None of them would. And then, within a few minutes the visions faded and a pleasant wooziness washed over me.

Generally the Matses use *nu-nu* to search for animals in the jungle; they go to where they saw them in their vision and hunt. But it had been some time since I had used *nu-nu* and the visions that day were not so clear. I asked Tumi what he had seen; he too had seen few animals nearby, but had used his visions for a different purpose: he'd searched for and found a place where tapir would go, a good place to set his first trap.

That night, after another meagre meal of *I-san* and boiled yucca — this time with rice we had brought — we sat near the front of the puebla and watched as the last of the sun melded the sky in purple, red and blue washes, the colors of good omen. Overhead the sky filled with stars and the Southern Cross — the constellation the missionaries bank on to aid in Indian conversion, an obvious sign from the Christian god — shone on us. Tumi invited us to Ma Shu's house; it was time for him to use *sappo* for spirit strength. The children scattered at the word; it's an unpleasant drug.

From a leaf bag strung high above Ma Shu's fire Tumi took a small bamboo palate shaped like a tongue depressor and covered in dark resin. The resin had been collected by scraping the secretions from the back and legs of a *dav-kiet*, a sacred swamp frog, and dried for later use. Tumi handed the palate to De Ton, who liquefied a small amount of

Right: The Matse women agreed there should be new wives — to help with the work and for more babies. Far right: The anaconda — sacred to the Matse Indians.



sappo with spit. He pulled a smouldering twig from the fire and reached for my arm. I let him have it; he punctured the flesh with the burning twig and introduced the drug into the fresh burns.

Instantly my body began to heat up as though it was burning from the inside. I began to sweat. My blood raced and my heart pounded. I became aware of every vein and artery and could feel them opening to allow for the rushing blood. My stomach cramped and I vomited violently. I fell to the ground and another side of my nature began to emerge, an animal side. I don't know whether I was barking or crawling on all fours. I was aware only of the speeding of my blood, so fast I thought my heart would burst. The others gathered around but the pounding drowned out their sounds. For 15 minutes, which seemed like hours, the rushing was faster and faster until it began to level off, becoming steady and rhythmic. I knew I was through the worst and gasped for air. Gradually the pounding subsided and I was overcome with exhaustion.

With *sappo* there are no dreams or visions, only an after-effect. When you wake you feel like God. Everything about you is larger than life; you can see in the dark effortlessly. My physical strength was overwhelming. I felt I could run in the jungle for hours without tiring. I knew I would see animals before they saw me, could sense which plants were benevolent and which were not. Sappo heightens all of the senses and somehow puts you in touch with the jungle, as though it puts the rhythm of the jungle in your veins.

For most people in the puebla, *sappo* is used sparingly to cleanse the body and heighten the senses, to give strength to the lazy and replenish the sick; for the hunter it is used in quantity, allowing the animus to stalk the jungle at night while he sleeps.

In the morning we set out into the jungle. Some of the girls were along and when Tumi cut down a cluster of *I-san*, and the tiny black nuts rolled everywhere, the girls raced after them. They made frond baskets to carry them while the rest of us continued toward the place Tumi had seen in his vision dream.

In an hour we reached the marsh. Tapir hoof prints were sunk deep in the mud; it was a good place to set a trap. His brothers and the three of us moved some short distance away to keep our smells from the area, but we watched as he worked. He found a well-used path between two strong trees and began to collect what he needed: vines and bark, a long sturdy sapling with plenty of spring. He fashioned a fierce spike from the wood of the spine-palm and covered it with leaves: even the obtuse tapir would know a trap if the spike were exposed.

Tumi worked quickly and efficiently. The sapling was lashed at the top to one of the trees on either side of his path, and a tripod fashioned opposite it. The spike was lashed to the bottom of the sapling and the sapling bent across the path and fixed to the tripod. Across the narrow path he tied a trip-vine; a pull on the vine and the tripod will release the pole; the pole will snap across the path and the spike will tear into the stomach of his tapir. He crawled on all fours to see that the spike was set at the right height. He chanted while he worked, calling the tapir to come to papa's trap to feed his hungry family. He rubbed mud from the path on the parts of the trap to erase his human smell and chewed, then spat, mouthfuls of leaves across the trip-vine as a signpost, so that his animus would be able to find the trap when it returned at night. And then he signalled for everyone to leave quickly so as not to disturb the magic he had set in motion. Once we leave he won't return until a *nu-nu* vision has shown him that the trap has been sprung.

On the days the Matses set traps, they are especially powerful and in tune with the jungle. On the way back to the puebla Tumi had his son Chi Cho collect medicinal leaves and roots and he explained their uses and preparations to him. He quizzed Chi Cho as they went along, pretending to forget the names and uses of some of them; his son was not a very apt student and Tumi began berating him good naturedly, indicating that he would never stop a bleeding wound with a headache remedy, or ease childbirth with a fertility drug. Chi Cho won't begin curing until

From left to right: Jungle heat spoils meat quickly, so this giant sloth is cooked alive; The prize of the *nu-nu* vision is the trapped tapir; The camp can joke when there is meat again.

he is on such intimate terms with the plants that they themselves begin confiding in him, providing him with the answers to Tumi's questions.

As we neared the camp Coi Ya pulled me aside shyly. He confided that he was very lonely since his wives were stolen, and he asked me to bring him beads when I next returned so that he could get some new ones, three or four. Tumi joined us and said that he, too, needed new wives. In fact, I should return with enough beads for new wives for everyone, so that we could go to other pueblas far away where there were many, many women.

In camp, the new wife talk continued in front of the wives. They agreed that there should be more women to help with the work and for more babies; the Matses women don't mind the polygamy. The only thing they mind is cruelty, and for that they are famous for poisoning their husbands' food.

That night Tumi again used *sappo* and *nu-nu*. No tapir had been killed by the trap yet, but he "saw" a giant sloth, *shiun-te*, migrating near an old house up the Lubo river and the next morning we set off for it.

We brought De Ton with us in our pequepeque; Tumi, Ma Shu and some of his children followed in their canoes. The river was still except for the occasional movement of the pink dolphins breaking the surface of the water. Our boat was faster than the canoes and by late afternoon we had reached the house Tumi had spoken of. Moises, Jeff and I set about making a camp and collecting firewood while De Ton set out into the woods with his bow and arrows; I suspect that being some distance from his camp he decided to risk the wrath of both Tumi and the spirits in favor of food. We had just started eating from a huge pot of rice we had made when De Ton returned with a *pawfil*, a large game bird, on the end of one of his arrows. When a few minutes later we heard shouting as the canoes neared our camp, De Ton gave us the *pawfil* and signalled that we weren't to say a thing about his hunting.

The group from the canoes reached us and descended on our rice. After the meal Tumi walked back towards the canoes; when he returned he was carrying a *shiun-te*, his giant sloth. It had been clubbed from a tree at the place he'd seen it. It was too late to prepare it that night and he left it in front of the old house. It was bleeding from the mouth and in obvious pain, but not killed. The heat in the jungle spoils meat quickly, so everything is kept alive until it is time to use it. Later that night Tumi broke its limbs with sticks to keep it from crawling away. It cried through the night and in the morning Tumi and Ma Shu began to cook it over a small fire, oblivious to its suffering as it was burned alive.

When the hair was burned off, Ma Shu brought it to the river to cut it into pieces; then the pieces were placed on the fire again to roast.

That night he had a *nu-nu* vision; he saw a tapir springing his trap just before dawn. He told everyone and his wives and children, tired of endless yucca, whispered excitedly.

The next day, baths, morning meal, everything was forgotten in the excitement over the tapir Tumi had seen. The women, carrying machetes and babies, led the way, following Tumi's path back to the trap. We followed with Tumi and a few of the dogs. There was no doubt that we would find a dead tapir near the trap and as we neared the marsh ground the dogs grew excited and ran on ahead of us.

We reached a small stream just before the trap; at the bottom of the steep bank the animal lay on a bed of fronds the women had made. They were just starting to cut it up. They slit its stomach and the entrails slid free. Steam rose into the morning air; it was a very fresh kill.

The women cut the animal into quarters, skinned it and made piles of meat. The men began making baskets for the women to carry it back to camp; the children helped with the work. Tumi made me a present of the bloody spike and reminded me again about new wives. Everyone joked as they worked; there was meat again.

When the Matses have meat everyone shares, and everyone makes something of a feast. We ate boiled or roasted tapir at several houses that day.

It was also that day when it was decided that we'd been visiting long enough and it was time for us to leave. Tumi suddenly called one of his few Spanish words, *manana*, said in the harsh Matse cadence, and pointed down the river. It might have been a sudden vision, as it was nothing we had said or done; they were simply suddenly tired of us. Their eyes went blank for us, as though we were a vision they had conjured to bring them luck and our few gifts; we'd done our job and it was time for the vision to end.

In the morning everyone came to see us off. It was a bright day and they urged us to hurry back, one of the Matses' ways to tell you to leave quickly. We were making our goodbyes when Tumi suddenly offered the *nu-nu* tube. I nodded, but before I could put the tube to my nose he placed one end of it on my left forearm. Like the tapir he'd tricked with his animus, I had asked for the tube and he trapped me. He blew into the tube as though he was blowing *nu-nu* into my arm. He began to chant, holding my forearm tightly to keep me from recoiling and breaking his spell. He chanted for me to return with lots and lots of beads so that he could get wives for himself and his brothers.

He repeated the magic on my other arm. I knew as he did that I'll wake one day soon with an overwhelming urge to return, and I'll know where it came from: he's put the magic in my veins.

FICTION BY PETER CORRIS

THE DESERTER

The ranks close when
Cliff Hardy takes up the trail of
a missing soldier

"I want you to find my son, Mr Hardy," Ambrose Guyatt said to me. "He's a soldier."

An image from *Rambo*, which I'd watched on a flight from Honolulu to Sydney because I'd finished my book and couldn't sleep, flashed before my eyes — gaunt men in rags screaming inside a bamboo cage. I'm over 40 and carry a few unhealed physical and emotional wounds which make me unfit for that kind of action.

"I don't understand," I said.

"I should say he *was* a solider. He went absent without leave."

"For how long?"

"It's not clear. Some weeks."

"Then he's a deserter."

Guyatt shifted his well-padded behind on the unpadded chair I have for clients in my office. What's the point in making them too comfortable? They might decide that everything's all right and go away. Guyatt didn't. "Technically, perhaps. You were in the army yourself, I believe. Malaya. You don't look old enough."

"It went on longer than people think. If your son's a deserter, Mr Guyatt, the military and the police'll be looking for him. I can't see . . ."

"Julian didn't desert, or if he did he had a good reason. He's not some little guttersnipe; he's educated, he's got background."

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL FARRELL

DESERTER

I held the smile in. I've seen backgrounds fade into the far distance and guttersnipes come up with the goods. I got out a fresh note pad and clicked my ballpoint. "You'd better tell me all about it, Mr Guyatt."

Like most people feeling their way into a subject, he found it easier to start with himself. Ambrose Guyatt ran a very profitable business which had blossomed from paper and stationery into printing and copying. He told me that some years before he had worked 20 hours a day keeping abreast of things and making the right moves. "That was when Julian was growing up," he said. "Naturally I didn't see much of him."

I nodded and got ready to make my first note. "How old is he now?"

"Twenty. He joined the army nearly two years ago. He was a champion athlete but he . . . didn't finish school."

Guyatt was a short, stocky man with a balding head and a high color. I'll swear he almost blushed when he admitted his offspring was a dropout.

I nodded again. "Didn't finish the army stint either. Is that his problem, Mr Guyatt? That he can't finish anything?"

"I really don't know. It's a terrible thing to say but I can't claim to know him very well. We hardly spoke in the last years he was at home. Well, he wasn't really at home. He came in for clean shirts and money which his mother gave him."

"Would you have given them to him?"

"He avoided me. Never came when I was going to be around."

I sighed. Young Guyatt avoided old Guyatt; old Guyatt avoided questions; I wondered what Mrs Guyatt avoided. "Was he on good terms with his mother?"

Guyatt nodded.

"What does she have to say about it?"

"She's distraught. She says Julian loved the army and would never desert."

I got a photograph of Julian, the licence number of his blue Laser, a few details on his pre-army life and the last date he had performed his duty at Waterloo Barracks. I also got the telephone number of one Captain Barry Renshaw.

"Step by step, how did all of this happen?"

"Julian didn't do anything about his mother's birthday. That had never happened before. She rang Waterloo Barracks and was told that he was on leave. That was a lie."

"How do you know?"

"Julian had told his mother he was going to New Caledonia the next time he got leave, even if it was only for a week. He couldn't have gone. His passport's at home."

"What then?"

"I rang and was told that my son had been posted as a deserter."

I looked at my notes. "You spoke to this Captain Renshaw?"

"No, someone else. I didn't get his name. Renshaw's been handling it since, but we've really heard nothing. Something has to be done."

"I charge 150 dollars a day and expenses," I said. "If I work on this for a month you'll be up for over four thousand dollars."

"Do it. Please."

I accepted his cheque. After he left, I stared at the photograph until I would have recognised the owner of the strong features, low-growing dark hair and steady eyes anywhere there was enough light to see by. Lately I'd done more de-bugging and money-minding than I cared for. It was good to have something to do some leg work on. Julian Guyatt hadn't been in the army quite long enough to throw off civilian contacts. I checked at his last two jobs, hung around the pub he'd frequented and spoke to a girl he'd taken out for a few months. The response was the same everywhere: "Like the man we told from the army, we don't know anything."

That left Captain Renshaw. I telephoned him and stated my business.

"I don't think I can help you."

"Don't you want to find him?"

"Of course." The Captain clipped his words off as if they might straggle and sound untidy.

"I've found a lot of people. I might get lucky."

"We've tried, so have the police."

"You and the police have procedures, Captain. You treat all cases the same, cover the ground. I can treat it as unique. I can feel around and try to find the handle. D'you follow me?"

"One silly young man. I hardly think . . . "

"That's what I mean. To his father he's more important than all your Leopard tanks put together. Give me some of your time, anywhere you like, please."

"I don't know."

I felt I was losing him. I spoke quickly. "You tried to find Guyatt by looking into his civilian life, right?"

"Yes."

"There you go. You need a fresh approach. You're an institutional man and you trust the institution."

"What do you mean?"

I drew a breath. The next bit was risky. "I'd check on his army life. Discreetly. I was a soldier myself."

"Were you? Vietnam?"

"No, Malaya. Don't laugh, I'm not Methuselah. Captain, I'm going to look into this one way or another. I don't leak things to newspapers and I don't write books. Apart from the bare outlines, the files are in my head. You see what I'm getting at?"

"I do. Two o'clock, here at Waterloo Barracks. Suit you?"

I agreed and thanked him. Then I rang Guyatt and made my meagre report. It

"Don't ask me, mate. All these airports look the same after a while."

didn't sound like $1000 worth to me but he didn't complain. I asked him about the Laser and he told me that Julian had put a deposit on it and was paying it off from his army pay.

"What finance company?"

"Western, I believe. Madness! I lease, myself."

I gave my name at a glassed-in, wired-for-sound guardbox. A silent sergeant escorted me down concrete paths, through sturdy metal gates and between some squat, undistinguished red brick boxes to a stylish aluminium and glass block. The sergeant led me down a corridor past some busy offices and knocked on the door marked Military Police.

"Mr Hardy." A tall, thin man with sparse sandy hair got up from behind a desk and extended his hand. His face was about 50 years old; his uniform looked brand new.

"Captain Renshaw." We shook hands and I sat in a straight chair by the desk. The room was big enough to hold two other desks, three filing cabinets, a bar fridge and a large bookcase crammed with official-looking publications.

Renshaw pushed a pencil around on the desk in front of him. "Probably won't surprise you to hear that I looked up your record."

"No," I said.

"Decent enough. See you don't draw a pension or any benefits. Why's that?"

I shrugged. "Stubborn. Let's talk about Julian Guyatt. What sort of soldier is he?"

Renshaw took a file from the top drawer, opened it and ran his eye down the first sheet. "Pretty good. No apparent weaknesses."

"Specialist?"

He shook his head. "No."

"Have you got a psychological profile there? Any progress reports? Anything that suggests a reason for desertion?"

Renshaw kept his eyes on my face. "Like . . . ?"

"Gambling, drink or drugs, sex?"

"No."

"Why was Guyatt's mother told he was on leave?"

"A mistake. An apology was made."

I grinned. "You're not being a lot of help, Captain. How about a drink?"

He looked puzzled. "What?"

"There's a fridge behind you. I thought there might be a beer in it."

He turned his upper body slowly and looked at the fridge as if he was seeing it for the first time. He reached forward and opened it. The seat of the swivel chair moved slightly. The fridge was empty. "Sorry."

"Don't worry. I'd like to talk to a couple of his mates."

Renshaw consulted the file again. "He doesn't seem to have had any close friends in the service." He snapped the file shut. "That's why we looked outside and why I think you're wasting your time. Unless you have any information which could be of help to us."

I stared at him . . . The temperature in the room seemed to have dropped. Renshaw stood; I heard the sergeant's boots scrape the floor behind me. "Goodbye, Mr Hardy."

As an investigative interview it wasn't much to boast about, but I *had* got something. Captain Renshaw didn't know where the fridge was or that his chair swivelled — he hadn't spent more than ten minutes in that office before I arrived. If he was a military policeman I was Frank Sinatra.

I wouldn't say I was encouraged, but at least I had something to bite on. When I checked with the finance company and found that Guyatt's payments had been made for three months ahead, I had a bit more. I did some more phoning — to the police to check on stolen and recovered cars and to a contact who can tell you useful things about credit cards. Result: several Lasers lost and found but not Julian Guyatt's, and he hadn't used his credit cards in the past month.

I slept on it and woke up feeling that I had enough to ring my client and make an appointment to talk to his wife.

The Clarks lived in Greenwich, which isn't a part of Sydney I know well. I drove there in fine weather in the mid-morning and missed the street because a tree from a front garden was drooping over it. The place seemed to have more trees per yard of space than anywhere else east of the Blue Mountains. I found the street and parked outside the long, low, timber house. Some distance off a car backfired and birds flew up from the trees. The noise was deafening.

Mrs Guyatt was a large, heavy-featured woman who had given her looks to her son. She looked commanding and firm of purpose but she was just the opposite. As soon as I mentioned Julian's name her eyes moistened.

"I'll show you his room," she said.

"I don't think that's necessary."

She didn't listen. She led me down a passage towards the rear of the house and showed me into a large bedroom that had too much built-in furniture, too much carpet and too much window. It was an ugly room that someone had tried too hard to make comfortable. I stood uncomfortably while Mrs Guyatt showed me Julian's sports trophies — NSW under-17 100 metres champion, 1984 — tennis racquets and skis. There were no books. A poster on the back of the door showed a helicopter gunship in attack, a scene from *Apocalypse Now*.

Down in the over-elaborate sitting room we drank coffee while Mrs Guyatt told me what a good boy her son was.

"Did he have any friends?" I asked.

"Certainly. Chris Petersen, Phil Cash . . . I'm sure there were others."

DESERTER

"These are army friends?"

"Yes."

"Did you try to contact them?"

She looked distressed. "No. I didn't know how . . . "

"Do you know where they come from, Petersen and Cash, or anyone else he was friendly with?"

"I don't think . . . I believe Phil Cash was from Gundagai. I think Julian said that. Otherwise, no. What has *happened*?"

"I'm trying to find out. You say you have your son's passport?"

"Yes. Julian left it here after his last trip to New Caledonia. Would you like to see it?"

I said I would. She left the room and came hurrying back, more flustered and distressed than ever. "It's gone!"

"You're sure? You didn't misplace it?"

"No! I've never misplaced anything of Julian's. How could I? Someone has been in here and taken it."

I tried to calm her down but didn't do a very good job. In the end I had to phone Guyatt at his office. He said he'd come home but he wasn't pleased at being taken away from his work.

I became aware of the car following me when I was a few miles from the Guyatts'. A grey Corolla. The driver wasn't bad at it but it's almost impossible to follow someone who spots you and doesn't want you there. I lost him in Hunters Hill between the Lane Cove and Gladesville bridges. I turned off Waterloo Road towards the city and outlaid some of Guyatt's money in a parking station as close as I could get to the GPO.

The country directories were a brand new set. In a few weeks they'd have pages missing and entries obliterated, but for now they were the private detective's friend. There were only three numbers listed for Cash in Gundagai.

The second number was the right one. Mrs Enid Cash confirmed that her son Phillip was in the regular army. "There hasn't been an accident?" she asked anxiously.

"No, nothing like that. I'm Captain Renshaw, Army statistics. I'm afraid our records haven't been as well kept as they might have been. I'm trying to confirm the rural backgrounds of personnel. They're going to be in line for special benefits."

"Quite right too. Well, our Phillip grew up on the farm here. He's a country boy."

"Excellent. Let me see, he's stationed at . . . "

"Waterloo Barracks."

"Right. He comes home on leave of course?"

"Always."

"Thank you, Mrs Cash. You don't happen to know anything about a Sergeant Petersen do you?

"Danny Petersen, do you mean? How exciting! He must've been promoted. Phil will be pleased."

"Yes. Is he a Gundagai man too?"

"Goodness me, no. He's a Victorian, from Benalla. Phil was always ribbing him about it. But he's from the country too so he'll be eligible, won't he?"

It took me four calls to locate the right Petersen in Benalla, but the story was much the same. Danny was a soldier who always came home on leave. One more call laid it out for me — the Duty Officer at Waterloo Barracks confirmed that Cash and Petersen were on leave. That would be surprising news to the old folks back home on the farm.

I puzzled about it as I walked through Martin Place back to the car park. I could understand three young men doing something else with their leave than what their Mums expected, but the posting of Julian Guyatt as a deserter and Renshaw's manner needed explanation.

I'd parked five or six levels up close to the fire stairs. I had my key in the door lock when the stair door opened and two men came out. I unlocked the door, expecting them to go to their car, but they suddenly swerved and jumped at me. They were big and quick; one hit me hard and low while the other grabbed my throat with his big, hard hand. He squeezed and I felt the darkness wrapping around me. He eased up and I fought for breath. He squeezed again; the puncher pulled me down so that we were squatting by the car. My knee hit the concrete. The darkness came and went again.

"Let it go, Hardy," the squeezer said. "Do yourself a favor. Understand?"

I shook my head. He put his palm on my forehead and slammed the back of my head against the car door. I felt the metal give.

"Forget about Guyatt or everyone'll forget about you." He squeezed again and this time the darkness was thick and heavy and it didn't lift.

"The oldest trick in the book," I said.

"What's that?" A man was brushing me down and helping me struggle to my feet. I recognised my car; I didn't recognise him.

"You were really out to it," he said. "What are you, a diabetic or an epileptic or something? My aunt . . . "

I pulled myself up. "No. I'm all right. Thanks a lot. I just had a sort of turn. Not enough sleep lately. Working too hard."

"Better take it easy." He moved away, happy to have helped, happy to not have to help any more.

"Thanks again." I leaned against the car, massaged my bruised stomach and felt my stiff, aching neck. It must have been the two car trick; let the subject see one car following him, drop that one off and keep him in sight from another. I should have thought of it.

I sat in the car for a while until I was sure my head and vision were clear. My attackers had cost Ambrose Guyatt some money by delaying me in the car park.

I reviewed the attack — very fast, very professional. If the fist that had hit my belly had held a knife and the hand that gripped my neck had gripped harder and longer, it would have been a classical jungle-fighting kill.

I drove home to Glebe watching for tails and not spotting any. The cat was outside the house, which wasn't unusual. But when I opened the door it didn't march straight in ahead of me. That *was* unusual. I waited in the passage and listened to the erratic hum of my refrigerator, the dripping tap in the bathroom upstairs, the creaking from the loose piece of roofing iron. All normal. I went in and looked around. The place had been quickly but systematically searched.

I made myself a drink and sat down to assemble what I had. It was a fair bet that my office had been searched too and if they hadn't found the file that carried Guyatt's name, his cheque and two or three other entries, they should go back to searching school. I was in a bind: I needed more information on Renshaw, Guyatt, Cash and Petersen. With civilians you can always find a source — a neighbor, a lover — but these men inhabited a closed world.

The only lead I had into Julian Guyatt's private life was his fondness for New Caledonia. There I had some room to manoeuvre. Ailsa Sleeman, an old friend, has sizeable business interests in New Caledonia and contacts to match. I called her, chatted about old times, and asked her to put out some feelers about Guyatt.

"I'll find out what I can," she said, "and you'll have to have a drink with us, Cliff."

"Us?"

"I'm nearly married again."

"Don't do it."

I had other things to do for the next few days and I did them. I didn't get in to the office for a couple of days and when I did I found the search had been rougher and more destructive than the one in Glebe. I sat and brooded. Then I phoned Renshaw.

"Here's what I've got," I said. "A deposition from Mrs Guyatt that she was told her son was on leave. A taped conversation with the duty officer to the effect that Cash and Petersen are on leave plus taped conversations from their homes to say they're not. I've got a witness to my being assaulted in the car park and the licence number of a grey Corolla. I've got a video tape of your people searching my office. What d'you say, Captain? Are you going to tell me what's going on?"

> If the fist that had hit me had held a knife, it would have been a classical jungle-fighting kill

Renshaw's short, barking laugh sounded far too confident for my liking. "You amuse me, Hardy. I'll tell you what you've got — nothing! You called Gundagai and Benalla from a public telephone. Neither of your phones, office or home, has a recording device so you've got no record of any call to the duty officer here. I've never seen you, of course."

"I've still got a client."

"Listen, Hardy, I'll talk freely since I know you can't record anything I say. I'll admit that clumsy mistakes have been made. That's all I'll admit."

"I don't think that'll satisfy Guyatt."

Renshaw was calm. "I think it will. I think his good lady's satisfied, too. Why don't you ask them? Goodbye, Hardy."

I've heard that tone of voice before; it's the tone of the fixer, the smoother-out of things who feels that he's done a good job. I drove to Guyatt's place of business in North Sydney. It was a busy operation — warehouse, printery and machine division topped by an office space that seemed to be in the process of expanding. I fronted up to a reception desk and told the young woman in charge that I wanted to see Ambrose Guyatt.

"Yes, he's . . . oh, have you got an appointment?"

Something about her manner and the bustle of the place suggested newness, innovation. "I've never needed an appointment to see Ambrose before," I said. "What's up?"

She leaned forward confidentially. "You haven't heard?"

"No," I whispered.

"New contract. Big one."

I felt a lurch in my stomach, just below the bruise. "Oh, the army thing?"

"Yes, isn't it wonderful? Hey!"

I walked past the desk and pushed open the door she'd been guarding. Ambrose Guyatt sat with a phone at his ear in front of a paper-strewn desk. He was smiling as he spoke into the instrument. The smile faded as he saw me come into the room. He spoke quickly and hung up.

"Hardy."

"Mr Guyatt."

He reached into a drawer of his desk and took out an envelope. "What's that?" I said.

He beckoned me closer. "Cash instead of the cheque," he said softly.

I was standing beside the desk now, looking down at him. His thin, dark hair was freshly cut and he was wearing a new suit. I took the envelope. "Congratulations on the army contract."

He nodded.

"Want to tell me where Julian is?"

"I can't."

"Secret mission? Something like that?"

"I can't say a word."

"I understand his mother's a proud and happy woman?"

His eyes widened as a faint doubt crept in. "I think you'd better go."

"I will. I'm sorry for you, Mr Guyatt. You're going to be a very unhappy man."

"What . . . what d'you mean?"

I leaned close to him. I could smell his expensive aftershave and the aroma of cigar smoke. "They don't make these arrangements for things that go right, Mr Guyatt. They do it for things that go wrong."

He gaped at me as I walked out.

I was right. Ailsa reported to me several days later. The information was fragmentary, hardly to be relied upon unless you had something to support it as I had. Julian Guyatt was part of a small task force that had been infiltrated into New Caledonia to operate against the Kanaks. It had been wiped out in the first exchange. The one-time Under-17 100 metre champion had been dead for 24 hours when his father first stepped into my office.

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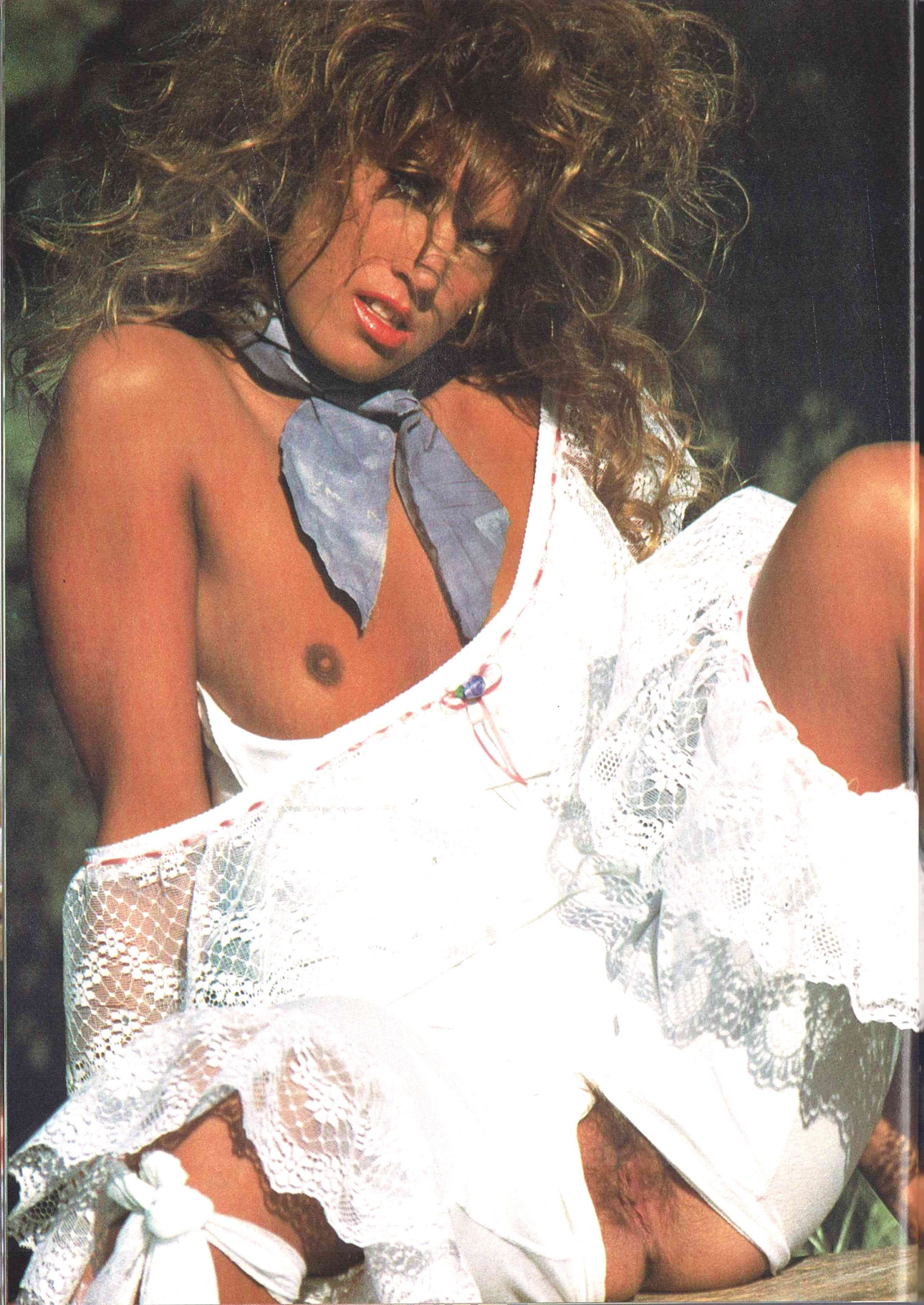
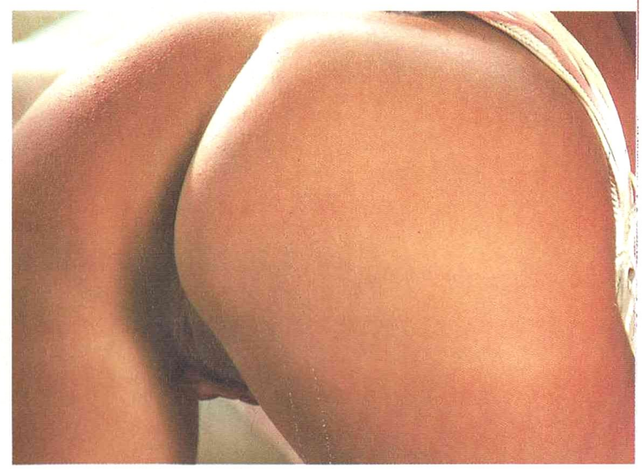
DOWN ON THE FARM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

When Michelle Moore finally made the decision to pose for *Penthouse*, she made one stipulation: she should be photographed with a rural flavor, and her photographer must embark with her on country searching to find the perfect outdoor location. The researching was done — *anything* to make Michelle comfortable . . . She has that effect . . .

When Michelle, just 20, finally got to see the results, a huge smile broke across her face. "It was the first such modelling I've done, so I was working very hard to get it right. And I *liked* the results."

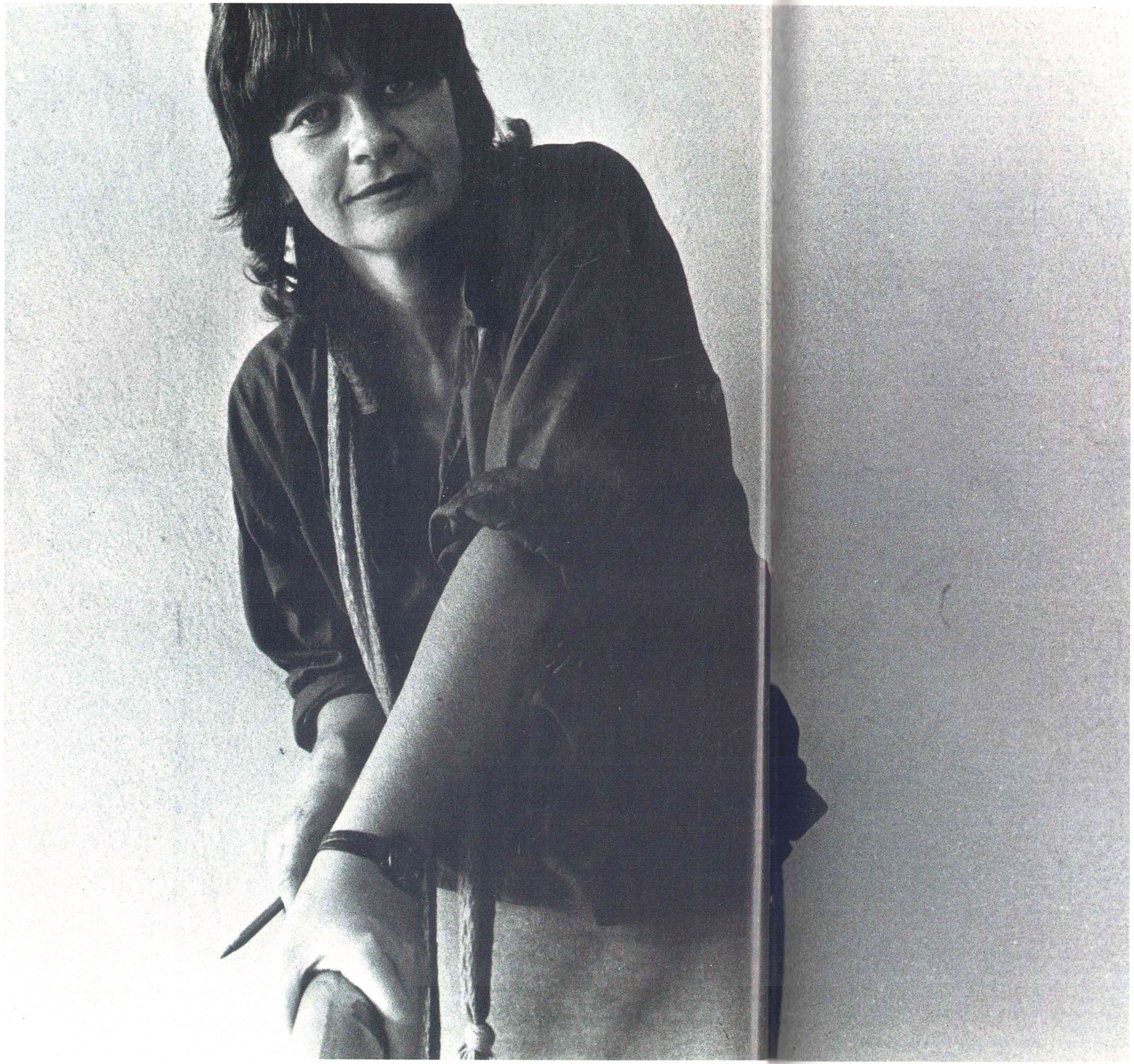




Michelle loves the challenge of new and different ventures. Her plans to marry next year are certainly *new* for her. She's a big fan of romance and hopes to secure that type of intimacy for ever.

Her boyfriend was "all for me appearing in *Penthouse*. He understands the part of me that must do outrageous things every now and then."

"I believe in being faithful to one man," Michelle says. "It's important to me. I dedicate all my energy to pleasing him."



"I think at the moment they're laughing; Hawke and Keating and Abeles and Anderson and Rogerson and all sorts of people are laughing because one particular thorn in their sides — the *National Times* — has been removed"

WENDY BACON

BY GREG HUNTER

There are very few household names in Australian print journalism. Wendy Bacon is one of those few. Perhaps no other journalist in recent times has attracted more savage vilification nor more fervent admiration than did Bacon during her eventful tenure on the hard-hitting Fairfax publication the *National Times*. Along with four colleagues on the "investigative" team, Bacon was responsible for a succession of disclosures which rocked the Establishment during the heyday of the *Times*. Her detractors — among them some of the most powerful people in the land — have publicly portrayed her as the politically motivated, unscrupulous and vicious "queen of trial by media." To her supporters she is a heroine, a virtual cult figure who raised the standards of investigative journalism and fought for justice in the face of extreme pressure and daunting odds. If former editor Brian Toohey embodied the spirit of defiance that was the old *National Times*, it was Bacon's indomitable courage and relentless determination to get at the truth which captivated a great many of the paper's readers. Her journalistic colleagues, staggered by her capacity for work, held her in awe.

The *National Times* evolved into the broadsheet *National Times On Sunday* in January '86. Bacon quit the paper early this year to work on SBS's documentary current affairs program *Dateline*. The best and brightest — the heavy hitters on the investigative team — have all deserted now,

PHOTO BY LORRIE GRAHAM

and the *Times On Sunday* is a pale imitation of its predecessor. It's long been suspected by many that powerful pressures from all quarters — the NSW and Federal Governments, the judiciary and the privileged individuals who came under attack — culminated in the crushing of the spirit of the *Times*. Was there a hidden executive agenda aimed at emasculating the paper? That question goes to the heart of concerns about democracy and freedom of speech in Australia. It forms a major part of this *Penthouse* interview.

Wendy Bacon knows all about pressure. In 1984-'85 she faced three entirely separate and drawn-out contempt of court charges. The first related to her disclosure of in-camera evidence given by NSW Chief Magistrate Clarrie Briese to the Senate *Age* Tapes Committee — the story that blew the lid off the Lionel Murphy-Morgan Ryan affair and (arguably) led to the Senate Committee of Inquiry into Murphy's conduct. The Senate Privileges Committee described Bacon's revelations as "the definition of journalistic self-interest" and the case resulted in an unprecedented "good behavior bond" on the whole of the Fairfax press. The second related to Bacon's disclosure of parts of the eight suppressed sections of Justice Slattery's report of his Special Commission of Inquiry into the release of three prisoners at Broken Hill. The suppressed material pointed to a widespread "trade in licences." The case is yet to be heard. Justice Michael McHugh described this, the first of two contempt actions brought by the NSW Government against Bacon, as "intimidatory of the defendants." The other involved the publication of a celebrated story, "Detective Rogerson And The Police Barbecue Set", two days after Rogerson was charged with attempted bribery — a charge brought after Bacon had publicised a dying declaration by Detective Michael Drury which had been made a year previously. The Prosecutor argued that the story suggested Rogerson (now disgraced and out of the Force) was involved in drug trafficking with the knowledge of the NSW Government and the then Premier Neville Wran. This case — the first contempt charge brought against a working journalist in Australia — was dismissed.

District Court Judge Michael Williams turned up the temperature in September 1986 with an unprecedented resignation attack from the bench. Williams resigned over what he saw as the victimisation of his colleague Judge John Foord. (Foord, who had previously been cleared of attempting to pervert the course of justice in relation to the committal and trial of Morgan Ryan, again stood aside from the bench in the face of allegations that he had treated Ryan's clients leniently. Bacon had been responsible for much of the publicity surrounding Foord.) Williams described Bacon as "a convicted criminal, a long-time associate of criminals, and a person who was rejected by the NSW Court of Appeal as a fit and proper person to be admitted as a lawyer in this state." He added: "She has engaged in an obsessive, scurrilous and continuing campaign of harassment against lawyers and judges, obviously as retribution for her imagined mistreatment at the hands of the courts. It is in my view time that she be well and truly exposed as the journalistic charlatan she is." Prime Minister Hawke weighed in at around the same time with an accusation that the *National Times On Sunday* had mounted a "vicious" attack on Paul Keating in an article about the Treasurer's friendship with property developer Warren Anderson. The story had been written by Wendy Bacon. Hawke described the paper as "drivel" and suggested to Labor MPs that they not deal with its journalists.

> It seems that the more powerfully connected the people you're writing about, the less other journalists are prepared to pursue it

Ironically, it was Hawke who had presented Bacon with a Walkley Award in 1984 for her story headed: "The Briese Affair — Neville Wran's Crisis Deepens."

Infinitely nastier (were it not for the obvious comic overtones) was the accusation in May this year that Bacon had organised the murder of Sydney prostitute Sallie-Anne Huckstepp. It was none other than Roger Rogerson who claimed he'd received three anonymous calls from a man who said Bacon had been compromised in a lesbian affair with Huckstepp and had arranged with friends in the criminal world to have her murdered. Rogerson's "bombshell" was met with raucous laughter from the public gallery in the coroner's court, but that scarcely diminishes the trauma created by the headline: "Mystery Caller Implicates Reporter In Huckstepp Killing." And amidst all this rancor, Bacon was constantly subjected to criticism and abuse from various sections of the Left who felt she had betrayed the cause by hounding Murphy and Foord.

Wendy Bacon was a colorful and controversial public figure long before her association with the *Times*. Her first court appearance in 1970, on an obscenity charge arising from her editorship of the student newspaper *Tharunka*, was a turning point in her life. She presented herself in a nun's habit emblazoned with the slogan: "I've been fucked by God's steel prick." The result was a period behind bars which further radicalised her and ushered in a decade of social activism which encompassed many of the major local issues of the Seventies: the battle over censorship laws, the fight to save Victoria Street (Kings Cross) from the developers, and the long campaign for prisoners' rights and against police fabrication of verbal evidence. By the end of that decade Bacon had been to court and to jail more times than she could remember. It was hardly the sort of background that would impress the Barristers' Admission Board. In spite of her outstanding academic performance, the Board rejected her application in 1980. The NSW Supreme Court upheld that decision the following year, noting that Bacon had no less than ten prior convictions — none of which, her counsel argued, had involved any form of dishonesty.

After successful stints as a researcher on *60 Minutes* and a reporter on the *Sunday* program, Bacon joined the staff of the *National Times* in March 1983. Unquestionably, her background in law and her experiences on the other side of the criminal justice system gave her a unique and invaluable preparation for the role of investigative journalist. Bacon's understanding of the complex interactions between police, judiciary, government and criminals seemed to lead her instinctively along the trail to the heart of corruption. Once on that trail, she was unstoppable. According to her colleague on the *Times* Colleen Ryan, "Wendy isn't just a journalist but an activist as well — a concept foreign to most journos. She would never agree that it was 'up to the authorities' to carry on an investigation. When everyone else had had enough and wanted to go for a drink, she'd say: 'We've got to look into this connection' — and she was always right. Sometimes she would work 20 hours a day on a story."

Penthouse Senior Editor Greg Hunter interviewed Bacon in her unprepossessing terrace house in the inner Sydney suburb of Newtown. "I had assumed," Hunter reports, "that anyone who'd suffered so many personal attacks would present a super-tough exterior to cover the frustration and the bitterness within. Wendy Bacon is simply nothing like that. She is a warm, approachable person. Even when discussing the murkiest of subjects, she speaks in a soft, even tone and downplays her own role at every opportunity. She has managed to retain an innate sense of fairness. In view of the way she's been treated by a great many others, that's probably her most remarkable achievement."

Penthouse: Are the Australian media generally going soft in your view?

Bacon: I think it was a fairly rare thing in Australian journalism to write about powerful people in the rather straightforward and critical way that we did at the *National Times*, so perhaps the problem has often been as bad before. But now you've got *Four Corners* — they will continue to do some strong programs — but for the rest of the ABC you've only got something like *The Investigators*, but that's more into consumer rip-offs, so while they may damage a particular company they're not going to the heart of political corruption, so I wouldn't count them in terms of the sort of work I'd like to do . . . And apart from that, Colleen Ryan and Andrew Keenan have kept going at the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and to some extent people like Evan Whitton keep going over the material, repeating the unanswered questions, and that's important, but they're not breaking a lot of new ground . . . I mean, in the second half of last year we were working on Queensland corruption (and so were other people), Warren Anderson and his relationship with Paul Keating, the relationship between TNT and the secretary of the Transport Workers Union Harry Quinn — and there really hasn't been anything like that this year, so things certainly seem to have gone quiet. Others may do the odd story — but no-one in the mainstream is out there consistently pushing to publish stories no matter how much trouble and pressure it causes.

Penthouse: You recently said: "What worries me is that there are certain stories that just aren't on in terms of most of the media." That carries a more serious implication, doesn't it?

Bacon: Well, I'll just take the main articles that we wrote at the end of last year. One was about renovations done on Harry Quinn's house. Now, in this article we have a person (who is named) who said he was paid by TNT — that's the major transport employer — to do renovations on Quinn's house. We have the fact that he has shown us invoices, he has shown us diary entries. Now in terms of an investigative piece, that's fairly strong. We haven't got copies of the invoices, but we are saying they exist. We have asked [Managing Director of TNT] Sir Peter Abeles questions; we've asked Harry Quinn questions. None of those questions has been answered. That article was published and there hasn't been a word said about it. Now, that's extraordinary. I mean, it's rather eerie that you can set something like that off — it's quite a missile, really — and there's just complete silence. No other journalist seems to think it's worth repeating anywhere, or ringing Sir Peter Abeles and finding out whether he'd like to answer any questions . . .

Penthouse: You've got more up your sleeve?

Bacon: That's one. Another one was the article we did about the developer Warren Anderson, who's become enormously wealthy in the last ten years, and his relationship with Keating. First of all we profiled the companies connected with the construction of Anderson's New World centres. Any explanation here for why he has become so wealthy is lacking. Then we have his employment of Tim Bristow, a person with a well-known reputation for violence whom Anderson has employed as a fix-it man. It happens that Anderson is a close friend of Treasurer Paul Keating. Not only does Keating stay as a guest in his luxury houses but there are business transactions between them. At the same time Anderson, who is under investigation by the Tax Department, does a favorable deal involving millions of dollars with the department. When Anderson is charged with carrying a loaded pistol into and out of the country, Keating provides him with a good character reference. We publish the story and it is ignored by the rest of the press. I would think that if this was happening in the US — I mean, here's Gary Hart going in and out of some place with a woman and that's a major issue — if this was in the US it would have been a major issue but the Press Gallery simply ignored it, with one or two exceptions where Keating was asked some questions and he refused to answer them. It just didn't become an issue. I still believe it's good getting things on the public record, but unless other journalists take a story up and pursue it, you can become a voice in the wilderness. I find that very depressing because it seems to reflect that the more powerfully connected the people you're writing about, the less other journalists are prepared to pursue it. If you're writing an expose about someone like Robert Trimbole, or even Roger Rogerson — the single criminal or corrupt detective, so it's reasonably easy to handle — then it'll get taken up. And I can only say that this is the view I've formed from experience.

Penthouse: You're casting all this as something of a mystery, but surely . . .

Bacon: It's not a mystery. But I think the explanations for it are not really simple either. I don't think it's as simple as saying that Peter Abeles or Warren Anderson can exert enough influence to control the whole of the Australian press. I mean, it's been shown that it's not that simple by the fact that we did manage to get those stories in the Fairfax press. Now, I don't know what happens — whether journalists or editors almost subconsciously absorb what is going to be appropriate for them to do, what they will win points for doing, what they won't win points for doing . . . You *don't* win points for asking questions about Sir Peter Abeles. He happens to be the Prime Minister's closest friend — a person who gave a lot of favors and assistance to Bob Hawke before he became the PM; he had a relationship with both [former NSW Premiers] Bob Askin and Neville Wran; he has a large number of associates on a

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variety of NSW boards; he has special railway concessions — all of which we've documented in the *National Times*. Obviously he does have a lot of influence and power. That doesn't necessarily mean he gets on the phone and says: "No-one is to follow up that story." I think it's more subtle than that. That's not to say that he *doesn't* get people to get on the phone and try and put the pressure on, but that isn't the sole explanation. There's the economic reality of possible withdrawal of advertising. Then, in the case of Abeles, he's connected with Rupert Murdoch, who owns a large slice of the press. The Murdoch press simply ignores critical stories about Abeles. Abeles is also in business with Packer in a smaller way — and the Packer press has also ignored the stories. And where the subject, as in the case of Abeles, has such extraordinary political contacts, there is the fear he may exert some influence in government decisions about media ownership.

Penthouse: Obviously there must be a lack of will on the journalistic side as well.

Bacon: One of the things that's happened is that the majority of journalists have tended traditionally to favor the Labor Party. Now, it happens that the Labor Party, both in NSW and federally, has become the Establishment — and as they've become the Establishment, their peers in the media — the editors, middle management and senior journalists — have become very powerful people, and I think that has an influence. There are exceptions. I don't want to suggest that no other journalists are prepared to take it up, but certainly I think most aren't; I think journalists are aware that if you create too much trouble . . . Perhaps in the end it's a question of which side your bread's buttered on.

Penthouse: This is a real Banana Republic scenario, isn't it?

Bacon: Well, very few journalists will risk talking publicly about the pressures which operate on them. It's almost regarded as talking about trade secrets. Recently the issue of media bias was raised and they all came out and declared their independence. With a few exceptions like Brian Toohey, they protect each other. No-one asks anyone else an awkward question . . . like "Would you publish critical material on your owner?" Employment options are so narrow in the Australian media, everyone is nervous.

Penthouse: Your own career would be a pretty daunting example of what can happen to journos who don't toe the line, wouldn't it?

Bacon: Well, I don't think it *helps*. Most people wouldn't like to be attacked the way I've been attacked personally. I guess because of my past, because I didn't get admitted to the bar and before that I'd been involved in political protests, I'm a bit more prepared for attacks. I've got certain defences. But to your average journalist — well, some of them are incredibly upset by what's said about *me*; if it happened to them they'd be horrified. Perhaps we will be wrong and maybe in the *Times On Sunday* there will be more exposes about powerful people — because it *doesn't* depend on just five journalists; there are still others out there trying to do it, I *know* there are. But you have to face facts — look at what's happened to the *National Times*. In *Australian Society* recently there was an article called "The Death Of The Times." It's been ignored in the mainstream press so it's becoming very important to have a smaller independent press. If we're reading about the fact that a newspaper which was making and breaking a lot of headlines seems to have changed its character dramatically, there should be questions asked, questions about political censorship: "Is it a form of political censorship?"

> Unless there's a major investigation into the NSW ALP, you'll never get to the core of the corruption in NSW

Penthouse: Well, is it? David Bowman in the *Australian Society* article suggested the pressure was on Fairfax to come to terms with Hawke and Keating in order to protect its adventure of buying Channel 7 Melbourne. It's known by insiders that both Robert Haupt (until recently editor of the *Times On Sunday*) and Brian Toohey quit the paper over an executive decision not to publish Toohey's piece "The Death of Labor", in which Toohey was very critical of Hawke and Keating. The killing of that story came a couple of weeks after a reported meeting between Keating and Fairfax managing editor Max Suich. Is this the level at which Fairfax now operates?

Bacon: Although I don't know all the events at first hand, I'm afraid it does seem to be the way Fairfax now operates. Why didn't they publish that article? There's got to be an explanation. I know that both Hawke and Keating have spoken at various stages to senior people in the Fairfax press about that. We know that Brian Toohey — the person still regarded by many as the best journalist in Australia — was effectively driven out of the Fairfax press; we also know that Keating was *extremely* angry and intended to do something to both Brian Toohey and myself; and we hear that there have been meetings and conversations with Fairfax executives. So why hasn't any journalist rung those executives — Max Suich and Chris Anderson [Editor-in-Chief of the *Times On Sunday*] — and asked them questions? Again, it all ends up in self-censorship by journalists.

Penthouse: According to Canberra sources of *Inside Media*, Keating responded to the story you wrote on his relationship with Anderson by confiding to intimates: "Don't they realise it's a jungle out there, and I'm a tiger? The only way to get a tiger is to shoot it here (fingering the centre of his forehead). Those fools hardly hit me." It seems that's reality, doesn't it?

Bacon: We could have hit him harder. But we raised serious questions and he knows that. The fact that there was almost no follow-up on that article, left Keating in a more powerful position than he should have been, and I think that happens to be reality in Australia today, which is a pretty grim prospect. I mean, Anderson has built these New World shopping centres all over Australia, he's had very good deals out of councils . . . How far do you go in giving special treatment and concessions to businessmen before it becomes like the crony capitalism they all seemed to find so appalling in the Philippines? Where do you cross that line? The penny dropped for me when no-one took up that story; I realised that different standards were being applied to that story than any other story we'd ever written. So it is reality, and Keating is a tiger. He's been weaned on the right wing of the ALP, he knows every nasty trick there is, and he's not going to forgive us for that. I'm sure at the moment they're laughing — Hawke and Keating and Abeles and Anderson and Rogerson and all sorts of people are laughing because one particular thorn in their side — the *National Times* — has been removed, but I think now that Brian Toohey's new magazine is out they won't be laughing for too long. The question then becomes: Can it get distributed? Because that scene is also dominated by a few owners.

Penthouse: Let's look at another angle. What about the "good behavior bond" arising from your report of the in-camera Senate Committee hearing into the illegal tapes? It seems that in the context of what we've just been discussing, that attempt to gag the Fairfax press was successful. Was it?

Bacon: I don't really think that had anything to do with it. Fairfax stood up very strongly in the Senate on that issue. With the *National Times*, marketing problems also come into it. It's true that the *National Times* wasn't doing brilliantly well in terms of money. So people can say it's business reasons. On the other hand it's not doing any better now, even though there's a lot more money being invested in it. So I think the answer to your question is yes, it has been gagged. But "gagging" suggests there's been a single act where someone's walked in and said: "You've got to stop now", and that isn't what happened. But certainly, stories aren't getting written that were getting written a year ago. It's interesting that the Lionel Murphy case, which was pursued very vigorously by the rest of the Fairfax press and by quite a large part of the other press — why were the allegations about Murphy's role in fixing a court case considered any more newsworthy and dramatic than the major transport employer of Australia doing renovations for a trade union official's house? After all, Norm Gallagher went to jail for much less. I mean, George Herscu wasn't allowed to have the NSW casino because he'd paid secret commissions. That was worthy of a federal/state Royal Commission. *But* with the Transport Workers Union, even though they found circumstantial evidence — they admit that — in relation to one union official, there's no inquiry set up, nobody mentions it, nobody criticises it in the rest of the press. So the practical reality is that *something has stopped*. All the reasons *why* it's stopped are more difficult to put your finger on. You've got various things going on at the one time.

Penthouse: Including the fact that people in powerful positions really were getting hurt.

Bacon: Yes. Marian Wilkinson pursued the [former NSW Minister for Corrective Services Rex] Jackson case, and in fact it was questions she put in one night which led to Jackson's resignation. And it's *true* that if the *National Times* hadn't published [Clarrie Briese's] in camera evidence before the Senate Select Committee [on Lionel Murphy], the whole thing would have been covered up. Then there's Roger Rogerson. If I hadn't published the evidence about [Detective Drury's] dying declaration that led to Rogerson being charged with attempted bribery — okay, he got off that one, but once he did they knew they had to get him internally through the disciplinary procedures, so there's Rogerson. Then there's Foord. David Marr wrote a lot of articles about Foord, and so did I to some extent, and Foord stopped the Judicial Commission by resigning but he's no longer a judge . . . Chief Magistrate Murray Farquhar actually went to jail — he was the only one — as a result of something *Four Corners* did . . . So some of these things were certainly hitting home. An unusual thing was happening. Maybe some of the other people we were writing about thought we were getting into dangerous territory — because for every fact we did publish there was more information we were working on. I think the turning point was when Brian Toohey published a long article about Kerry Packer. It took weeks and weeks to get the go-ahead for that story. To me the lesson to be learned is that the most tricky toes to tread on are those of powerful businessmen, particularly media owners. It may sound paranoid, but I think there is an unwritten pact that they don't embarrass each other.

Penthouse: In his attack on you and Fairfax, the former Judge Williams suggested you had maliciously created an "enormous fraud" to the effect that the judiciary of NSW was rotten to the core. How shocked would ordinary people be if they knew as much as you do about the workings of the police force and the judicial system?

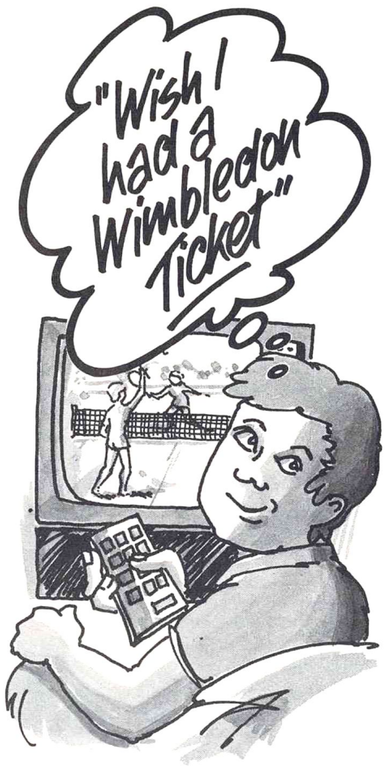
Bacon: Most people who've had any or much contact with the police or who know someone who's been in jail would know that there is *extremely* widespread corruption in the NSW Police Force. There are some people who really have a belief in our institutions and really don't want to believe that someone went to jail on fabricated evidence. Those people would be shocked. With the judicial system, it's actually not that widespread. There's always been the odd judge or magistrate who can be paid. People have always paid lawyers on the understanding they'll get results, and they do get results, without knowing precisely where the money goes. In 1974 a friend of mine gave about $30,000 to a Sydney solicitor on the understanding that certain people would get their passports back and that's what happened. So there's always been an assumption that it happens . . . amongst those who have regular contact with the system.

Penthouse: So when Judge Williams says he's "never even heard of a judge being offered or accepting a bribe, let alone known one who did", do you think he is being naive or lying?

Bacon: I think a lot of judges don't want to know. It's always been possible for judges to go out and look inside jails — there are special provisions for that — and they just don't go. Judges really do want to put themselves in ivory towers. I don't know if Williams is that naive or not, but with a lot of judges I think they just prefer not to know. Another good example is the building game. When I did that story I didn't talk to anyone in the building industry, from managing directors of property companies down to welding contractors, who said there wasn't *massive* corruption in the industry. And there's a mounting suspicion about the reasons why people get tenders. I don't know that people are all that naive. It's only those who've had relatively sheltered middle class existences who'd be shocked.

Penthouse: The media have been making much of NSW Police Commissioner Avery's determination to clean up the force. At the same time the NSW Judicial Commission has been established in the face of concerted opposition. Premier

Continued on page 110



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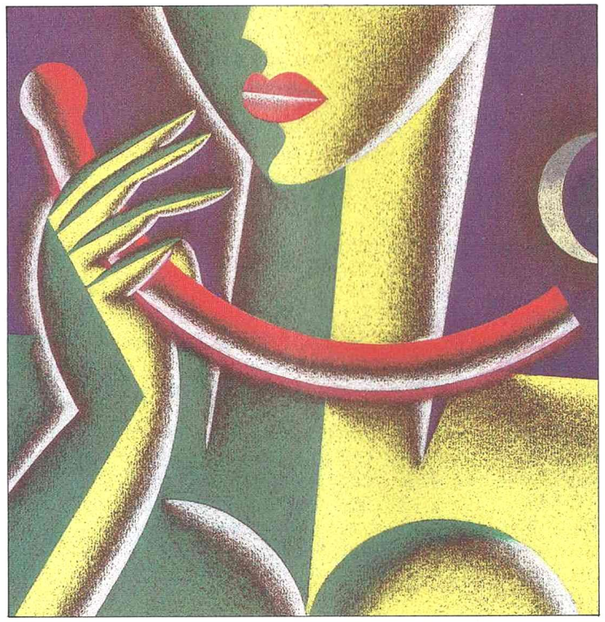
> The fact is, true, unselfish love is about as rare as rocking-horse shit on this planet

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

Forbidden fruit

I'm 27 years old and have been married to my wife for four years. We have no children, which in the situation I am about to tell you, is a fortunate thing. About two months ago, I went to a party at a friend's house. My wife didn't attend with me, because she really doesn't enjoy parties. While at this party, I ran into a beautiful blonde woman named Lynn. It was not the first time that I'd met her (I'd secretly lusted after her months beforehand), but it was the first time that we were officially introduced.



Lynn and I struck up a conversation that lasted for most of the evening. At the end of the party, she hinted that she didn't have a ride home, and I readily offered her the services of my car. When I dropped her off in front of her house, she asked me in for a beer. After she got me the drink, she checked on her two children (she is divorced) and then came back downstairs to accompany me on the couch. After talking for about 30 minutes, I couldn't stand it any longer — I grabbed her, gave her the tightest hug, picked her up, and carried her up the stairs.

I laid Lynn gently on the bed and we both removed our clothes. I began by sucking on her beautiful tits, and worked my way down past her stomach, gently sucking, licking, and biting her soft skin. I finally got down to her dripping wet pussy, and lapped up her sweet love juices.

After exploring each other's bodies more thoroughly, each time trying different positions and feeling new feelings, I finally mounted her. It was an incredible experience, and as soon as I entered her, I knew that this was no ordinary fuck or one-night stand. I reluctantly returned to my wife later that evening, feeling exhilarated and guilty at the same time.

Ever since that night, Lynn and I have been seeing each other. The problem is that my love for my wife is diminishing, while my love for Lynn grows stronger each day. Although I still have sex with my wife, it is becoming a charade, and I feel worse about it every time we are intimate with each other.

I can't get my mind off Lynn. She is everything that I love and admire in a woman. We are so in tune with each other, much more that I ever was with my wife. I am seriously thinking about getting a divorce from my current wife, and would like to know how to approach the subject.

Also, I am apprehensive about a step like that — it might be a wrong turn to take. I am sure about my feelings for Lynn; if I didn't love her, I wouldn't say it. What should I do? — *P.R.*

"Love" is a heavy word when chucked incautiously into an ordinary conversation, and it tends to produce the same negative reaction as using the word God in a cocktail lounge, or sex at the vicar's tea party. Almost every good Aussie concludes a phone conversation with a close relative by saying "I love you," but it is usually mumbled quickly and is really just another way of saying good-bye.

When a man says "I love you" to a woman, it usually means either that he wants her to do something for him (like have sex with him) or that he is apologising for something he feels he should not have done (like having sex with someone else). But being complicated creatures, we women start to feel insecure if our men do not declare their love at frequent and regular intervals. When a woman says "I love you" to a man, it probably means that she has decided to grant him the privilege of spending slightly more than his salary on giving her a beautiful home, fathering her children, and generally keeping her in the manner to which she would like to be accustomed.

This may sound like a cynical assessment of humankind's most sublime emotion, but the fact is, true, unselfish love is about as rare as rocking-horse shit on this planet. Even the love that a mother has for her children is usually a desire to keep them healthy, away from danger, and to see them embark on a successful career as a dentist or dietician. Whether or not they are happy is a very unimportant consideration.

In a lot of cases when someone like yourself says, "I love her and she says she loves me," the statement is therapy against the agony of being "in love." In its most severe form, this is a painful and sometimes terminal sickness, for which no-one has found a successful cure. The patient suffers hot flashes and moments of extreme happiness, followed by acute depressions, and the only treatment is to be as close to the object of his or her passion as he or she can, preferably as deep as possible in the other's body. Sometimes these powerful feelings last for eternity, but usually they wear off after a bit, allowing the victim to resume his or her normal activities until another godlike being pops up out of nowhere and it happens all over again.

The condition of being "in love" has such a disastrous effect on work output, economic growth, national security etc, that some bright guy in the dawn of history invented marriage, the idea being a sort of inoculation against falling in love more than once in a lifetime. Now, for the more susceptible members of society, we have invented divorce, and a lot of us fall regularly in and out of love without the benefit of a contractual obligation.

Reducing your letter to its simplest terms, you are bored with your wife after four years — although the only fault she has is that she is not into parties — and as she has no children, you don't have any complicated decisions to make about leaving her. She is the only person who is likely to get hurt, and as you are in love with Lynn, your wife is only getting about ten percent of what you have to give emotionally. Lynn, on the other hand, has two kids, so if you settle down with her, the responsibility would be considerably greater, as you will be required to become an instant father as well as a lover. As you barely mention Lynn's children as a factor in your relationship with her, this may be something you haven't even thought of. When the fun wears off in about four years you are going to have a lot more problems to shoulder.

The fact that you are asking me for advice suggests that you are very uncertain of your true feelings. My suggestion is to carry on as you are, without confessing your infidelities to your wife. I get the feeling that the forbidden-fruit aspect is more exciting to you than the love angle, so try and keep your wife happy before you get yourself into the position of making a decision that you might regret later.

Love story

After my first divorce, I had four children that I saw on weekends, a small house, and a fairly convenient life. The only thing that was missing was a romantic interest. That was until I met Sarah.

I met Sarah and her daughter quite a few years ago, through an arrest I made. I busted her husband for armed robbery. He left them without any money or a place to live. Sarah was beautiful and sexy and also 14 years younger than me. My heart really went out to them, and I gave them a room, food, and a small salary. In exchange, Sarah cooked and kept after my house. For a long time our relationship was totally platonic, but that soon changed.

One night I came home to find Sarah's daughter asleep for the evening, and Sarah in her room, reading a book. She complained to me that her back ached, and asked would I mind rubbing it for her. I sat on the bed and rubbed her back. We were obviously both aroused, and the rubbing led to kissing and so on. Our night of lovemaking turned into the best that I ever had.

After that passionate evening, Sarah and I became lovers, and the three of us lived together blissfully for two years as a family. That was until her husband got out of jail, promising to go straight. By coincidence, my ex-wife re-entered my life, begging me to come home so we could try to be a family again. Both Sarah and I reluctantly went our separate ways — more for the welfare of our children rather than ourselves.

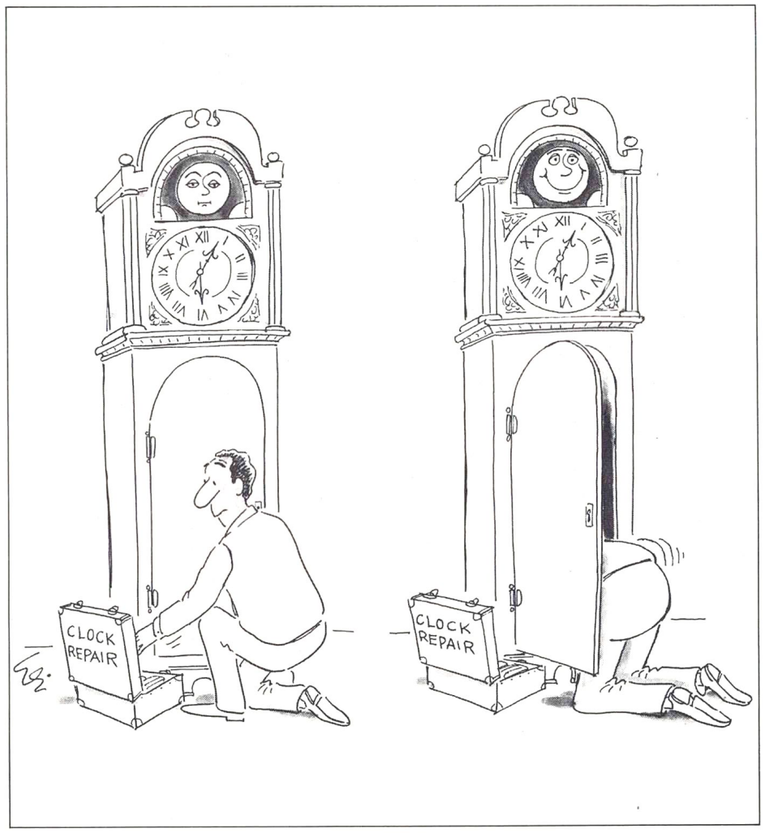
As it turned out, my marriage to my ex-wife only lasted another three years, and Sarah's husband passed away during that time. Xaviera, do you think I'd have the slightest chance of Sarah still loving me as I still do love her? I would give anything to correct the mistake that we made and to commit myself to her. — *F.D.*

I suspect that you have gotten yourself worked up into such a complicated state of mind over Sarah's feelings for you that you now find it hard to separate fact from fantasy.

The age difference between you and Sarah is totally unimportant, as it didn't seem to matter while you were living with her. Now she is quite a lot older, so unless you have become senile in the meantime, forget about it. You will be closer now than before.

I cannot see what your problem is. Sarah is free, and still presumably has a fatherless daughter to care for. Your kids must be almost grown up by now, but in any case, you are also unrestricted by any legal or moral ties, so what are you waiting for?

Phone her and tell you are coming to see her no matter what she says, and even if you have to travel from one side of the continent to the other, get your sweet be-



XAVIERA

hind moving toward the girl you love. Believe me, she will be glad to see you, and I am prepared to bet heavily that she loves and needs you just as much as you want her. You are obviously both crazy idealists, you are a law-enforcement officer, and each of you desperately tried to make a go of disastrous marriages; so give each other a chance by realising that you are probably made for each other.

Young lover

My dilemma lies in my inability to get off while having sex. I'm not saying that I'm totally incapable of orgasm; but at least 80 percent of the time, I am unable to come. I am a 20-year-old male with an eight-inch prick, but because of my situation, this does not impress me. I've only been with about 15 women in my life, but I've been told that I am a good lover. When I do make love, I get a great ego rush in that I am getting my partner off, but the downer is that I can't get off myself.

Maybe my problem lies in that I am so obsessed with my partner's needs that I forget my own. What really makes me feel bad is that when I am getting head, I still don't come. Of course, this makes whoever I am with feel inadequate, and the whole night is ruined. I really feel like a pain in the arse.

Should I acquire a new attitude toward sex? Your insight would be greatly appreciated. — *J.C.*

One of the least admirable attributes of our way of life is our preoccupation with size. "Super," "hyper," "jumbo," "colossal," "gigantic," "the greatest story ever told," and so forth, are all applied to everything from the Second World War to a 30-second TV commercial; but if you think about it, in most cases bigger is not necessarily better. The bigger the parking lot, the farther you have to walk. The bigger the plane, the longer it takes to get on and off it or to get your luggage afterward. And the bigger the cock, the fewer the vaginas it will fit into comfortably.

So you are not impressed with your eight-inch dong. Nor am I, but this is because it is the luck of the draw and there is nothing you can do to change its size. A while ago, I was in a game reserve in Kenya and I saw an elephant's erect penis. I was impressed, but I had no desire to get any closer to it, as it appeared to be about the size of my whole body. The great advantage we have over elephants is that we can make our sexual contact last much longer than theirs. Lovemaking should not be a hundred-dash to orgasm, but a slow gentle exploration of each other's bodies, and the more time it takes, the more wonderful it is.

At age 20, you are still sexually in first grade, but don't worry about it, as it sounds to me as if you are doing great. If you get maximum pleasure out of giving pleasure, you have no worries. You will find out, however, that certain partners will excite you more than others, as everyone is differently made. Sooner or later, you will meet the pussy that is so perfectly shaped to fit your cock that you will find it difficult not to come almost immediately.

When I am sixty-nining or giving head in any position, I find it very exciting to watch my man masturbate at the same time, as long as he doesn't knock my teeth out with his knuckles. If he is new to me and I don't know his preferences (like I said, everyone is different), he can show me just what titillates him most, and this way we can time our orgasms so that we both come at the same moment. In any case, a woman who is being well satisfied sexually rarely feels inadequate; but if you experiment on yourself while masturbating alone, you can find out exactly what provokes your orgasms, and then a short course of instruction should provide your partner with the necessary skill and knowledge of your erogenous patches to play an arpeggio on your skin flute culminating in high C, the big O, or any other letter in the sexual alphabet.

Curious couple

I am a small-town businessman and my wife Diane is a schoolteacher nearby. I have subscribed to *Penthouse* for many years, and sometimes both Diane and I look at it together, even while we are making love.

I would like to describe my wife to you. She is a very petite woman with slim thighs, a nice behind, and enormous breasts. She has long brown hair that hangs down her back. She also shaves her pussy daily, and she loves to fuck. Diane is a sight to behold; she is a very beautiful girl.

We have never been involved in anything really kinky. One time Diane did a nude photo session, with the photographer becoming highly aroused by her magnificent body. The pictures are quite beautiful, and we consider it a special intimacy that we alone shared together. That was the only thing we did that was a little different — that is, until now.

One night both Diane and I were flipping through the pages of a recent issue of *Penthouse*. One of the pictorials was a man and a woman making love. It aroused the both of us so much that we began our own sexual tryst, fantasising that we were the couple portrayed in the pictorial. After a highly satisfactory fucking session, I teased Diane about her fantasy of making it with the attractive male model in the pictorial. But she really hit me with a shocker when she admitted that she wasn't thinking about the male but the gorgeous young female in the layout. I was floored, but intrigued. I never realised that Diane harbored such feelings. Anyway, in short, it got me quite excited.

After many discussions we decided that we would like to try a threesome with another woman. We have no idea where to start, Xaviera, and we need your advice. Should we consider a prostitute, or advertise? We look forward to reading your reply. — *T.P.*

A few years ago I was approached by the editor of a Dutch magazine who wanted me to write an article about sexual relationships on holidays. It all started quite simply, but it escalated into a big production, and even my lover was roped into giving his opinions from the male point of view. We ended up with a lot of material that, although the title remained the same ("Erotiek op Vakantie"), should really have been called: "How To Get Laid On Vacation If You Are Dutch And Not Particularly Good-Looking."

We explored every aspect of getting to know people, and we came up with various fancy new techniques, such as dumping your own purchases in a supermarket into someone else's unattended cart (one belonging to an attractive member of the opposite sex, of course). Certainly, the traditional methods still apply, especially the singles bar, because in such a place, even if one attempts to disguise one's intentions with "Let's go back to my place and watch The Muppet Show, *" whoever you talk to knows what you are really after.*

In our yuppie society, we are increasingly accustomed to services taking some of the load off our lives. But when we get into private erotic games, I think it is more fun to throw the rule book out the window and play it by ear. The excitement of a sexual encounter starts with the first sight of your potential partner. I suggest that both of you keep your eyes open for a likely candidate, and as soon as you spot her you can plan a joint campaign to capture her and carry her off to your lair. The hunt, even if unsuccessful, should be almost as stimulating as the final consummation of your sexual passions.

As Diane is interested in a new encounter, maybe a good way to set the ball rolling would be for her to join a local aerobics class. The sight of her magnificent boobs bouncing around might well capture the interest of a horny classmate. Another suggestion might be advertising in some contact magazine. If you don't mind paying for it, an attractive prostitute may just suit your fantasies, as long as she really takes her time and has a real interest in her work.

New horizons

Over the past few months, my wife and I have become really great fans of *Penthouse* magazine, especially your column. The letters from the readers have turned our sex life into a more pleasurable one, in that we like to try out some of the sexual escapades that others are obviously doing. Also, your column has enabled us to be open and free in regard to our sexual fantasies.

Tracy, my wife, knows that I dearly love oral sex (both performing and receiving). One night, some time ago, she told me that I always ate her cunt before we had sex and never afterward. She described how turned on she got just thinking of me eating her right after I filled her with my come. Since Tracy never turned down my suggestions, I quickly obliged her wishes. After some hot lovemaking, my head was between her legs fulfilling her fantasy. I also enjoyed it, and now it has become a fairly regular part of our lovemaking. I'd like to know if this is healthy and safe, because I do it quite often.

Tracy and I still have a few fantasies that we would like to participate in. We'd like to know your opinion of our sexual practices. — *S.J.*

Swallowing the semen is not harmful, unless the man who produces it has AIDS — if a lady thinks that may be the case, it is wiser not to have any sexual relations with him at all. Some people love to swallow sperm, and find the taste, the smell, and everything about it a tremendous turn-on. They are happy to have it squirted over their tits, in their hair (pubic or otherwise), and on their faces. Incidentally, it is wise to keep it out of your eyes, as it stings abominably. Other people, however sexually inclined, just don't like it in their mouth, and a lot of men can't handle the taste of sperm, whether it is their own or someone else's.

Making love should be a wonderful, shared experience, so if one of the partners actively loathes some aspect of what the other considers to be normal sexual relations, it is wrong to try and force them to like it, as it might put them off sex altogether.

At my last New Year's Eve party, a group of guests organised a mini-orgy in a spare bedroom without my knowledge. When the party was finally breaking up, my boyfriend kissed one of the female orgiasts good night; then when she had gone, he came over to me, his mouth pursed up as if he had eaten a sour lemon, and said digustedly, "Her mouth was full of some nameless guy's come!"

Fantasy sex is a tremendous thrill on special occasions, but if it takes hold of you so that you become a sort of sexual junkie and are only turned on by the sight of your lady flashing her depilated beaver at a passing Martian, it becomes as monotonous as eating all your meals in the same fancy restaurant day after day. It sounds like a great idea, but finally you get a craving for home cooking.

In sexual terms, the spice that adds that special flavor is, of course, variety, and it is refreshing to get a letter like yours, from two people who are having a ball trying out new things.

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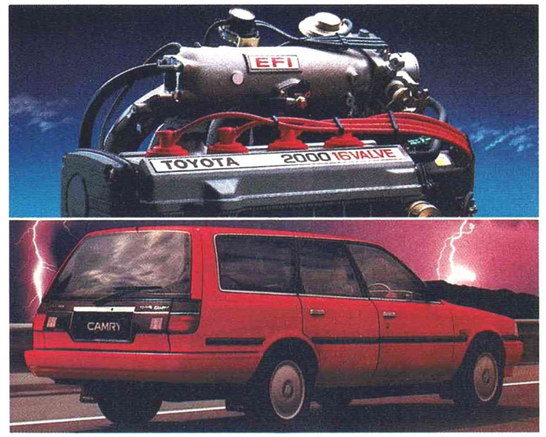

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Then they'll soon jog your memory.

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*Department of Resources and Energy, Canberra. AS2877.

INTERVIEW

Continued from page 103

Barrie Unsworth's tremendous rise in popularity suggests the public is buying the idea that NSW has turned the corner on corruption. Should they be buying it?

Bacon: I think regarding the police force they should be buying it to a certain extent, but they should be cautious. Unsworth has adopted a different style from Wran. It got to the stage where Wran was just so arrogant and so hostile that obviously the public were suspicious if only because of that. Unsworth wants a different image, but an interesting thing is that in the last session of the NSW Parliament two different corruption cases were raised. One was Botany Council. The other case was the TWU case involving Harry Quinn. They found there was circumstantial evidence of corruption in the TWU but there's going to be no inquiry in NSW. What's interesting about those cases is that they both involve the right wing of the NSW ALP. That's Unsworth's hunting ground; that's where he comes from; that's what he knows. I think the fact that he hasn't been prepared to take up either of those cases will in the end destroy his "new image." As far as the Police Department goes, I think the credit there, if any, should go to John Avery. He has always been a straight copper, and I think under him they've certainly weakened the strength of the corrupt police in the CIB. But they're still there.

Penthouse: Is there any logic in the police saying: "Last year through Internal Affairs inquiries we nailed 70 police with corruption charges and this year only 25, so therefore the force is much less corrupt now"?

Bacon: No, no logic at all. Exactly. And there's been less publicity about corruption, less pressure on them. Look, you can be sure there's plenty of corrupt detectives left in NSW, but certainly they feel less confident than they used to. I mean, five years ago they could virtually do what they liked. They were organising armed robberies, selling heroin ... So I think they've been weakened. But really, unless there is a major investigation into the NSW ALP, going right to the bottom of the Enmore Conspiracy case, right to the bottom of the Love Boat business, you'll never get to the core of corruption in NSW. I happen to believe that at least some of the photos that Virginia Perger talked about do exist. I was one of the people who originally thought they didn't exist. But you've only got to look at what happened in the Love Boat inquiry. We do have an investigation into the Enmore case, but that's a very understaffed, under-resourced affair that could go on all year. I've talked to people who've seen the Love Boat photos and the interesting thing is that [former business partner of Abe Saffron] Jim Anderson mentioned them quite independently to another journalist long before Virginia Perger even made her allegations, so there's corroborative evidence as well. My own view is that no government is going to have a real investigation into itself; the truth is not going to be exposed while the Labor Party is in power. Actually what happened to David Halpin [the journalist who originally publicised the Love Boat allegations] is a good example of what we're all up against. I think pressure was brought to bear on Perger, some money was paid, she changed her plea, and suddenly the focus is on Halpin and everyone is vilifying him. I think in the end he'll be proved right.

Penthouse: When people think of corruption in Australia — police, judicial and governmental — they tend to think of NSW and Queensland. Is that fair?

Bacon: I think it would be interesting to have more of a look at Western Australia. I think of Queensland, NSW and possibly

> "Wran complained when I sent him questions about Bill Waterhouse. His press secretary said that from then on my questions would be thrown in the bin"

Western Australia. I certainly think there's less in Victoria and South Australia. Tasmania I don't know enough about to comment on. An interesting thing about NSW is that the NSW ALP never split the way it did in Victoria, and the traditional Catholic Right has always held sway in NSW, so you've got that long, long tradition of working class corruption linked with politics that eventually became part of much bigger stakes in the Sixties when international criminal forces and the heroin trade started moving into Australia. To that has to be added the very long-term police corruption. Judicially, I think NSW again has a history of corrupt lawyers going right back to the 19th Century — lawyers who've operated virtually around and with the police — and that's been a very fertile ground for legal corruption. I would think there's something similar happening in Queensland, but not on nearly the same scale.

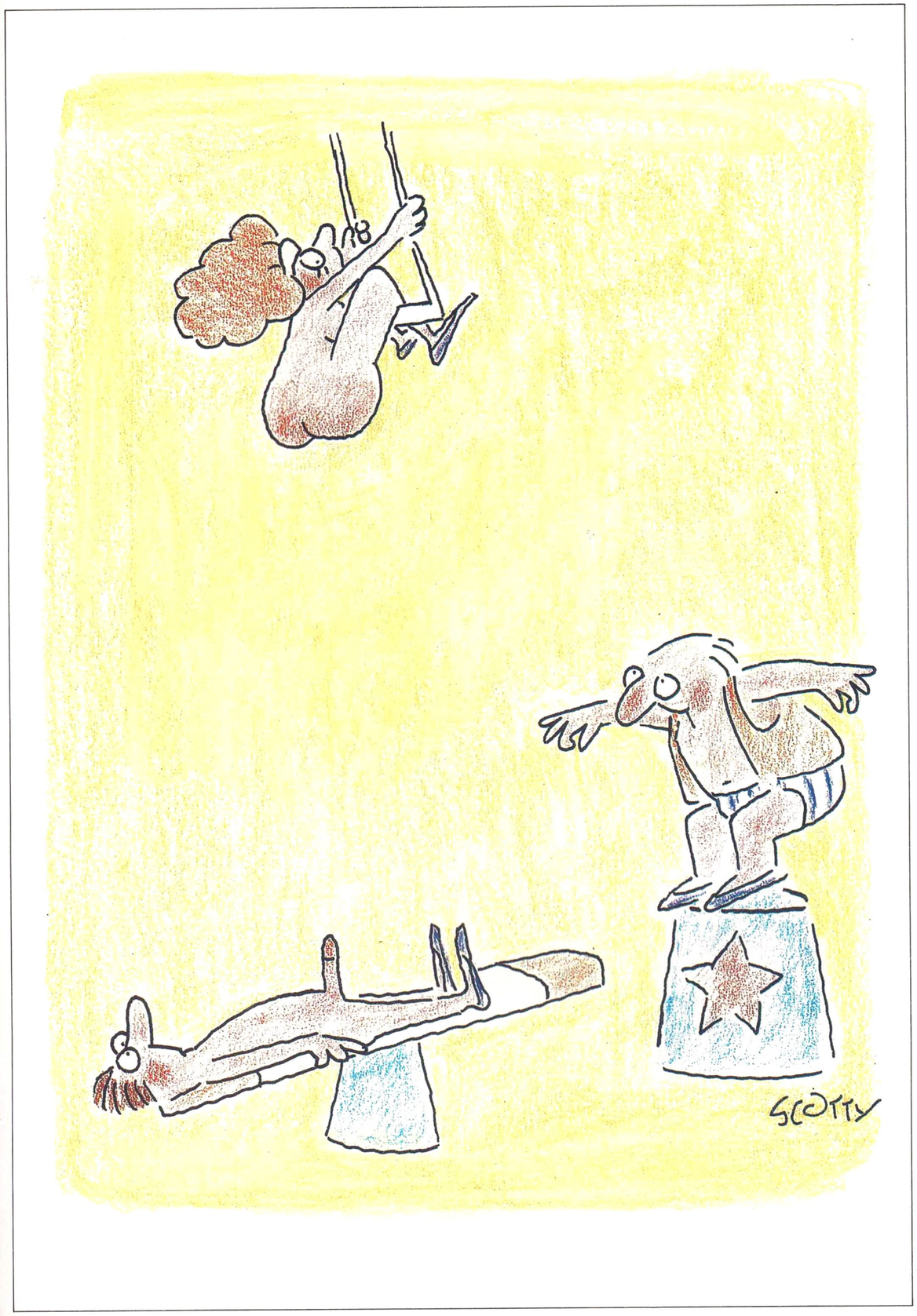
Penthouse: Then again, given the nonsensical way in which the Queensland Government dismisses allegations of corruption, how would we ever know how corrupt that state is?

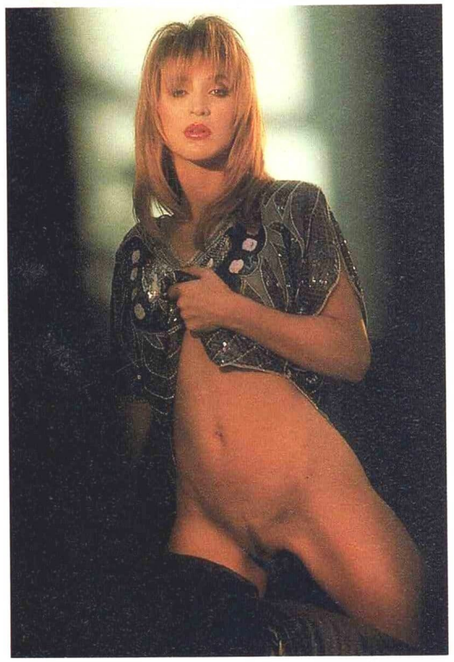
Bacon: I think that's true. The Queensland Government has been much more effective in dealing with corruption allegations than the NSW Government. Somehow they've gotten away with appealing to the anti-intellectual element in Queensland with their oafish jokes, and the people have been prepared to buy it. They've gotten away with a fair bit in NSW, but not as much. I think one of the real turning points in NSW was the Big League program on *Four Corners*. While I think the Street Royal Commission [resulting from that program] was in itself a whitewash, it really put corruption in NSW on the agenda ... but perhaps only on the agenda for two years. I don't think it's been determined yet whether that momentum will continue. For instance, at the *National Times* we tried to put corruption in the property game on the agenda, and it didn't gather any momentum at all. I'd like to add that my whole interest in the criminal justice system isn't just focussed on corruption. One of my great disappointments with the NSW Government is that they still haven't removed the fabrication of police records of interview. I think the major *effect* of corruption is that, as you can see in the case of the NSW Government, it paralyses all attempts at reform. Because of the paranoia of so many Labor Party politicians — someone's got something on them or they're covering for someone else or they've done some sort of deal — they end up with this incredibly cautious mentality. I feel the atmosphere that goes along with corruption — the business of dealing behind closed doors — eventually evolves into a whole style of government, and I think that's one reason why there's been so little reform, particularly in the legal area. Corruption and lack of reform are inexorably linked. So people still go to jail because they can't afford to pay fines, and because police are still fabricating records of interview.

Penthouse: How do you respond to the criticism that you have indulged in "smear and innuendo"? Do you refrain from making "connections" unless you believe a criminal activity is involved, even if you can't prove it?

Bacon: "Criminal activity" is too narrow. I don't think the laws of evidence in a criminal trial should be the test for what you decide to print. For example, you might be profiling someone, painting a picture of how he uses his influence — as in the case of "fix-it man" on the North Coast who I recently wrote an article about — to get certain things done. As you're doing that, you might pick out an association with another person who has a particular criminal record. I certainly wouldn't go around mentioning people's criminal records unless I thought it added something to the story. But there is a feeling that the test of everything should be whether you can prove someone is committing a criminal offence. This idea was first raised, I think,

Continued on page 134





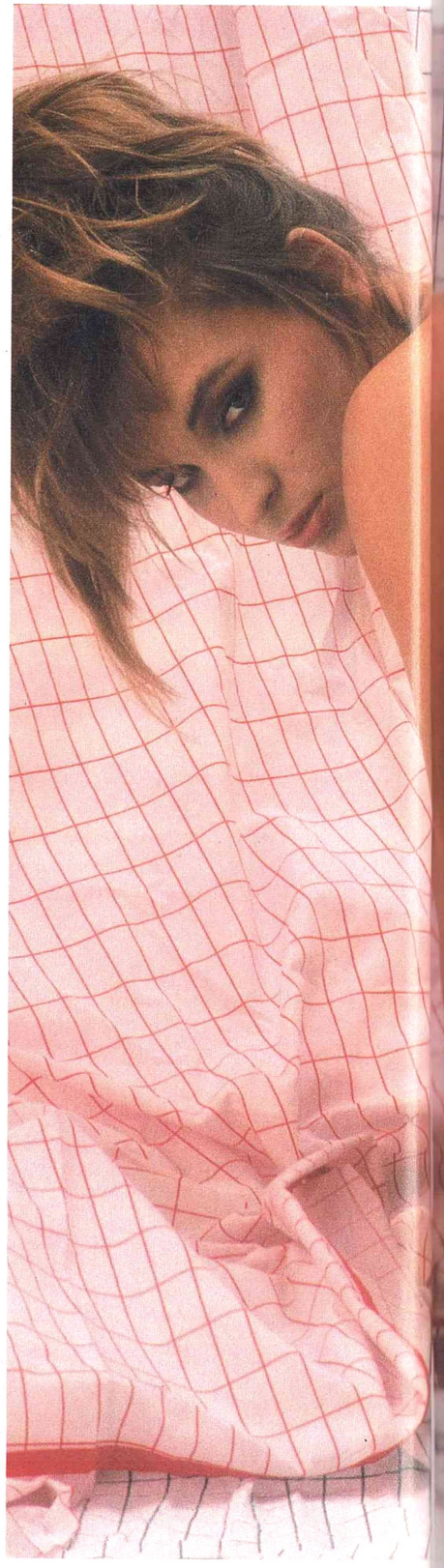
SLICE OF HEAVEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Beautiful Stephanie McQueen is 20, single, and making the most of every minute. She has no trouble pointing to the factors which make her so comfortable in her own company. "That's because I feel so good about myself — and so good within myself . . ."

Quite the philosopher, Stephanie counts herself among the New Age Aquarian school of thought. "But there can't be peace, love, and goodwill towards all men until you learn to love yourself — even *like* yourself. This is what I practise."

"I think some people have themselves on a bit, convincing themselves that all they need in life to be happy is for Mr or Mrs Right to bowl in. They want to be rescued, or something. Of course, that's okay . . . but it wastes time." Stephanie's voice lowers to a whisper. "And it mightn't ever happen . . ."



NATIVE

Continued from page 53

The man who had been slicing the grass with the machete stood by the gate, holding one of the dogs on a leash. Through the windows he could see the housemaid holding her cheek. I realised she was his wife. She wasn't crying. Her mistress cried silently.

He opened the gate, holding the dog back.

I walked. The night sucked up around me. Total and black. There was no sound. Light appeared through the darkness, at about eye-level. It danced and shimmered. I realised it was the light of fire-flies. I kept walking. The road was a vague whiteness that led me on.

The headlights came up behind me, outlining each stone on the road, throwing long shadows that rushed out to join my own giant's shadow. Then all the shadows began to shrink. The white light grew more yellow. I could hear the vehicle's motor. I turned to look back and it stopped.

The yellow-white headlights were fixed on me. I shielded my eyes and walked to the vehicle. It was a small Toyota truck.

"Hullo," I said, into the light. "Can you give me a lift back to town?"

There was no answer. I moved around the lights' arcs and found the occupants.

Even in the middle of the night they still wore the black wrap-around sunglasses. I stepped away from them, and my heels were sucked into mud. I flapped my arms for balance. I must have looked like a gaunt, white wading bird.

They didn't say anything. They didn't laugh, or snicker. The sunglasses simply watched me. I could read "Ghost Who Walks" beneath one set of shades.

"I had to get away from those fucking racists," I explained.

The door opened and the Ghost Who Walks got out. He reached out his hands.

"Gimme the pack," he said.

I shrugged it off and he threw it on the back of the truck. He jerked his head towards it. I nodded and grabbed the truck's side and vaulted in. I consciously tried to show them I was athletic, fit.

"We take you to town," he said, and got back in and shut the door.

There was an SP Lager crate in the back of the truck, half-filled with empty bottles. The other bottles were in the cab. We jolted off.

I began to tell myself that it would be all right.

Then we took a turn off the main road. I had to duck the overhanging branches. I crouched down behind the cab. Inside I could see that the three occupants were arguing. The Ghost Who Walks gestured over his shoulder with his thumb, indicating me. I took all my money out of my wallet and poked it into my shoe.

The truck stopped and I looked around the side and saw we had reached a village. A shack-settlement somewhere on the edge of the bush.

I grabbed my pack and jumped down. The Ghost Who Walks, SP Lager, and Toyota all climbed down from the vehicle.

"Thanks for the lift," I said. "But I think I'm a bit off course. I'll just walk back to the main road."

I smiled inanely.

Someone pulled back a hessian screen and looked out from one of the cardboard and tin shacks. It was an old man. He called out sharply to my three companions. I couldn't recognise the tongue. The Ghost Who Walks shouted something back. Something sharp. Dismissive. The old man came out and began to harangue them.

I have no idea what he said. I did recognise the Pidgin word "Masta", and when he said it he thrust his chin in my direction. I shrugged my pack on and began to back away from there.

> The Ghost Who Walks suddenly shouted something. I knew it had to do with me staring at the naked woman

By now there was a silent crowd around me. Men. Women. Children. I kept up my inane smile. It slipped when I turned and was looking at a woman who was wearing only beads. Lots of beads. On her wrists. Her neck. Her ankles. Looped around her pubis. My eyes wandered all over her body.

All the other women wore baggy blouses and skirts, or missionary-inspired coveralls. Huge white brassieres were outlined beneath the blouses. This woman had small, hard breasts with enormous nipples. There were pinpricks of tattoos in her cheeks.

The Ghost Who Walks suddenly shouted something, pointing his finger at me. I knew it had to do with me staring at the naked woman. The crowd seemed to growl, like it was some kind of collective being. Another old man called out to the Ghost Who Walks and held up something. It was an axe with a small head and a very long handle. The Ghost Who Walks took it and the crowd separated to let him through. He walked towards me.

I didn't say anything. I didn't think anything. I just watched him coming.

Then a set of headlights began to outline us. The blue smoke from all the cooking fires was striped with orange. The Ghost Who Walks turned to look back as a vehicle entered the settlement.

Whoever was driving leaned on the Landcruiser's horn, blasting himself a path. I stood there, bathed in light, unable to move, still not quite comprehending what had been happening. The Landcruiser almost came to a halt beside me. The passenger door seemed to fall open.

"Get in!" a voice yelled.

The crowd had reformed behind the vehicle. I heard the shattering of glass. The Ghost Who Walks had smashed the tail-lights with the back of the axe.

"Get in!"

I grabbed the door-frame and pulled myself in. We accelerated away, pushing back people with the mudguards. A rock hit the bonnet with a metallic *clang*.

I was trapped in my pack, with the door still hanging open. I got myself free of the pack, and shut the door. I dropped the pack into a muddle of survey equipment behind the seat, and fell back. I closed my eyes. My heart had started pounding.

"What you doing out here?" the driver demanded sharply.

I opened my eyes and looked at him. He was very black, with the black, wiry beard of a Highlander.

"I got lost," I said.

I was beginning to shake.

"You get killed, too," he said.

I nodded and smiled weakly.

"Thanks," I said.

He grunted and concentrated on driving. Trees seemed to leap out at us. We were driving down a long, green tunnel.

My foot was aching. I leaned forward and pulled the wad of notes from my shoe. The surveyor glanced at it.

"I thought they were after my money," I said.

"Fucking whites," he said, more to himself than to me. "That's all they worry about." He looked at me. "They were about to kill you," he said.

We stared at each other.

"What you doing out here?" he repeated.

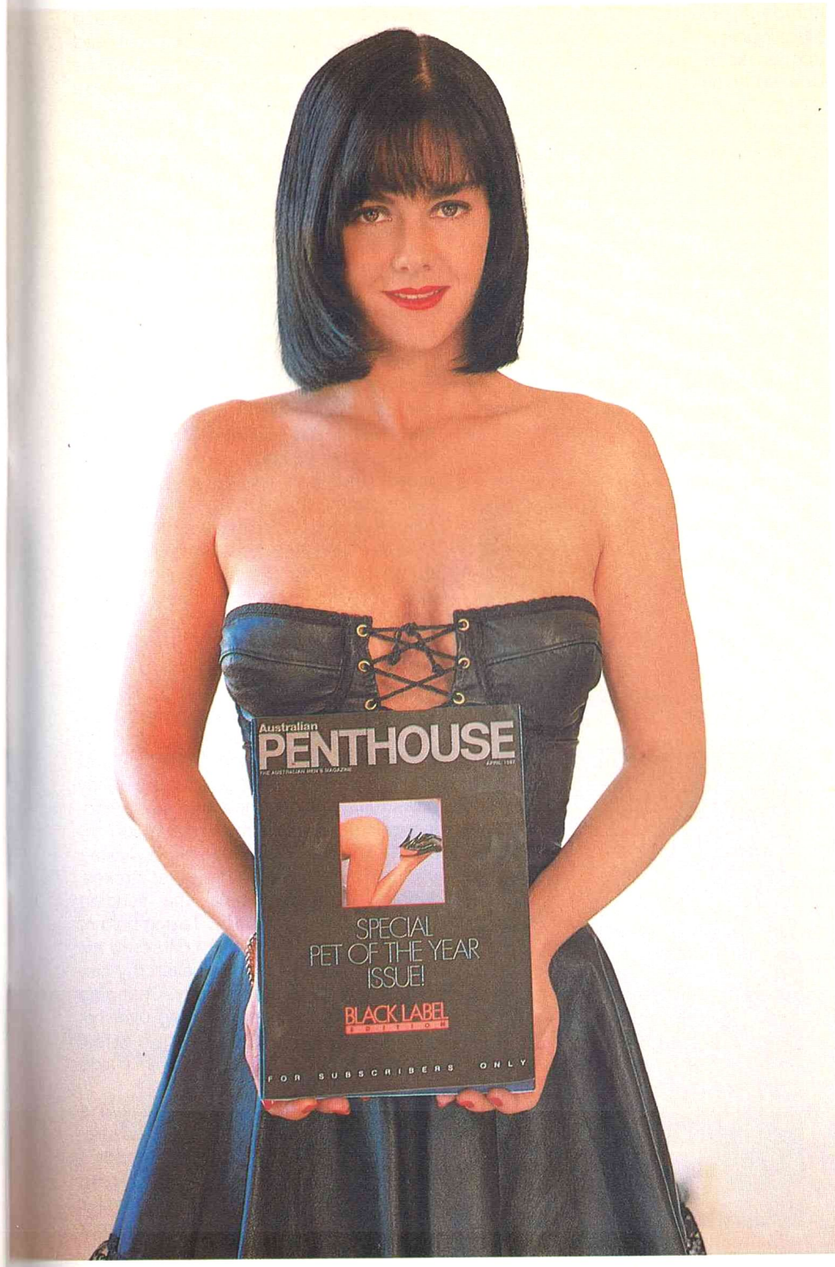
"I was born up here," I said. "I'm a native."

He took his eyes off the road again. I realised he was my age. I had an image of a tin shed, blue smoke trapped in the trees, a black woman with a black baby. The baby nuzzling her breast. I was watching them through a screen of fly-wire. I was on the other side of the screen. Instead of a breast, I had a bottle.

The image was so sharp it was like a home movie. I half-expected to hear the whirring of the sprockets. I began to laugh. The driver was still watching me. He began to grin slowly.

"Welcome home, Masta," he said, and let out a bellow of laughter.

THE BLACK TIE PENTHOUSE.



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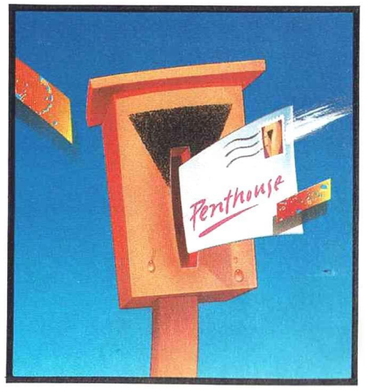

FORUM

Continued from page 16

not without noticing that he usually has developed a healthy hard-on! This is when the real fantasy begins!

I ride along, and soon enough I'm being honked at by all the truckers in the country. I continue until I see one that strikes my fancy, then all hell breaks loose! I pace my car just close enough for the trucker to let loose a stream of endearments loud enough for me to hear. Then, I set the car in cruise control, and the party is on for young and old.

I fondle my breasts and expose them for the trucker to see, pinching my nipples and smiling up at his unbelieving face. I squeeze and pull on my titties until they are almost sore to the touch. Then I pull up my skirt (under which I wear no panties, just a garter belt and stockings) and let him have a good look at my moist black-haired pussy. My pink lips are usually shiny and wet by now. The trucker goes nuts and starts motioning for me to pull over, but I continue to drive on.

Next, I stick my finger up my snatch and finger-fuck myself. When I'm good and juicy, I reach into my carrying case and pull out my favorite ten-inch vibrator. I plunge the vibrator deep inside my love hole and watch the look on the driver's face as he jerks himself off.

I pull the vibrator out and lick my pussy juice from it. I press it hard into my bulging clit and the fireworks really begin! My arse grinds into the wet car seat and my tits throb with pleasure. They are swollen, and the nipples are like small pebbles. My attention soon reverts back to my love-soaked hole. The black curls of my cunt hair are matted and wet. My clit is once again treated to the sure massage of the vibrator, and I soon come in great waves. The trucker cannot believe he is watching this. Fortunately, there is not much traffic on the road. I wave farewell and it's off into the sunset I drive, leaving behind a very wide-awake driver.

This is not a fantasy . . . this is true. So all you truckers out there, be on the lookout for me and you will probably get the treat of your life. You see, I do have a fantasy about actually pulling over one of these days and fucking a truck driver. Who knows when I'll actually get the nerve up to do it? — *Name and address withheld*

Nature buff

It was a beautiful, breezy morning, clear as far as I could see. With the great weather came a terrible urge to go . . . anywhere. So I packed a snack of fruit, bread, and some wine, a blanket to sit on, and some shorts and a T-shirt. After driving through the mountains for hours, I parked the car and stood in awe. Thousands of different-colored leaves and branches stretched out in every direction. Birds rested on the lower branches of trees, sweetly singing. A cool breeze blew off a creek in the distance. I hiked for a while, seeing horses, lizards, birds, and many flies.

Heading back, I felt so relaxed that I grew tired. As I crossed a small stream, a motorcyclist yelled hello from a ridge above. Distracted, I lost my balance and fell in the stream, soaking myself from head to toe. The man laughed and cheered as he ran down to help me. He asked if I needed a hand. I took his hand and, with a big tug, pulled him in with me. We laughed together as he pulled me out, carrying me over to my blanket and wrapping me in it. He said, "You will never get warm in those wet clothes," and unwrapped me from the blanket and slowly took off all my clothes. I was surprised at myself for just sitting there, but I loved it. Here was chivalry at its finest.

As soon as I was warm, I wanted to return the favor, so I unwrapped myself and began to undress him. I was happily surprised to find such a beautifully built body behind this soaking-wet man. A tight feeling in my stomach sent a rush to my breasts as I looked into his eyes. He had a warm, gentle face, and when he smiled at me I knew I couldn't waste this perfect moment. I reached for his hands to keep my breasts warm, and he gave me a gentle kiss on my lips. My nipples grew firm. He laid me on to my back, stretching his legs over my body. Caressing one breast with his hand, he ran his tongue in big circles around the outside of my breast, moving closer to my erect nipple as I began caressing his buttocks. He slowly lowered his hands over my stomach to feel my wet pubic hair, slid his fingers between my now-creamy slit. I turned around, spreading my legs over his mouth as I filled my mouth with him. He teased me by licking up and down my slit with long wet strokes, wiggling his tongue inside me, sending chills throughout my body. Taking hold of his cock firmly in one hand, I caressed his stomach, rubbing him in an even rhythm, feeling every curve of his body. Changing positions again, I raised my leg over his stomach and lowered myself down to feel the heat, stretching to feel all of him inside me.

Throwing my head back, I released a moan. His face was covered with pleasure, and he closed his eyes and licked his lips. I felt my heart throbbing inside me as I rose up, careful not to lose him. I moved faster and faster, up and down, relishing every

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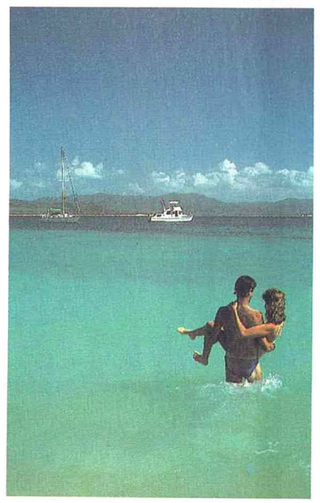

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FORUM

reaction of delight on his face. His lips began to quiver, his muscles tensed, and his hands clenched tightly. Quickly, he rolled me on my back and held me close. I raised my legs over his back as he pumped harder and harder, then let out a cry as he released his hot cream inside me. He fell at my side in exhaustion. After his breathing slowed, I whispered in his ear, "Let's do it again," and he smiled. — *Name and address withheld*

Park 'n' ride

I am a horny 22-year-old male with black hair, brown eyes. I am considered cute by many of my lady friends. I work for a parking company whose name I won't divulge for fear of my supervisor finding out and wanting to get in on the action I'm about to let you in on.

I was just about to close up one night when the phone rang. It was a woman calling about her car, which I had towed away earlier because it was blocking one of our driveways. I explained to her what had happened, and instructed her to take her beef up with the towing company. She started pleading with me — I think she might have been crying — saying that she had to get her car to get home. I felt bad, and finally told her to come down to the office to see if we could work something out.

About five minutes later, there was a knock on the door. I was expecting some average-looking woman, or an old bag, but I guess you know that didn't happen because I wouldn't have written to Forum if it did. Imagine my surprise, not to mention the stirring in my jeans, when I opened the door to find two babes standing in front of me looking as hot as they could. My eyes almost popped out of my sockets, and my prick out of my jeans, when I eyed them.

Both were dressed in tight denims that looked as if they were painted on, and cutoff T-shirts that barely covered their ample young breasts. Both were brunettes with figures that wouldn't stop. These babes were built!

I invited them in, and I guess they had their strategy planned because they stepped in and stood one on each side of me. Boy, did they smell nice! They said that they didn't have any money to get their car, and they would do anything to get it back. They meant *anything*! I asked them what they had in mind, and I guess we were all on the same wavelength because the one on my right, Maddie, started kissing me. Of course I returned the favor. While this was happening, her friend Sunny dropped to her knees and started to tug on the zipper of my jeans, releasing my solid man-meat. Sunny sure knew how to suck a mean cock, and give good head in the process. First she kissed, then licked, the head of my prick, then licked up and down on the length of my shaft before taking the entire length into her mouth and throat. She sucked me like there was no tomorrow, bringing me to the brink of orgasm. She must have sensed this, because she suddenly stopped, got up, and undressed quickly. Man, what a body! Her friend stopped kissing me and did the same. Man, what a body, too! By the way, they were both totally clean-shaven.

The two girls helped me out of my clothes as we all fell to the carpet. Maddie kissed Sunny's hefty tits while I diddled both their cunts. They were both hot and wet. I asked them, "Hey! What about me?" and that was all the encouragement they needed. They were on me like a flash. Maddie pumped my meat with both her tiny hands while Sunny sucked my large balls. Next, Maddie hopped on for the ride of her life while Sunny sat on my face so I could eat her tasty bald snatch. Maddie was like a woman possessed, and I thought my dick was going to snap off for a while there. These girls were experienced. They sucked and rode my cock until I was on the edge. My volcano erupted, and I must have shot a gallon of come all over Maddie's face. I thought we were through for the evening, but when Sunny started to lick my jism off Maddie's face, my meat sprang back to attention for another round of action. By the time we stopped, I must have come four or five times (I didn't know I had it in me!) while the girls must have had six or seven orgasms apiece. We were exhausted and covered with sweat and come. I glanced at the clock and noticed that we had been at it for almost two and a half hours!

I arranged for the girls to get their car back, and made sure that I got their phone numbers before they left. After this happening to me, I will never doubt the authenticity of the letters in Forum again. They still sound too far fetched to be true, but I'm living proof that they do happen. Now I look forward to working late every night. — *Name and address withheld*

Any port in a storm

I have enjoyed reading many letters from your magazine for some time now. However, I would never have believed that the contents of these letters would resemble even a proportion of the truth, until . . .

I had an experience that changed me from a mundane introvert into a sexually confused gash hunter with a never-ending appetite for gyration of any kind. You see, I have been a part-time real estate student and worked full time for a small company. Recently I graduated and received a job in the commercial sales department of a large city-based company. This allowed more money and a little more time, so when my old rugby mate Toss called from Warren and he said he was coming to Sydney, I thought all my Christmases had come at once. Toss arrived in his new Alfa and he called me from his car-phone when parked outside my home, so I rushed out and helped him in with his bags and we started to plan the weekend. I knew the next few days would be unforgettable, as Toss is a wild man full of surprises — and after being in the bush for so long he was in the mood to slide his bat into any wet opening he could find. Toss had a shower and then changed into a clean pair of moleskins and we sat and consumed a couple of beers. As all rugby men do, we glided our talk towards important things in life such as how often our superhuman cannons were firing wads of love gland super glue. I told Toss how my sex life was suffering a drought due to recent exams and he replied by saying that on the land all you can fuck is your bank account. However, after a few stories I was feeling quite horny so we decided to go to the local pub and see if we could hunt out any cunt.

Upon our arrival at the not-so-crowded bar we bought a couple of beers and looked around, noticing that there were two above average looking girls sitting at a table alone. We walked over and asked if we could share the table. Yes, was the reply. We sat and Toss started the usual bullshit about how wealthy and sporty he was and that since his last polo accident he was unable to go out socially. This was his first real night out in years, he said. These girls must have been a damn sight thicker than they looked as they seemed to believe every word that dribbled from his mouth.

We talked and drank for hours, so as the bar was closing Toss invited the girls, Jenny and Sussy, back to my little Paddington terrace for a couple of drinks. The girls agreed and so we went for a short walk down to my place. As we arrived, Jenny commented on how romantic my little cottage was. I hurried to get the drinks ready as I knew it would break the ice and get my pole into her mouth. The girls were soon sipping fluently and happily on their drinks. It was great, as our conversation seemed to prove that the walls were being broken down and we talked about sex and other personal things. This led Toss to mention that we had a porno flick in the video player upstairs. With that we all agreed to go up and watch some of the film.

After climbing up to my bedroom the girls and Toss got comfortable on my bed and I started the video. The first scene was showing two girls fucking the lights out of a man built like a stallion and then sucking his juice from his throbbing member. I rolled over and planted a kiss squarely on Jenny's mouth and she sucked my tongue deeply into her. Bravely I moved my hand under her top and touched her on her small but hard nipple. She squirmed and I noticed that Toss had already got Suss's top open and I saw her tits hanging free with Toss seemingly mutilating their shape. This was a great turn-on to see my great friend deeply absorbed in the task he was performing. After unbuttoning Jenny's top I moved my mouth on to her nipple to free my hand for the voyage down to the fur-lined lava flowing crater. Feeling the blood filling fast into my pole I suddenly got the courage for the quick move to get her dacks off. There it was, glistening: her beaver. Toss followed suit; there we were both furiously licking at their young sweet pussies. My tongue was licking up and down the length of Jenny's hole with occasional added attention shown to her clit. This made Jenny arch her back and drive her dripping snatch into my face.

I looked up at Toss and he winked, signalling the start time for the formula one grand pricks dash for the gash. We stood up and ripped our clothes off. I walked around the side of the bed and held out my cock only inches from Jenny's face. She went for my cock like a Darwin croc at a Yank tourist and proceeded to devour it with the same type of look in her eyes. At this time Toss was hanging up his clothes, so Sussy leaned over and took over on Jenny's gash where I had left off. This was great, watching Suss gently licking on Jenny's hole and my cock appearing and disappearing into Jenny's mouth. Toss leaned over from the far side of the bed, placing his face at Jenny's twat. Suss climbed over Toss and went to the head of the bed, saying, "Eat me, Jenny, eat me." Jenny obliged, pulling her mouth off my steaming rod. Turning over on to her hands and knees, she clamped on to Suss's twat, making sure that she came to rest back on Toss's face. I stood there looking where to go next — then I saw Jenny's cute little puckering ring. Wasting no time, I positioned myself behind her with Toss between my legs greedily licking away at Jenny's dripping snatch. I positioned my rod at the entrance of her tight little anal hole. I said to Toss, "Add some moisture

here.". He went straight up, parting her cheeks with his hands, and licked furiously around her little pink ring. When he moved his face away I slid easily up her tight arse. I started to pump, ramming her to the hilt with each thrust. This only made her cry for more. Suss was sucking hard on Toss's rod and both girls were coming continuously by now. I felt a surge coming on deep in my balls, and I gave an extra hard pump. I cringed as I felt my spurt shooting out the end of my rod.

It was a night to remember. Toss has since moved in with me and left the Rugby boys to look after themselves. — *Name and address withheld*

Meat market

Have I got a story for you. One day I was walking down the aisle in a small supermarket. I saw a European-looking female in her twenties with long blonde hair hanging down to her waist. Now, I'm a more-than-average-looking 21-year-old guy who frequently attracts female companionship (this is not an exaggeration.)

I picked up a two-foot-long salami and walked over to my seductive prey. I introduced myself and my "companion." She seemed fascinated by my meaty friend and told me her name was Britta. I told her that the salami was only one of my purchases that might come in handy if she decided to meet me at my home address, which I had hastily written on a piece of paper. As I walked away toward the checkout counter, I made sure I saw her put the paper in her purse.

That night I was sitting home when I heard a car pull up in the driveway. It was Britta. Before she even had the chance to knock, I pulled the door open and invited her in for a drink. She was wearing a short black miniskirt. Her blouse was unbuttoned enough to reveal a little bit of her breasts, enough to let me know that she wasn't wearing a bra.

I offered Britta a drink and we started talking. She told me she was planning on becoming a doctor. As she talked about herself, I could not stop thinking about the way she had stared at that salami. Before long, I was as hard as a rock. I offered Britta some hors d'oeuvres, and she replied by asking me if I had any salami. In no time flat, I was standing in front of her with that two-foot salami, one end of which I had carved to look like the head of a penis.

Britta expressed great interest in seeing what I had to offer. She stood up and took off her shirt to reveal two perfectly tanned breasts that were more than a mouthful. She then took off her miniskirt to show me a beaver that wouldn't quit. She took my meaty friend from the platter and fondled it while I tore off my clothes. I stood up and let her suck on my erect cock. In all my experience with lovemaking, I had never come so much. Britta gave new meaning to the word *head*.

She led me upstairs to the bedroom, where she insisted that she be on top and that I do everything she said. Yes, sir! She shoved her wet tunnel on to my face and asked me to eat her out. That was one request I had no problem fulfilling. All I saw for 20 minutes was her luscious bush not more than an inch away from my eyes. After she let me up for air, I gestured for my throbbing dick to be muzzled by her love canal. She lowered herself down on me and pumped like a windmill during a hurricane. Britta kept me from exploding for what seemed like infinity. I felt her come all over my dick as we pumped together until I erupted like Mount Saint Helens. Britta almost shot up into the air. Immediately after she calmed down, she sucked my now-aching penis until I exploded again.

We lay in each other's arms, touching each other until we both fell asleep. When I woke up the next morning, Britta was gone. But that wasn't all. When I went downstairs to clean up after our little party, I noticed she had taken the salami with her! — *Name and address withheld*

Behind bars

I never thought I'd find myself writing to your magazine, but when the following incident occurred, *Penthouse* was at the forefront of my mind. What makes my experience so spectacular is the fact that it took place in prison. I am currently incarcerated in a correctional facility, and for the sake of the lady's job, among other things, I've changed all names!

Lou is approximately 23 years old, and is a screw (ha ha) here at the prison. Being a woman in an all-male prison is already something to talk about, but with a figure and looks like hers, it could be dangerous!

I had an appointment with my classification officer about a job change, but when I entered the office it was empty. (It wasn't until much later that I learned my classification officer was sick and had cancelled all her appointments.) I heard some bumps and thumps coming from a large walk-in closet in the room, and I stepped in just in time to be bombarded by several large boxes from an upper shelf. I released a string of profanities worthy of a convict, then continued to curse myself when I realised who was standing on the ladder. It was Lou in all her glory, laughing at my predicament.

I was fit to be tied, but she only laughed harder. In fact, Lou laughed so hard her eyes were watering and she was beginning to lose her balance. Our close proximity already had my seven and one-half inches rock-hard, and seeing that jiggling, sexy frame of hers standing on the ladder only heightened my arousal. My view was exquisite.

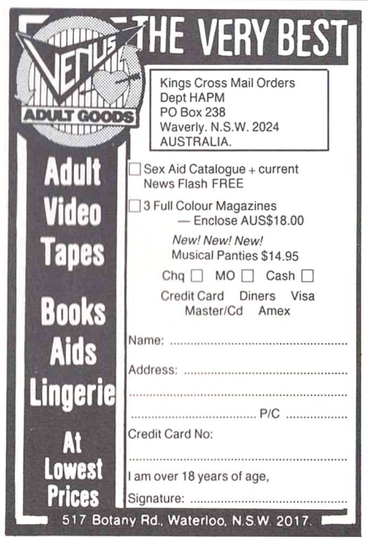
I noticed her losing her balance, and scrambled to catch her. I broke her fall, but took all her weight on my arse, ending up on my back with her completely straddling me and my rod. My dick was throbbing, but Lou just continued to laugh all the harder. After several seconds she stopped abruptly. She had the most amazed look on her face that now I had to laugh. As my laughter gained momentum, she grew even more confused, then suddenly threw about four inches of tongue down my throat. Now it was my turn to be surprised.

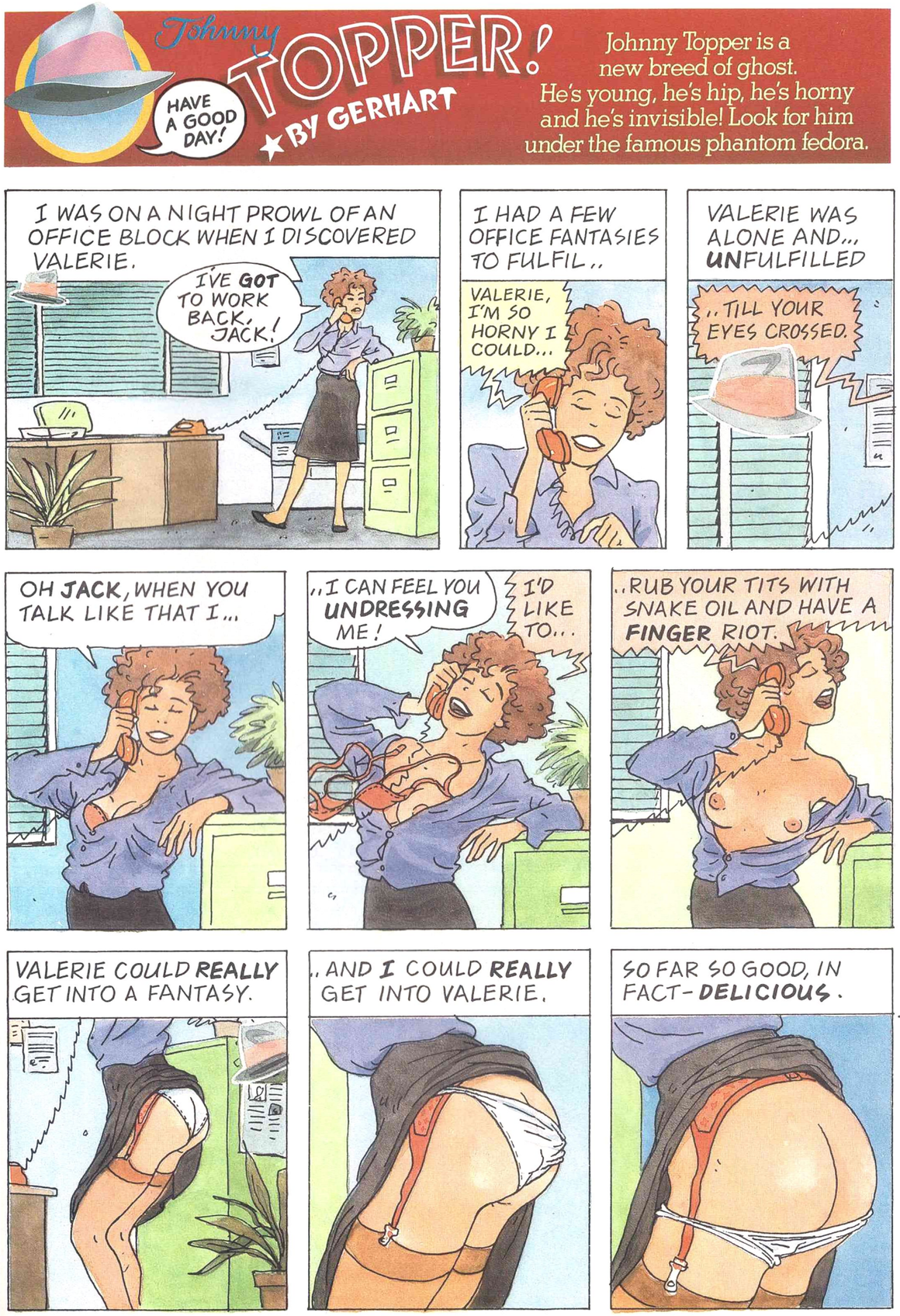
From that point on it only took a push to get the ball rolling. I had her out of her uniform in record time, fondling those pert pink nipples and finger-fucking that moist love hole. She was soaked! To this day I am proud of the control I exerted in our lovemaking by not just jumping on her like some love-starved jerk (which I was!). Though I make no claims to being altruistic.

As we sat kissing and cuddling, I brought her to two successive orgasms with my hand in a matter of minutes. Not to be outdone, she stripped me and engulfed my cock completely in her mouth. No sooner had she closed those luscious lips over my raging hard-on when her talented tongue had me shooting wads of jism down her throat.

The monastic two years I'd spent in prison affected me little, and my rod was ready to go again instantly. Lou acted as if she expected no less, and she was not to be disappointed. She straddled my dick slowly, inch by inch, and rode me to two more orgasms. More whimpers, moans, and occasional screams only heightened the ecstasy, even though my fear of being caught was very high. I never enjoyed a woman as much as I did that morning in the closet. I guess what they say is true — absence makes the heart grow fonder! I lost count of her orgasms after five!

I have seen Lou several times since then, and although our encounter has never been repeated, I always get a seductive wink from her. Thank you, Lou, from the bottom of my heart! — *Name and address withheld*




Johnny TOPPER!
BY GERHART
HAVE A GOOD DAY!
Johnny Topper is a new breed of ghost. He's young, he's hip, he's horny and he's invisible! Look for him under the famous phantom fedora.
I WAS ON A NIGHT PROWL OF AN OFFICE BLOCK WHEN I DISCOVERED VALERIE.
I'VE GOT TO WORK BACK, JACK!
I HAD A FEW OFFICE FANTASIES TO FULFIL..
VALERIE, I'M SO HORNY I COULD...
VALERIE WAS ALONE AND.., UNFULFILLED
..TILL YOUR EYES CROSSED.
OH JACK, WHEN YOU TALK LIKE THAT I...
..I CAN FEEL YOU UNDRESSING ME!
I'D LIKE TO...
..RUB YOUR TITS WITH SNAKE OIL AND HAVE A FINGER RIOT.
VALERIE COULD REALLY GET INTO A FANTASY.
..AND I COULD REALLY GET INTO VALERIE.
SO FAR SO GOOD, IN FACT- DELICIOUS.

I WANT TO PLAY **TONGUE ROULETTE** ON YOUR NIPPLES.

OH JACK, YOU'VE GOT MY SKIRT OFF, **DON'T STOP!**

PHASE TWO, I GENTLY GUIDE VALERIE TO HER DESK.

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW LONG THE SPELL WOULD LAST SO I CUT THE FORMALITIES.

OH, JACK..

..YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO DO ME ON THE DESK...

!

I WISHED **JACK** GET **OUT** OF MY

WOULD JUST FANTASY.

WHOA!?

BUT IF I HAD TO COMPETE..

OH JACK, NOW YOU'RE **REALLY** TALKING...

VALERIE?

THIS IS BETTER THAN IT **REALLY** IS

VALERIE

SHE WAS BEING HONEST.. I FELT I COULD LEVEL WITH HER TOO.

VALERIE, THIS ISN'T JACK... IT'S **JOHNNY.**

FUNNY, IT SURE DIDN'T FEEL LIKE JACK.

REALLY?... WELL UH... HOW DO I COMPARE?

HEY, GHOSTS HAVE EGO'S TOO!...

VALERIE?

UMMMNN... JACK IS ALL **TALK**...

AND **YOU** JOHNNY ARE **ALL**...

TOPPER!

HAVE A GOOD DAY.

SIGHED LANGUAGE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY AUSTIN LEGREW

Strange locations have a habit of bringing strangers together — and in this corner of paradise, things were coming rapidly to a head. She was Roberta, Spanish, her command of English limited to a few commands. Bill's Spanish was limited to one response which ensured the ongoing health of their relationship: "Si."

They soon found, however, that they shared a native tongue not previously realised. One by one, the cultural barriers crumbled. Here was international dialogue at its finest. "I never understood Australian women. I think that's what makes us special," confided Bill once. "Que?" replied Roberta.

INTERVIEW

Continued from page 110

by Neville Wran. He certainly pushed it very hard. I don't share that view. This was very relevant to the debate about the illegal tapes. I share Briese's view that what was revealed on the illegal tapes was a set of relationships that were guiding a lot of decisions in NSW — decisions about development, decisions about appointments, possibly decisions about court cases. Now, that's relevant for the public to know — if in fact there are people in power using their connections with other people in power to get things to operate in a particular way. People may say: "That's life. That's the way it happens." Well, if that's the way it happens, let's *document* it — just as some people tried to document it in the Philippines under Marcos and his cronies. It's interesting that you'll come across some people who have no objection to you doing it with Bjelke-Petersen to paint a picture of cronyism in Queensland. "Mention their criminal records if you can in this case," they'll say. But if you do it with the Labor Party in NSW, which is operating in much the same way, they get outraged and think it's all innuendo. I felt the Murphy-Morgan Ryan relationship was very relevant. Some people didn't agree with this, but I mean, Morgan Ryan was Saffron's solicitor; it was extremely well known that Ryan was acting for Saffron; and you had a High Court judge in almost daily contact, certainly very regular contact, with Morgan Ryan. Now, I don't think that's a great idea — because of the way we know organised crime works. Organised crime works by compromising and gaining influence over public officials, as we can see happened in the case of Murray Farquhar. George Freeman *had* influence over Farquhar. I think in that situation the association is relevant. I think it's relevant to talk about the relationships between public officials, and you might in that context want to mention that someone has a criminal record.

Penthouse: What are the major obstacles, apart from libel and contempt laws, and editorial interference, confronting investigative journalists?

Bacon: I think the most important things to write about are stories to do with corporate crime and political crime. Particularly with corporate crime, it's never going to be simple. What's happening with Australia's entrepreneurs, takeovers, transport pricing, use of Swiss banks, use of offshore havens — these are the most important things to be writing about, but it's very difficult to make it understandable and interesting to people. *I* find it hard to understand, and I know the average person does. The next thing is secrecy. There is an *unnecessary* amount of secrecy. For example, the Corporate Affairs people — there are *many* things they could talk about which wouldn't hinder any investigation, particularly investigations which have been closed, and they're under this ridiculous oath of secrecy where they can't talk at all. That's a real drag. And then, I feel the National Crime Authority — the body that's meant to be fighting organised crime, and I know to some extent they are — I feel they are *obsessed* with secrecy. I've even known of other government bodies who know they've immediately got to make copies of documents if they think the NCA might be going to take them, or else they'll just disappear into this enormous black hole. The NCA won't even produce documents for any court cases, let alone for journalists, so we've got a much more restrictive attitude to information and that seems to be a flow-on from Labor Governments. In NSW, with the particular style of Labor Government we've got (I think it's perhaps fractionally better in Victoria), we haven't even got a Freedom Of Information Act. Why shouldn't people be allowed to look at all the tenders for the harbor tunnel and all the Cabinet dealings? Why is there this level of secrecy? And the other thing is this idea that privacy is one of the most important civil rights. It first surfaced in NSW at around the time we started printing information about Kerry Packer. I don't count the right to privacy as one of the great civil rights; it's not nearly as important as freedom of assembly and freedom of speech, and it's never been considered to be. The thing about privacy is that it's only people with wealth and privilege who claim the right to it; there's masses of people on social security who have no privacy at all. Wran and Hawke both used this idea to stifle debate. While that in itself can't stop a story being printed, what it does is build up an atmosphere that makes it easier for people not to answer questions. One of the things that happened at the *National Times* is that people stopped answering questions. When I sent off what I thought were perfectly legitimate questions to Neville Wran about his relationship with Bill Waterhouse, he complained about me to the Fairfax press and from then on I was told by his press secretary that they'd throw every question I asked about him into the rubbish bin.

> Sometimes, when I allow myself to reflect, I can actually *feel* a wall of hatred. And some of the people who hate me are very powerful people

Penthouse: Judge Williams' explanation for your dogged pursuit of Murphy and Foord, and your attitude to the criminal justice system in general, was your resentment at being excluded from the bar. Is there any validity at all in that?

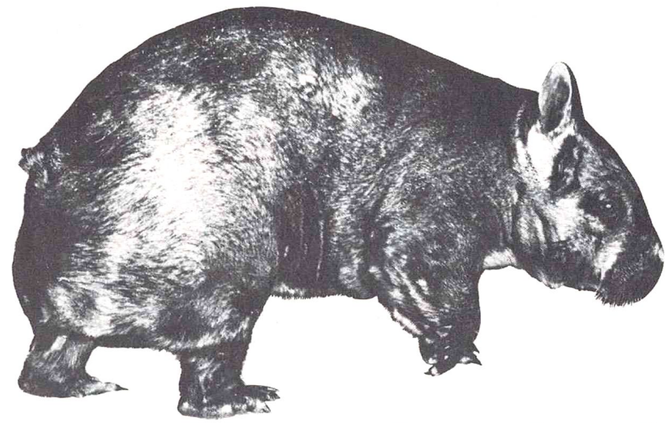
Bacon: That explanation has absolutely no validity. It's a very easy thing for them to say; it's a way of trying to explain it away. In the end the stories stand up independently. Even if I *had* written them because I didn't get admitted, they'd still *be* there. It's very annoying to me that I wasn't admitted, but I'm not sure that I would have made a terribly good lawyer. I obviously love journalism.

Penthouse: You wouldn't have a great deal of faith in the legal process anyway, would you? After all, Murphy and Foord were both acquitted by juries, and you're obviously convinced they were both up to their ears in it. Do you think of them as the two who got away?

Bacon: I'd be very wary of moving away from jury trials. In the case of Murphy, it was very, very hard for the jury. Here was a High Court judge, an extremely charming and magnetic man, pitted against Clarrie Briese, who was a very sincere person and very aware of the seriousness of what he was doing. It happened that they believed Murphy. Well, I think I'm prepared in the end to go with that system. However, when the illegal tapes were published what I would much rather have seen was a Royal Commission into those associations, that network of influence. It would have brought in corruption in the NSW ALP machine, it would have brought in the legal profession . . . Again, maybe nothing would have been done about it, but at least it would have helped to begin to get at the root of the problem. It's interesting that it was [Murphy and Foord's] supporters who wanted it to be narrowed down to criminal trials, because in a criminal trial you don't get to look at anything much. That worked to their advantage, and it didn't help anybody else. But I didn't personally want to see them go to jail. I think there are very few people who need to have their liberty taken away from them, and I certainly don't see Murphy and Foord in that category. I think Murphy particularly was himself a bit of a victim, because when the illegal tapes were published, the strongest piece of evidence on those tapes related to "J.D." It was suggested in the summaries that it was John Ducker, the Chairman of the NSW Public Service Board. He's admitted that he had a relationship — that he did know the person who claimed to have paid a bribe. Maybe he's innocent; he says he is, but we certainly haven't had any sort of inquiry into it. The Stewart Royal Commission didn't even call Ducker to give evidence. Somebody actually talked about

Continued on page 144

This is the hairy-nosed wombat.



Take a long, last look,

The hairy-nosed wombat is one of the most endangered mammals in the world.

As yet, we don't know why.

Even the populations living in national parks need special protection. And numbers continue to remain alarmingly low.

Saving this wombat is one of the 88 projects World Wildlife Fund Australia has adopted. It is one of 18 still awaiting funding. Won't you help?

Australia has been the home for unique plant and animal species for millions of years. Man has destroyed many of them in less than two centuries. Their loss is immeasurable. Such is the delicate balance of nature.

You can help World Wildlife Fund Australia save our endangered wildlife by becoming a WWF Australia member, by spreading the word, by cash donation, or by bequeathing money or life insurance.

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Tick boxes where applicable:

Yes! ☐ I want to become an Annual Supporter for $25.00 which entitles me to receive a Panda Lapel Badge, Certificate of Support, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure and quarterly newsletters.

Yes! ☐ I would like to become a Life Member for $1,000.00 and receive a Gold Panda Lapel Badge, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure, quarterly newsletters and invitations to functions organised by World Wildlife Fund Australia.

Yes! ☐ I would like to donate $ _____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.

Yes! ☐ I would like to enrol a young Australian as a member of the Australian Wildlife Club for one year. I understand this will cost $5.00 per year and the Club member will receive a Certificate of Membership and Receipt, badge, sticker, poster, an Earth Watch Programme T.V. Storyboard and the Club's quarterly newsletter. Recommended age group: (3yrs – 16yrs).

Please find attached a cheque made payable to World Wildlife Fund Australia for the amount of $ _____

Or charge my Bankcard with $ _____

☐☐☐ ☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐

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Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail you order now to avoid disappointment.

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LOOSE ENDS

TELEVISION BABYLON

You may or may not be acquainted with *Hollywood Babylon* Volumes I and II, author Kenneth Anger's underground classics of Tinseltown gossip, debauchery and death. In these books Anger, a bit of a child star who grew up to be a bit of a film director, dipped his pen in purple poison to recount in best tabloid prose the darkest and dirtiest secrets of the gods of the silver screen. Here, in stark black and white, are Charlie Chaplin's passions for young girls, Marlene Dietrich's bisexuality, beefcake actors' penchants for little boys and Errol Flynn's penchant for anything that moved.

Anger lovingly ladles it out with snippets about who got up whom and with what and how often, who hit the bottle, the nose candy, the needle, the spouse. He had photos too, fun for me and you. People who'd never read a book in their lives broke the habit to slurp up these ugliest of Hollywood hurrahs.

What is lesser known, however, is the recent underground appearance of another such volume: one which turns its salacious, prying eye away from the keyholes of silver screen personalities to concentrate on another set of characters as well known and loved, but until now sacrosanct. *Television Babylon* is the tawdry, tacky, but undeniably titillating expose of the very private lives, foibles and fates of the small screen characters we sat wide-eyed and pink-cheeked before in the loungerooms of our formative years. Whatever became of Bam-Bam Rubble? What was the dark secret of the Shady Rest Hotel? What was the private shame of Wilbur Post and what dirty deeds led to the undoing of Officer Dibble? All this and more is revealed between the covers of *Television Babylon*.

As luck and cunning would have it, *Australian Penthouse* has secured a well-thumbed photostat of the current cult manuscript and this month we dare to publish its contents. Herewith culled highlights — nay lowlights — of this sorry litany of lust, lunacy and loss beyond the cathode glow.

Addams, Pugsley: After a mixed-up adolescence during which the less than pulchritudinous Pugsley ran with a fast crowd (Eddy Munster, Cyndi Brady, Elroy Jetson and Danny "The Snowman" Partridge among the "Brat Pack"), Addams underwent a sex change. Following a stint as a house model for Frederick's of Hollywood, the newly named "Patsy" Addams became the fourth wife of a Saudi businessman.

Bear, Yogi: Ambushed by rangers and fatally wounded during an attempted larceny of a pickanick basket.

Clampett, Granny: A long-standing affair with the patriarch of the Walton clan ended when the hill country couple signed a suicide pact in the face of Walton's incurable prostate problem. Baking their final note into a possum pie, the pair exited this vale of tears hand in hand. They were found floating together in the ceement pond.

Dibble, Officer: Late '68 saw Dibble drummed out of the force after a corruption investigation blew his "tickets to the policemen's ball" racket wide open. The disgraced PC worked for a while as a private eye before ending it all. Ironically, his passport to pounding the heavenly beat was the LAPD-issue revolver he had neglected to turn in upon his ignominious dismissal.

Douglas, Chip: The third son of Steve Douglas was found dead of a heroin overdose in 1974. For two weeks his body had lain undiscovered in a seedy one-room dive, during which time it had been gnawed by Douglas' starving hound Tramp.

Ed, Mr: The once garrulously proud owner of the biggest dick on TV followed his best-known role by teaming up with buddies The Littlest Hobo and Gentle Ben in a sex club act called "Oh, You Animal!" The playboy palomino denounced the seamy side of life in 1972 when he found God and took a vow of silence. In the Order of St Thomas Equinas, of course, of course.

Joe, Uncle: The portly pimp of the Shady Rest at Petticoat Junction isn't movin' at all since he was mowed down in a hail of gangland bullets during the bloody '76 vice war that became known as "The Hooterville Horror."

Klink, Colonel: The fugitive commandant of the infamous Stalag 13 was plucked from his South American jungle hideaway by crack Israeli troops in late '81. At a public trial he was found guilty and sentenced to hang for crimes against sitcom credibility.

Olsen, Jimmy: Like so many in his profession, the once eager and promising cub reporter fell victim to the evils of alcohol. A broken and pathetic man, he now writes the stars for a lesser Metropolis tabloid.

Rubble, Bam-Bam: Bam-Bam "The Body" Rubble was preyed on from an early age by homosexuals. Dwindling job prospects in his late teens saw him turning homosexual tricks in Bedrock bathhouses. A classic case study of the underbelly of celebrity, Rubble is now arguably best remembered as the first Stone Age AIDS victim.

(Regrettably, editorial space precludes further excerpts from the sensational *Television Babylon*. So, until next time, th-th-th-that's all folks!) — *C.J. Mackay*

Illustration by Julia Edworthy

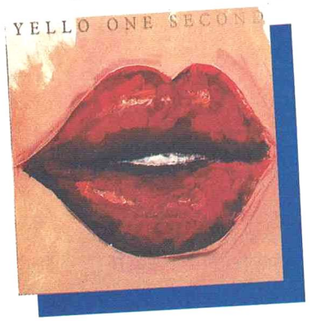
SOUNDS

TONSIL SHOWCASE

In the wake of arch plagiarist Malcolm McLaren and universal popularist Paul Simon, the stirring sounds of South African performers have been able to thrust an ever-expanding wedge into the consciousness of Western ears. On tour with Simon, and witnessed in his personally vetoed but all singing and dancing clip for "Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes", is the ten-piece vocal ensemble **Lady Smith Black Mambazo**. Their *Shaka Zulu* (WEA) — the record, not the dodgy mini-series — was produced by the diminutive balladeer Simon himself. It's redolent with knowing basso hums and a sense that "singing makes all the sad people happy because it is the voice of happiness." An ability to understand the actual lyric content is unnecessary — these are perfect tracks for humming and feeling warm and fulfilled in the shower with. All arrangements are a showcase for their collective tonsils and little else.

Fellow countrypersons are also featured on *The Sounds Of Soweto* (EMI). The rhythms on this double compilation are more exotic than mere basic dance floor fodder, but the effect is no less infectious for the regions below the waist. Most performers here have opted for the studio accompaniment of modern rhythm machines, which tend to deflate some of the tribal tenacity of the tunes. Generally, though, from **Brenda Fassie** and the **Big Dudes** to **Johnny Clegg** (the white Zulu) and **Savuka**, this is a consistently joyous disc.

Whitney Houston is also no stranger to modern mean mus-



machines. *Whitney* (Arista) starts with the plea, "I Wanna Dance With Somebody" and takes 11 tracks till she can claim, "I Know Him So Well." Despite this gorgeous meeting of soul persons, little else happens between the cardboard covers of this beaming offering.

No less sequenced, but with a more punchy edge, comes local chanteuse **Simone Dee.** There is often an unfortunate sense of machines run amok in the Fairlight synthesiser programming on her eponymous *Simone Dee* (Flamingo). This collection of tunes often has a sense of former glories from the discos of yesteryear — lots to impress with, little to remember.

Marty Wilson Piper has been responsible for some of the most convincing lead guitar knee drops and gyrations seen in this country over the last few years, both with the Church and a succession of more obscure ensembles. His backlog of personal home demos has been released *In Reflection* (Chase) and he eschews guitar heroics for some cosmic strumming, swirling keyboards and tinny drum machine programming. Vocals are early Syd Barret — the sort of adenoidal mumbles that got Pink Floyd off to a flying start. Guaranteed cult status, at 52 minutes it's very much "never mind the quality, feel the width."

Nothing is sacred to the Germanic machined duo **Yello**. These masters of nocturnal sleaze deliver considerably more than their promised *One Second* (Mercury) of musical subterfuge. There is always the danger of blowing the air of studied mystery by releasing more than one album and sticking to a recognisable sense of arrangement, but these Yello hordes have followed the Beastie brick road into heavy metal — sort of Deep Purple play Wagner in Beirut.

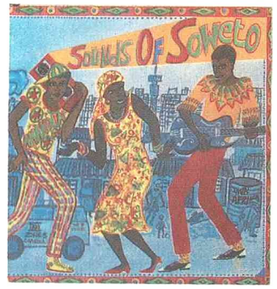
English duo **Shelleyan Orphan** prove to be first cousins of the Cocteau Twins on *Helleborine* (Rough Trade). Aided by many little helpers on strings, reeds and harpsichord, they weave beatific musical tapestry. Vocals fall into the breathy falsetto category favored by Prefab Sprout and Scritti Politi.

Joe Jackson demonstrates huge dynamics, if not conceptual range, of *Will Power* (A&M) on his most recent album. This is a fabulous impersonation of Leonard Bernstein, in a soundtrack from a movie that exists only in the mind of this multi-faceted performer. The distinctive thrusting tone of his vocals are nowhere in evidence on this mainly orchestral exercise.

Suzanne Vega, dubbed a couple of years ago the bright new hope for modern folk music, continues in contemplative vein on her second major release *Solitude Standing* (A&M). She eases us into her world with the unaccompanied vocal narrative "Tom's Diner" — a slice of breakfast life where she orders a cup of coffee and reads the paper. To the beat of her regular band plus guests she then leads us through a sense of "large concepts" in arrangements that border on the unnecessarily understated.

Simple Minds demonstrate their transition from brooding cult powerhouse to stadium darlings on *Live: In The City Light* (Virgin). The change is most noticeable in older tunes like "Love Song", that has become garbled into a parody of its former restrained clout by live adrenalin rush and their current state of Minds.

One local band that has gone for the big commercial auditorium jugular from the outset is **Noiseworks**(CBS). This is big beat pop rock with the thrash of some of Bryan Adams' material and echoes of Bruce Springsteen's more simplistic moments. Punchy production and strong playing make this an incredibly polished debut, ready built with a smell of success. — *Jeremy Cook*



Clockwise from top: Shelleyan Orphan's beatific tapestry; The joyous Sounds Of Soweto; Warm tones from the ten-piece ensemble Lady Smith Black Mambazo; Masters of nocturnal sleaze, Yello.

FILM

BLOOD AND GUTS WITH THAT, SIR?

The place: Chicago. The time: Prohibition. The scene: A cute freckle-faced kid is down at the corner store picking up a billy can of milk for her parents. Little does this innocent know that the nice man behind the counter does a bit of trade in illicit booze and that he's had a disagreement with da boys who supply him. So when a nasty-looking man leaves his briefcase on a seat, how is this moppet to know that it's packed with explosives? How could this be-braided little detail from a Norman Rockwell painting conceive that when she runs out into the street to return it to him she is going to be blasted sky high? Ka-boom! One kid is in a million freckle-sized pieces.

Welcome to Brian De Palma's **The Untouchables**, in which that intrepid band of incorruptible Feds set out to nail sartorially superb crime-boss-about-town Al Capone and his horrible hatchet man Frank Nitty. If you're familiar with De Palma's films (*Carrie, Dressed To Kill* and *Scarface* among them) you'll know that an opening scene that depicts a kiddie being lunched by a bomb is just a taste of what's to come. *The Untouchables* entrenches De Palma's reputation as the man who consistently breaks the Hollywood blood bank.

Kevin Costner as Elliot Ness heads the Fab Feds. His cohorts are old timer Jimmy Malone (Sean Connery), a young untainted cop George Stone (Andy Garcia), and enthusiastic accountant Oscar Wallace (Charles Martin Smith). Though all work well, Connery revels in the choicest good guy role in David Mamet's script.

The motley four are up against the evil incarnate of Capone (Robert De Niro) and Frank Nitty (Billy Drago). De Niro stacked on the weight and shaved his hairline back to play a sneering, smoothly powdered and tailored character whose eyes glitter like black olives in pizza dough whether he's bawling pathetically over Pagliacci at the opera or pulping the cranium of a strayed Family member with a baseball bat. Oh, wicked joy!

As in *Scarface*, there is no shortage of grotesque humor in the violence of *The Untouchables*. The film's Thirties setting of course limits De Palma's weaponry, but machine guns, baseball bats and bombs draw the requisite amount of blood. And for really high-camp melodramatic effect you can always chuck a runaway baby carriage complete with gurgling baby into the ultimate shoot-out. De Palma does.

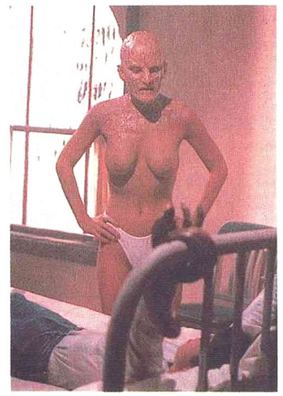
The Untouchables is lushly styled and cinematographed. Classy costuming by Giorgio Armani lends much of the film the look of an old *Esquire* magazine with ketchup to go. If you like a rattling good gangster yarn that doesn't fool around with the old good vs evil routine, and mixes humor with the visual effect of a blood-stained chocolate box, *The Untouchables* makes you an offer that's hard to refuse.

The humor Mr De Palma employs in *The Untouchables* is not what you'd call conventional, but another movie interpretation of a classic TV show plays it by the book. The comic book, that is. **Dragnet** (directed by Tom Mankiewicz from a script he wrote with Dan Aykroyd and Alan Zwiebel) is more your zany comedy relying on gags, tags and silly costumes. It stars Dan Aykroyd and it reeks of the Aykroyd style we've become accustomed to in films like *Ghostbusters, Spies Like Us, Dr Detroit* et al.

Aykroyd is Joe Friday, nephew and namesake of the LA detective who played it tight-lipped and by the book through the popular *Dragnet* TV series. Young Joe idolises the old Joe and has modelled himself on his hero. So when this gumpy anachronism is partnered with a hip and groovy undercover cop (Tom Hanks) you can expect the humor of contrast. And when the pair are set on the trail of an evil mastermind who threatens to undermine the fragile fabric of personal freedom and individual well-being of the teeming LA metropolis you can expect the humor of silly situations, handfuls of pretty girls with big tits, a bit of love interest, and at least two smash-'em-up car chases. That's *Dragnet* for you.

What about a little game of Who Am I? Are you ready? I'm a nighttime kinda guy, the sort who pretty girls dream about. I wear a natty little hat and a sassy striped skivvy. I've got a face like a plate of regurgitated offal and I get my fingernails courtesy of Wilkinson Sword. Give Up? I'm FREDDY KRUEGER, the nasty nemesis of the teenage REM set. And like Frank Sinatra and Dame Nellie Melba, I'm back. Again.

Left: Kevin Costner as fab Fed Elliot Ness in The Untouchables. Above: Aykroyd and Hanks in Dragnet. Below: Wisecracking weirdo Freddy Krueger assumes dastardly guises in Nightmare On Elm Street 3: The Dream Warriors.



Yep, **Nightmare On Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors** has hit our screens with all the technicolor impact of a foetus in a blender. Old Freddy has lost none of his witty charm in this Chuck Russell-directed screamer, and a tongue-in-cheek script by Wes Craven and Bruce Wagner ensures that he's got enough one-liners to come across as a sort of napalmed Cary Grant. This one's got the lot. Why, for a few horrible moments in this teeth-chattering chapter Freddy even sprouts bosoms, and we learn that he's "the bastard son of a hundred maniacs." But don't let me spoil it for you — soil yourself at a screening now. It's the best one yet, if you like that sort of thing. (If you can't get along, wait a week and hire it on video.) — *C.J. Mackay*

DIVE STYLE

No point holding your breath waiting for the right time or place to discover SCUBA. It's all happening, with many instructors, courses and trips catering to this sport's terrific popularity. One thing you might do, though, is remember the name TUSA for practically all the associated gear: masks, snorkels, fins, regulators, buoyancy control vests, gauges, boots, gloves, bags and innumerable accessories. If it says TUSA, you can breathe a sigh of confidence that it's top quality equipment that can be relied on. Stocked at leading pro dive shops.

A BOOMER

These interestingly shaped pieces of wood are so much fun, you might wonder why nobody ever thought of them before! Called Rangs, they're handcrafted in WA. With a little practice, they can be thrown in such a way that their flight paths describe a perfect returning arc, threatening actual bodily harm to the thrower once proficiency is attained. These buggers come back! This is fun, especially if the returning point comprises collections of interested onlookers . . . About time someone thought of something original to supersede the Frisbee, a fact not overlooked by the Industrial Design Council of Australia, who recently gave it an Australian design award. [Must be some black fellas out there scratching their heads and wondering why they didn't think of that.] Available at selected outlets.

INCOMPARABLE

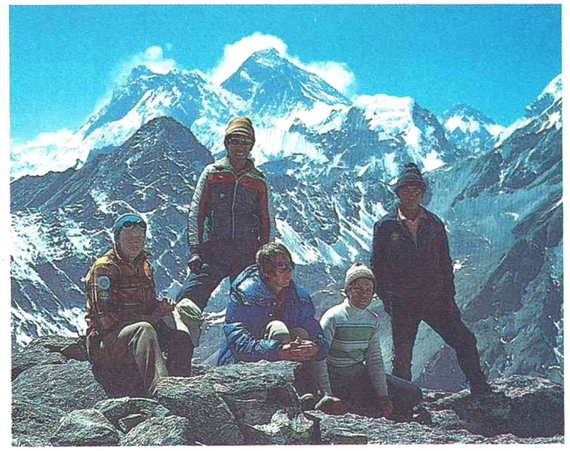
He kind of became the 29th Kangaroo," said little Noel Cleal, referring to photographer Brett Cochrane, first ever official tour shutterbug. Now Cochrane's recording of the 1986 Incomparable tour of Britain and France — on the field and off — is presented in an impressive tome called *Mud, Sweat and Cheers*, produced by Ozsport. Cochrane's work breathes an intimacy with his subjects, and is well worth a look. Through an unique sponsorship deal, all Ozsport's proceeds from the book's sale will go towards leukaemia and cancer research at Prince Of Wales Children's Hospital in Sydney. You can ring and order your copy (a measly $29.95) by ringing (008) 22 1555, or in Sydney on 908 9088.

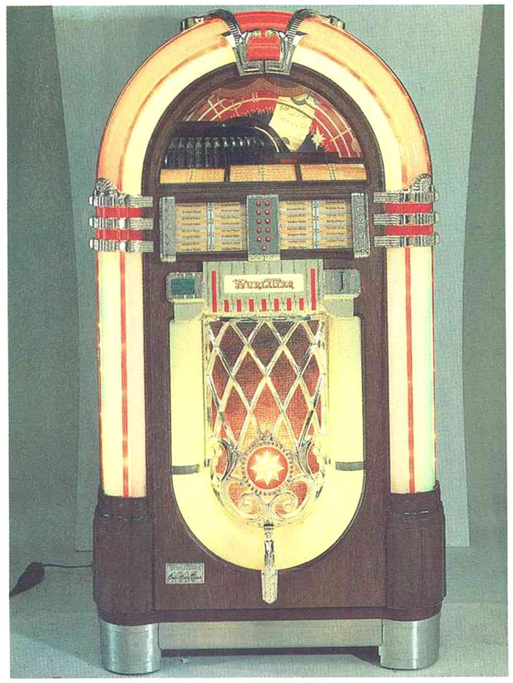
LIFT YOUR GAME

Back in 1952, long, long before Pat Cash was even a twinkle in Pat Senior's eyeball, Frank Sedgman used a bit of a tree to win Wimbledon. Yes, boys and girls, that was in the days when tennis racquets were made of wood. That bit of lumber was a Blue Bird Racquet, perhaps the most famous ever produced by South Australian company, Oliver Sports. Oliver still produce the Blue Bird, but these days it's made of graphite and fibreglass. They also produce, and indeed are quite excited about, the new ultra-light Black Opal pictured here. For those at the peak of performance or those who have the ambition to do better, the Black Opal weighs from 310 grams (11oz) and is built from a composition of kevlar, whisker and graphite. Oliver Sports promote this sporting jewel on its strength and resilience and its delivery of maximum shot velocity and chalk line control. Them's fightin' words. Get a grip on a Black Opal at leading sports stores.

BECAUSE IT'S THERE

Everyone knows why people climb mountains like Mt Everest, but it's a bit trickier working out why people might go to the Himalayas to *be with* people who are going to climb Mt Everest. However, if you understand the splendor and mystique of this mountain range, you can experience an intimately planned view of the Himalayas as a group of Australian mountaineers attempt to reach the Everest summit as part of Australia's Bicentennial celebrations. An official support trek has been organised — certainly no picnic, but every chance you'll return both flabbergasted *and* intact. There are two lengths of tour available — 27 days all inclusive for $3260, ex Sydney/Melbourne, for example — with options of smaller climbs, if you're partial. Surely, it will be a magnificent sojourn. Groups are kept small, so write to ABEE, 10/273 Alfred St, North Sydney 2060 while vacancies are there.





ONE MORE TIME

Now this is a jukebox! The real McCoy. The genuine article. Just looking at it you can almost hear that skinny kid Frankie Sinatra crooning out some ditty to knock the starch out of a bobbysoxer's skirt. The Wurlitzer 1015 first showed its pretty face in 1946 and quickly became the most successful and celebrated jukebox of all time. The company's re-released 1015 has all the ornamentation and colorful whizbangery of the original, with a bellyful of hi-tech to provide top sound. Its stereo transistorised amplifier has automatic level control, and electronic overload protection produces 200 watts of music power into six speakers of the three-way stereo system. It plays 100 selections, takes your money with a minimum of fuss and has connections for a microphone, external speakers and slave amplifier. What's a slave amplifier? Who cares, let's boogie!

A WHIFF OF ARROGANCE

There are a million men's toiletry ranges in the naked city — and this is one of them. The very classily packaged Arrogance range hails from Italy and since its launch in 1980 it has established itself as a classic favorite among European men. For those interested in such things, or indeed for anyone who can understand such things, the Arrogance fragrance is one of leather notes with a top note of bergamot, middle notes of jasmine and patchouli and bass notes of leather, amber, vertiver and moss. How do they fit all that in one bottle? The collection includes all products pictured here and prices range from $25 to $50 at better department stores and parfumeries.

YOUR BEST SHOT

Convenience and performance are the keynotes of two Nikon autofocus compact cameras new to the Australian marketplace. The $290 Nikon RF is a neat 35mm job featuring f/3.5 lens, automatic focus and exposure, auto flash, auto film loading and film speed setting, focus lock and auto ready lens cover. For your money the RF also offers self timer that can be cancelled, viewfinder light that emits diode signal lights, electromagnetic shutter release button and automatic film rewind start. The $430 Nikon AF3 features "smart flash", a computer controlled automatic flash system which balances high contrast backgrounds with varying fill-flash in daylight photography. A unique auto diffuser operates for close-ups. The 35mm f/2.8 lens has a macro close-up capability down to 45cm. With a five-year user replaceable battery, the AF3 gives a flash recycle time of two seconds. The RF and the AF3 are available in camera stores now.

BOOTING ON

The makers of these motocross boots peddle their wares with a slogan that goes, "If your feet are worth $100, buy a $100 boot. If they're worth more, buy the AXO Turbo 139." Good boots have to combine protection with flexibility, since you can't sacrifice support or freedom of movement during competition. The Turbo 139 is extensively padded inside making it thick enough to protect, yet supple enough to flex. The speed-lacing system continues down the leg an extra few centimetres for additional security and the tapered ankle fits snugly around the foot, yet is larger around the top for your calf, pads and pants. Outside is pliable, top-grade leather, lightweight waterproof Fibrelyte, wide-strip velcro fasteners and three adjustable buckles for total support and adjustment. A special five-layer sole, injection moulded shin-plating and shifter pad, leather exhaust pipe protector, snug foam collar, steel toe plate, top notch stitching and detailed finishes throughout add to the AXO Turbo 139's appeal. Recommended retail is $290. For info contact exclusive importers Gerry J. O'Brien Imports on (03) 873 5648.

THE WILD ONE

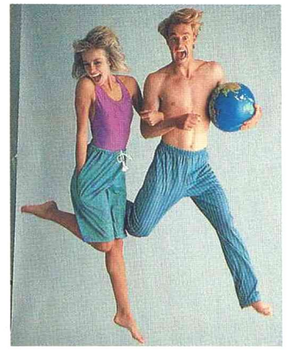
Oh God, but she's gorgeous! Is it against the law to refer to Harley-Davidson motorcycles as "she"? Harleys have sure as hell been called a lot of other things. Panhead. The Wild One. The Great American Freedom Machine. So calling 'em Sex Machines shouldn't put any noses out of joint, though we wouldn't want to upset any 16 stone One Percenters. There's no denying the sexy exhibitionism of this FXST Softail, perhaps the classiest, sassiest machine for your ass in the Harley-Davidson range. "They're California Dreaming material," according to Greg Ghiggioli, Sales Manager of Norm Fraser Importers Pty Ltd, sole Australian importers and distributors of Harley-Davidson. "Harleys aren't for shrinking violets. They're the smoothest ride this side of heaven for folks who like to be looked at," he says. To grab attention on this FXST Softail you're looking at paying $12,995 plus on road costs. For information on the complete range of Harley-Davidson motorcycles contact Fraser's on (02) 764 3421.

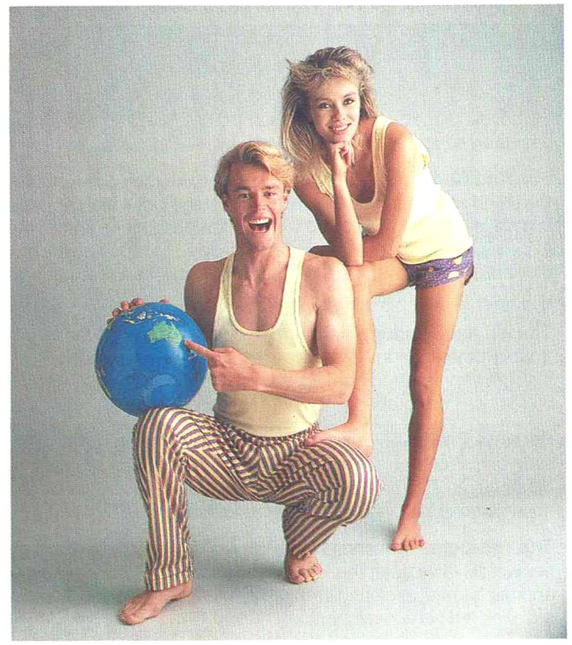
AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

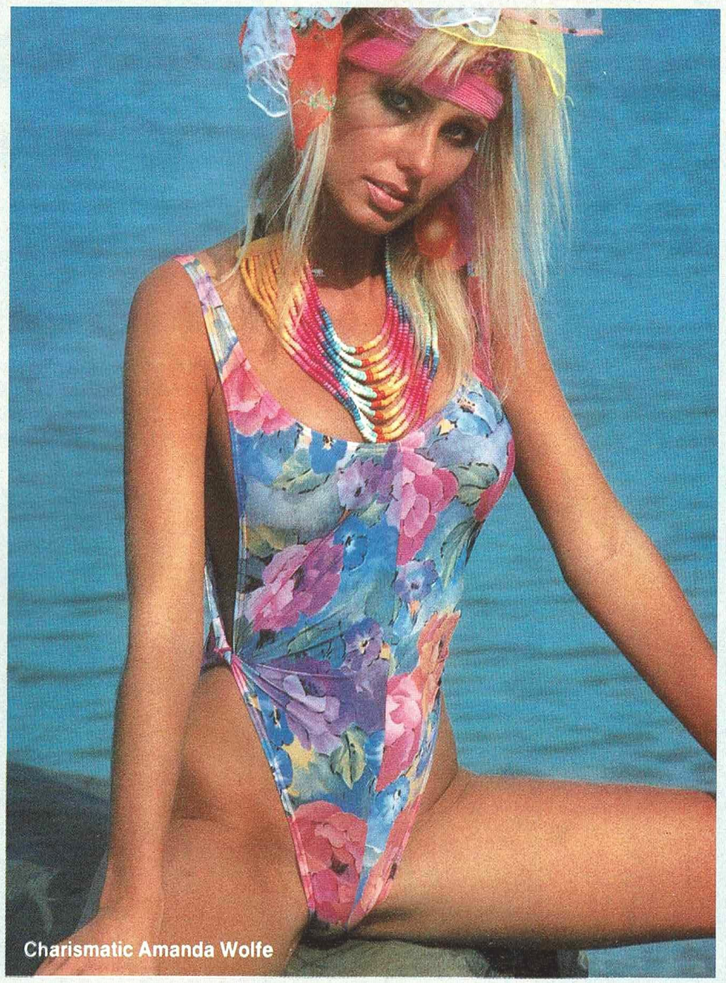
Two big *Australian Penthouse* competition prizes have gone off, and some lucky winners have been making plans for some concerted indulgence. Raymond Rochow and friends, from Wyndham Vale in Victoria, are preparing for a week cruising the upper reaches of the Hawkesbury River on a Skipper a Clipper 34-foot Diplomat clipper — fully provisioned and transport included. They say the best thing about Akuna Bay is that no-one knows where it is, but if you're overcome with disappointment, all you have to do is *find out* where it is and book up for more of the same by dialling (02) 450 1888. Meanwhile, J.A. Daniels and companion, of Merewether NSW, are off for the ultimate Night To Remember at Sydney's Boulevard Hotel. They'll be staying in the immaculate, prestige Presidential Suite, eating up the incredible views from the 25th Floor Restaurant, and jiving the night away in the exclusive Williams Nightclub to kick off their year's membership. It's a complete night on the town — and they don't have to leave the building!

CAUGHT NAPPING

Jockey seems to have caught its competitors asleep on their feet with its new loungewear/sleepwear push for the summer of '87. They've picked a trend which says men want active-orientated styles that are versatile enough to be worn casually around the house or as sleepwear. Jockey's loungewear options include kimono wraps over casual pants, knee-length drawstring okanui-style shorts, nightshirts, boxers with robes, or long and short pyjamas — all in lightweight polyester cotton in great prints, as you can see. Overseas trends show strong crossover buying by women (you didn't think she was included just for her looks, did you?). Found at the more sophisticated department stores and priced very reasonably from $10 to $45.







Charismatic Amanda Wolfe

COMING IN NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Crowning Of Kong — Gary "Kong" Elkerton is about to prove himself as the most explosively exciting surfer on the professional circuit — or is he? Predictability has never been Kong's strong point, nor academic study, but his profile in November *Penthouse* suggests the prediction that he will grab the world pro surfing title next year is an educated forecast. Read why.

Fun And Gaming — Not only do casinos like their comfortable house advantage; in the US, in particular, they like to disadvantage individual players as well. Paul Hamilton is a player who knows how to win at Blackjack, but he knows that half the skill for the expert is in actually getting to a table to play. His report on the devious and often funny ploys used to infiltrate casino "security" provides a fascinating insight into the world of the expert gambler.

The Wit And Wisdom Of Ronald Reagan — If you guessed that Ronald Reagan had trouble remembering his scripts as a B-grade actor, prepare for this documentation of his screwed-up utterances as the principal player on the world stage. You'll laugh, you'll cry — but probably not for the reasons Ronnie intended.

Porsche Power — Taking to a showroom Porsche 911 with a blowtorch is not everyone's idea of running in such a prestige dream machine, but they do things differently in California. November *Australian Penthouse* examines why the slope-nose Porsche look, amongst other modifications, is big business.

Trip The Light — Amanda Wolfe was a *good* Christian girl for a while back there, but in her words, "I've seen the light." Now, she says, she's opting for a more "three-D" approach to life, exploring as many avenues of expression as she can. These avenues are explored here. Next month.

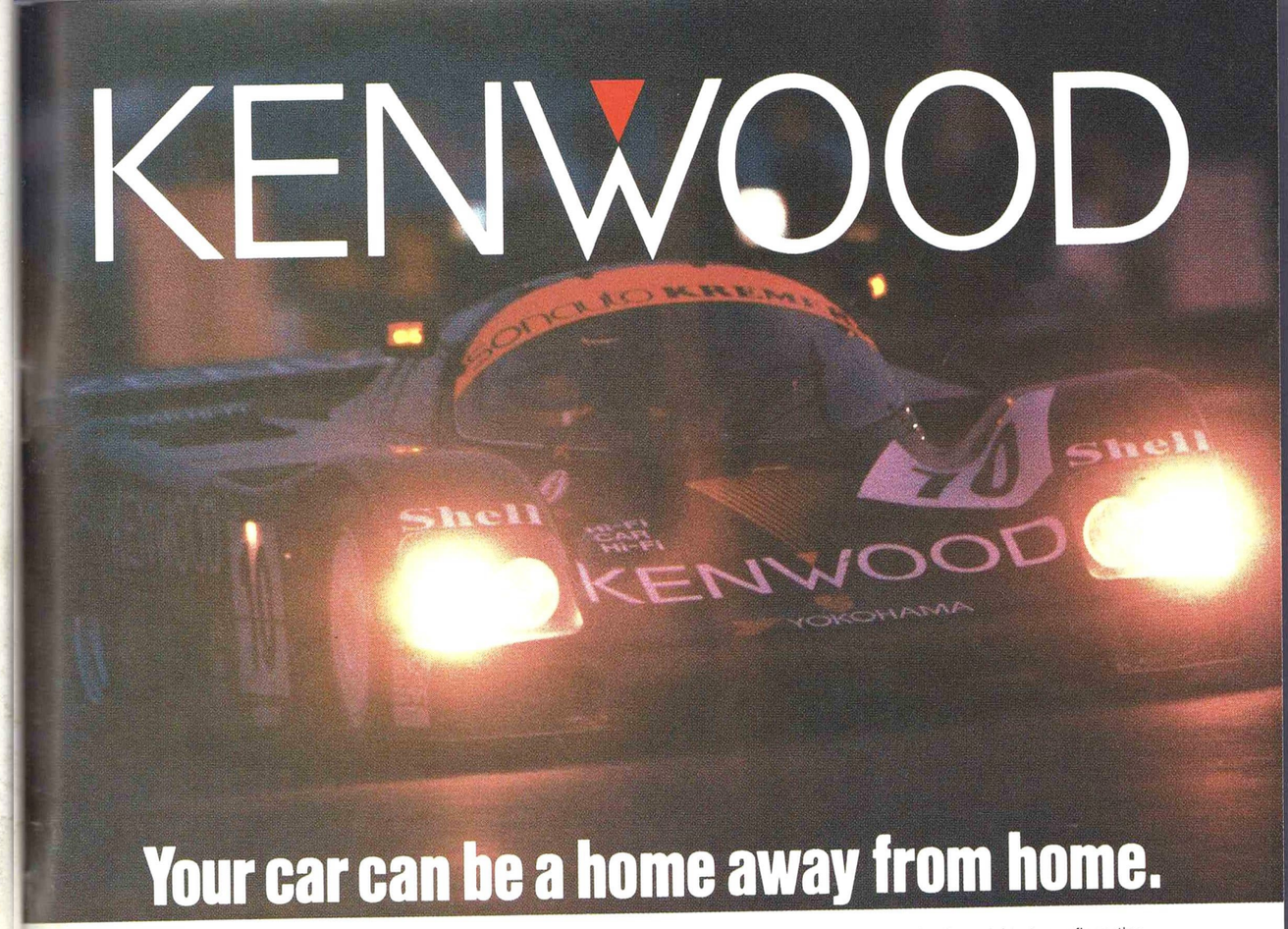
INTERVIEW

Continued from page 134

having paid a bribe and how they were going to get it back, so someone in the NSW Public Service was prepared to accept a $50,000 bribe. That was the single most important thing, independent of whether it was Ducker or not. Now, I think such was the desire to sort of plug the hole in NSW . . . The accusation against Ducker was against a man who had played a crucial role in getting Wran where he was and a very important role in getting Hawke where he is. He's a very powerful man, and I think the desire on all quarters to plug the hole really left Murphy exposed, because once they'd ruled out any proper inquiry at a state level, everyone's attention turned to the federal level . . . We kept referring back to the Ducker allegation, and we kept suggesting that it was Wran's determination not to have an inquiry that left Murphy exposed. And yet, people *still* took the view that we were hounding Murphy.

Penthouse: Are you really as tough as your journalistic career would seem to suggest?

Bacon: You can't let things get to you. The first time I was pilloried I was incredibly upset. It was when I was editing *Tharunka*, publishing all this anti-censorship material, and someone — I think it was Max Harris — wrote in *The Australian* that I was neurotic and sexually frustrated. I cried for most of the day. And then I thought: if you're going to do things that annoy people, because you believe you should do them, then you've got to have a thick skin. Otherwise you're inflicting a lot more pain on yourself than anybody else. From then on I began to be a little tougher. I don't think I'm really a very tough person, actually. I have this tendency to assert that the pressure and the attacks don't get to me, and it's better for people to know that I'm not going to give in. On the other hand the truth is that *of course* it affects me — and it doesn't go away. It isn't great to feel that there's a large number of people out there who really *hate* me. Sometimes, when you allow yourself to reflect on that level, you can actually *feel* that wall of hatred. And some of the people who hate me are very powerful people. If only you could interview those people and resolve all those questions everything would be all right — but because that doesn't happen, you keep plugging away and people begin to believe you've got a vendetta against them. Also, people find it strange when a *woman* doesn't give in; it sometimes has a different effect on them than when a man doesn't give in. Women are still supposed to be loyal, good-mannered and compliant. Brian Toohey has created more trouble, as a journalist, than I have, but I don't think he has generated as much hatred as I have. This is something that's been happening to me all my life. ○



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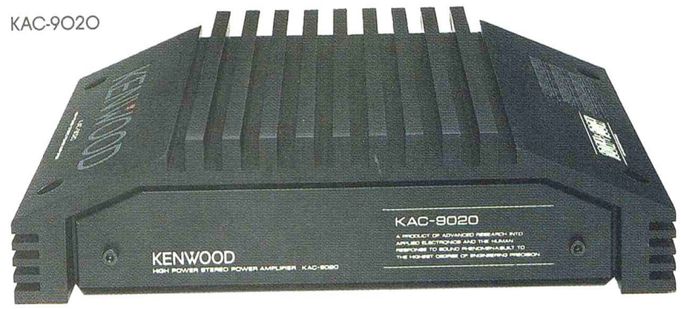

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